

THE
WORKS

OF

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D: D. S.P.D.

WITH

NOTES HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY

J. HAWKESWORTH, L. L. D.
AND OTHERS.

V O L. VIII.

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THE

W O R K S

JONATHAN SWIFT, D.D. & D.

ON THE HISTORY OF THE

J. HAYES WORTHINGTON, M.D.

AND OTHERS

VOL. VII

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T H E C O N T E N T S.

MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

N. B. Whatever verses are marked with an asterisk * prefixed, are not Dr. Swift's.

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MISCELLANIES

IN

V E R S E.





MISCELLANIES

IN

VOLUME



MISCELLANIES IN VERSE.

A CRITICISM ON these MISCELLANIES.

THE poetical performances of Dr. Swift ought to be considered as occasional poems, framed either to please, or vex some particular persons. We must not suppose them designed for posterity. If he had cultivated his genius in that way, he must certainly have excelled, especially in satire. We see fine sketches in several of his pieces: but he seems more desirous to inform and strengthen his mind, than to indulge the luxuriancy of his imagination. He chooses to discover and correct errors in the works of others, rather than to illustrate and add beauties to his own. Like a skilful artist, he is fond of probing wounds to their depth, and of enlarging them to open view. He prefers caustics, which erode proud flesh, to softer balsamics, which give more immediate ease. He aims to be severely useful, rather than politely engaging: and, as he was either not formed, or would not take pains to excel in poetry, he became, in some measure superior to it; and assumed more the air and manners of a critic, than of a poet. Had he lived in the same age with Horace, he would have approached nearer to him than any other poet: and, if we may make an allowance for the different course of study, and different form of government, to which each of these great men were subject, we may observe, in several instances, a strong resemblance between them. Both poets are equally distinguished for wit and humour. Each displays a peculiar felicity in diction. But, of the two, Horace is the more elegant and delicate: while he condemns, he pleases. Swift takes pleasure in giving pain. The dissimilitude of their tempers might be owing to the different turns in their fortune. Swift early formed large views of ambition, and was disappointed. Horace, from an exiled low state, rose into affluence, and enjoyed the favour and friendship of Augustus. Each poet was the delight of the principal persons of his age. *Cum magnis vixisse*, was not more applicable to Horace than to Swift. They both were temperate; both were frugal; and both were of the same Epicurean taste. Horace had his Lydia; Swift had his Vanessa. Horace

had his Mæcenas and his Agrippa; Swift had his Oxford and his Bolingbroke. Horace had his Virgil; Swift had his Pope.

Swift, who had the nicest ear, is remarkably chaste and delicate in his rhymes. A bad rhyme appeared to him one of the capital sins in poetry; and yet, it is a sin into which some of our greatest poets have fallen; Dryden frequently, Pope sometimes. The former was embarrassed with a wife and family; and was often under such necessitous circumstances, as to be obliged to publish, or to want subsistence. The latter was in a less confined, and in a much more easy situation. He was naturally judicious, and uncommonly attentive to maintain the dignity of his character. Although his body was weak, his mind was equal to the weight of his laurel crown; and he wore it not only with ease, but majesty. Take him as a poet, *we shall not see his like again.*

The Dean kept company with many of the fair sex; but they were rather his amusement than his admiration. He trifled away many hours in their conversation, he filled many pages in their praise, and, by the power of his head, he guided the character of a lover, without the least assistance from his heart. To this particular kind of pride, supported by the bent of his genius, and joined by the excessive coldness of his nature, Vanessa owed the ruin of her reputation; and, from the same causes, Stella remained an unacknowledged wife. If we consider Swift's behaviour, so far only as it relates to women, we shall find, that he looked upon them rather as busts, than as whole figures. In his panegyrical descriptions, he has seldom descended lower than the centre of their hearts; or, if ever he has designed a complete statue, it has been generally cast in a dirty, or in a disagreeable mould; as if statuary had not conceived, or had not experienced that justness of proportion, that delicacy of limb, and those pleasing and graceful attitudes which have constituted the sex to be the most beautiful part of the creation. If you review his several poems to Stella, you will find them fuller of affection than desire, and more expressive of friendship than of love. For example,

*Thou, STELLA, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung;
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:*

W. W. W.

*With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted Love a guest.*

Most of the poems which are absolutely addressed to Stella, or which describe her in a variety of attitudes, turn upon her age: a kind of excuse, perhaps, for Swift's want of love.

It is impossible for me to pass a very minute comment upon the various poems wrote by Swift. They are not only mingled improperly, in point of dates and subjects; but many, very many of them, are temporary, trifling, and, I had almost said, puerile. Several of them are personal, and consequently scarce amusing; or, at least, they leave a very small impression upon our minds. Such, indeed, as are likely to draw your attention, are exquisite, and so peculiarly his own, that whoever has dared to imitate him in these, or in any of his works, has constantly failed in the attempt. Upon a general view of his poetry, we shall find him, as in his other performances, an uncommon, surprising, heteroclitic genius; luxurious in his fancy, lively in his ideas, humorous in his descriptions, and bitter, exceeding bitter in his satire. The restlessness of his imagination, and the disappointment of his ambition, have both contributed to hinder him from undertaking any poetical work of length or importance. His wit was sufficient to every labour: no flight could have wearied the strength of his pinions: perhaps, if the extensive views of his nature had been fully satisfied, his airy motions had been more regular, and less sudden. But he now appears like an eagle that is sometimes chained; and, at that particular time, for want of nobler and more proper food, diverts his confinement, and appeases his hunger, by destroying the gnats, butterflies, and other wretched insects that unluckily happen to buzz or flutter within his reach.

While I have been reading over his poems, I have considered him as an Egyptian hieroglyphic; which, though it had an unnatural and frequently an indecent appearance; yet it always contained some secret marks of wisdom, and sometimes of deep morality. The subjects of his poems are often nauseous, and the performances beautifully disagreeable.

The Lady's dressing-room, vol. 9th, has been universally condemned, as deficient, in point of delicacy, even to the highest degree. The best apology that can be made in its favour, is to sup-

pose, that the author exhibited his Celia in the most hideous colours he could find, lest she might be mistaken as a goddess, when she was only a mortal. External beauty is very alluring to youth and inexperience; and Swift, by pulling off the borrowed plumes of his harpy, discovers at once a frightful bird of prey; and, by making her offensive, renders her less dangerous and inviting. Such, I hope, was his design. But, let his views and motives have been ever so beneficial, his general want of delicacy and decorum must not hope even to find the shadow of an excuse; for, it is impossible not to own, that he too frequently forgets that politeness and tenderness of manners, which are undoubtedly due to human kind. From his early and repeated disappointments, he becomes a misanthrope. If his mind had been more equal and content, I am willing to believe, that he would have viewed the works of nature with a more benign aspect. And perhaps, under a less constant rotation of anxiety, he might have preserved his senses to the last scene of life; and might have enjoyed that calm exit from the stage, for which his friend Horace so earnestly supplicates Apollo.

*Frui paratis et valido mihi,
Latee, dones, et precor, integra
Cum mente; nec turpem senectam
Degere, nec cithara carentem.*

His pride was so great as scarce to admit any body to the least share of his friendship, except such who could amuse him, or such who could do him honour. To these two different classes, we owe many of his poems. His companions and humble followers find themselves immortalized by the insertion of their names in addresses to Stella, or in other miscellaneous pieces, written in an easy, though not in a careless manner. His more exalted friends, whose stations and characters did him honour, are treated in a different style: and you will perceive a real dignity, and a most delicate kind of wit, in all his poems to Lord Oxford, Lord Peterborough, Lord Carteret (now Earl of Granville,) Mr. Pulteney (now Earl of Bath;) and I think I may particularly add, in a poem to the Countess of Winchelsea (under the name of *Ardelia*,) and another to Mrs. Biddy Floyd. These names

names abetted him in his pursuit of fame. They reflected back the glory which he gave. But still I cannot recollect one poem, nay scarce a couplet, to his Noble patron Lord Bolingbroke. In that instance he has been as silent, as Virgil has been to Horace; and yet he certainly had not a grain of envy in his composition.

I think I can discern a third kind of style in his poems addressed to Mr. Pope, Mr. Gay, Dr. Delany, and Dr. Young. When he writes to them, there is a mixture of ease, dignity, familiarity, and affection. They were his intimate friends, whom he loved sincerely, and whom he wished to accompany into the poetical regions of eternity.

As to the poem called *Death and Daphne*, vol. 9th, I recollect an odd incident relating to that nymph. Swift, soon after our acquaintance, introduced me to her, as to one of his female favourites. I had scarce been half an hour in her company, before she asked me, if I had seen the Dean's poem upon *Death and Daphne*? As I told her I had not, she immediately unlocked a cabinet, and, bringing out the manuscript, read it to me with a seeming satisfaction, of which at that time I doubted the sincerity. While she was reading, the Dean was perpetually correcting her for bad pronunciation, and for placing a wrong emphasis upon particular words. As soon as she had gone through the composition, she assured me smilingly, that the portrait of *Daphne* was drawn for herself. I begged to be excused from believing it, and protested that I could not see one feature that had the least resemblance. But the Dean immediately burst into a fit of laughter. "You fancy," says he, "that you are very polite; but you are much mistaken: that lady had rather be a *Daphne* drawn by me, than a *Sacharissa* by any other pencil." She confirmed what he had said with great earnestness; so that I had no other method of retrieving my error, than by whispering in her ear, as I was conducting her down stairs to dinner, that indeed I found

Her hand as dry and cold as lead.

You see the command which Swift had over all his females; and you would have smiled to have found his house a constant seraglio of very virtuous women, who attended him from morning till night, with an obedience, an awe, and an assiduity, that

are seldom paid to the richest, or the most powerful lovers; no, not even to the Grand Signior himself.

To these ladies Swift owed the publication of many pieces, which ought never to have been delivered to the press. He communicated every composition as soon as finished, to his female senate; who not only passed their judgment on the performance, but constantly asked, and almost as constantly obtained, a copy of it. You cannot be surprised, that it was immediately afterwards seen in print: and, when printed, became a part of his works. He lived much at home, and was continually writing, when alone. Not any of his senators presumed to approach him, when he signified his pleasure to remain in private and without interruption. His night-gown and slippers were not easier put on or off, than his attendants. No prince ever met with more flattery to his own person, or more devotion to his own mandates. This despotic power not only blinded him, but gave a loose to passions that ought to have been kept under a proper restraint. I am sorry to say, that whole nations are sometimes sacrificed to his resentment: for reflections of that sort appear to me the least justifiable of any kind of satire. You will read his *accerrima* with indignation, and his *minutiae* with regret. Yet I must add, that since he has descended so low as to write, and still so much lower as to print riddles, he is excellent even in that kind of versification. The lines are smoother, the expressions are neater, and the thought is closer pursued, than in any other riddle-writer whatever. But Swift, composing riddles, is Titian painting draught-boards; which must have been inexcusable, while there remained a sign-post painter in the world.

As to the two Latin poems, *An epistle to Dr. Sheridan*, vol. 8th, and, *A description of the rocks of Carbery in Ireland*, vol. 8th, the Dean was extremely solicitous that they should be printed among his works: and, what is no less true than amazing, he assumed to himself more vanity upon these two Latin poems, than upon many of his best English performances. It is said, that Milton, in his own judgment, preferred the *Paradise Regained* to the *Paradise Lost*. There possibly might be found some excuse for such a preference; but in Swift's case there can be none. He understood the Latin language perfectly well, and he read it constantly; but he was no Latin poet: and if the *Carberia rupes*, and the *Epistola ad Thomam Sheridan* had been the produce of any other



other author, they must have undergone a severe censure from Dr. Swift.

The two poems intitled, *the life and genuine character of Dr. Swift*, vol. 9th; and, *verses on the death of Dr. Swift*, &c. vol. 8th, are poems of great wit and humour. The first was artfully published by Dr. Swift, in a manner so different from those rules of poetry to which he confined himself, that he hoped the public might mistake it for a spurious or uncorrect copy, stolen by memory from his original poem. He took great pleasure in this supposition: and I believe it answered his expectation. One of his strictest rules in poetry was to avoid *triplets*. What can have given rise to so nice a peculiarity, is difficult to determine. It might be owing only to a singular turn of thinking. But the reason which he publicly assigned, seemed not so much against the practice itself, as against the poets who indulged themselves in that manner of writing: "A custom," according to the Dean's opinion, "introduced by laziness, continued by ignorance, and established by false taste." With deference to so great a critic, it is a custom that has frequently been pursued with remarkable success. Mr. Dryden abounds in triplets; and in some of his most elegant poems, the third concluding verse forms the finest climax in the whole piece. Mr. Waller, the father of all flowing poetry, has generally reserved the nicest point of wit to his triplicate line. And, upon an impartial enquiry, it is almost to be questioned, whether, in many instances, this despicable triplet may not add a greater beauty to a poetical composition, than any other circumstance. To be confined, on any terms, by the links of rhyme, is of great disadvantage to our English poetry. The finest poem that we can boast, and which we equalize, and perhaps would willingly prefer to the *Iliad*, is void of those fetters. But when it is our destiny to wear chains, surely we may be allowed to make them as light and easy as we can.

The *Verses on the death of Dr. Swift*, vol. 8th, is a most pointed piece of sarcasm. Not any of the Dean's poems have more wit; nor are any of them more severe. In it he has summoned together his whole powers of satire and poetry. It is a parting blow; the legacy of anger and disappointment. But as the two last lines are grammatically incorrect, and as they were not inserted in the first edition published at London, I cannot tell how they

they have crept into a poem, that is otherwise as exactly polished as any of Swift's nicest compositions. *Orrery.*

The merits of Dr. Swift, in the character of a poet, are considerably great. His descriptions, wherein there constantly appear the distinguishing marks of his own peculiar talents, are extremely just and lively; many of his groups are not to be excelled by any painter's imagination; his rhymes and his numbers are chaste and delicate; and in places, when, rather by accident than choice, he rises from the earth, and soars into the regions of poetry, he is equal to the finest masters among the Greeks and Romans; his ideas are lofty, and his versification musically sonorous. And yet, after all, he is not to be considered in the light of a professed poet; the multitude of his writings on various subjects, both in verse and prose, being an evident demonstration, that he was superior to any particular course of learning. He was born to be the encourager of virtue, and the terror of the wicked. He never sat musing in his elbow-chair upon new subjects, for the exercise of his genius, and the advancement of his fame; but writ occasionally, to please and to reform the world, as either politics or humour gave the spur to his faculties. There are but few of his poems that seem to have been the labour of more than one day, how greatly soever they might have been corrected and polished afterwards to his own liking; before he transcribed them fair.

There indisputably runs a vein of satire throughout all his writings: but as he declares, that no age could have more deserved it, than that particular age wherein he was destined to live; he is intitled to all the praise we can bestow upon him, for exerting his whole abilities in the defence of honour, virtue, and his country. In his general satire, where perhaps thousands were equally meant, he hath never once through malice inserted the name of any one person; the vice, nevertheless, he exposeth to contempt and ridicule. But in particular satire, when egregious monsters, traitors to the weal-public, and slaves to party, are the objects of his resentment, he lashes without mercy; well knowing, that infamy, which is perhaps a taste of hell, is the only punishment which in this world can be inflicted upon such rebels to society, as, either by craft or corruption, bid defiance to the laws.

One of the most distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Swift, was a bright and clear genius; so extremely piercing, that every the most striking circumstance, arising from any subject whatever, quickly occurred to his imagination; and these he frequently so accumulated one upon another, that perhaps, beyond all other poets, of all ages and countries, he deserves, in this particular, to be the most universally admired. And this choice of circumstances, if any stress can be laid on the opinion of Longinus, that great director of our taste and judgment, renders a composition truly noble and sublime. The most remarkable pieces of this sort, are, *The furniture of a woman's mind*; *Betty the Grizette*; *The journal of a modern lady*; *His poem on reading Dr. Young's satires*; *Mordanto*; *The description of a city-shower*; *The description of Quilca*; *The description of the morning*; and, *The place of the damned*. This power of the mind gave him also that desperate hand, as Pope terms it, in taking off all sorts of characters. To omit those of a political nature, see *The progress of poetry*; *The second part of Traulus*; *The progress of love*; *The character of Corinna*; and, *The beautiful young nymph just going to bed*; where you will find, that his imagination could even dream in the character of an old battered strumpet. And, from the same inexhaustible fund of wit, he acquired the historic arts both of designing and colouring, either in groups, or in single portraits. How exact, how lively, and spirited is that group of figures, in *The journal of a modern lady*? vol. 8. [The passage begins thus:

But let me now a while survey, &c. l. 116.

and ends,

Flew how'ring o'er each female head, l. 135.]

And for a single portrait, if we consider the design, the attitude, the drapery, or the colouring, what is it that can excel the representation of Cassius in *the tragical Elegy*? Vol. 9.

He seem'd as just crept out of bed, &c. l. 11.

and ending thus,

On embers plac'd, to drink it hot, l. 28.

Throughout all his poetical writings, although many of them be dedicated immediately to the fair sex, there cannot be found, to the best of my recollection, one single distich, addressed in the character

character of a lover to any one person. If he writ any poems of that sort in his younger days, they must have been destroyed, if they be not concealed. Those verses upon women, which are deemed the most satirical, were written principally with a view to correct their foibles, to improve their taste, and to make them as agreeable companions at threescore, as at the age of five and twenty. By what I can hear, the most exceptionable of his poems in that way, have produced some very extraordinary effects in the polite world. This was, in truth, the ultimate design of his writing *the lady's dressing-room*, and other pieces, which are acknowledged to be somewhat liable to censure, on account of their indelicacy.

Among the admirers of Dr. Swift, many have compared him to Horace, making proper allowances for the respective ages in which they severally flourished. The resemblance, however, between them is not so exceedingly strong, as that a similitude and manner of writing could have excited the least degree of emulation between them, further than to be equally renowned for their peculiar excellencies. Each of them had, independent of what is generally called a fine taste, a thorough knowledge of the world, superadded to an abundance of learning. Both the one and the other of these great men held the numerous tribe of poets, as well as that motley generation of men called critics, in the utmost contempt; and, at the same time, have manifested themselves to be incomparable judges of all that is truly excellent, whether in books or men. Neither of them had the least regard for the Stoics: and whatever may be said of their being of the Epicurean taste, which, if rightly understood, is far from being inconsistent with the highest virtue; neither of them was attached to any particular system of philosophy. Homer was the darling author both of Horace and Swift. Horace declares in his epistle to Lollius, that Homer had abundantly more good sense and wisdom than all the philosophers; and Swift's opinion was, that Homer had more genius than all the rest of the world put together. Yet neither the one nor the other of them have attempted to imitate his manner; but, like heroes of a bold and true spirit, have industriously followed the bent of nature, and struck out originals of their own. But however strong may be supposed the resemblance between Horace and Swift, they were, in fact, upon the whole, quite different men. Their tempers,
their

their complexions, and their fortunes, were totally unlike. Each of them had, in many respects, greatly the advantage of the other.

Poetry was in Horace the business of his life; every desire, every comfort, and every passion of his mind, were centered in the muses: he followed the example of the Greek poets, *præter laudem nullius avarus*. Poetry in Swift was only an appendage to his character: he wore it as an emblem of wit and spirit, which gave him an air of grandeur in the republic of letters. Horace, by diverting his thoughts from all sublunary affairs, and perpetually ranging about from flower to flower, among the gardens, and groves, and wildernesses of the Greeks, with infinite labour extracted, like an industrious bee, the quintessence of their sweets; and by frequently experimenting all the changes of harmony, is deservedly the joy and admiration of the poetical world, for the music of his lines, and the variety of his numbers. His addresses to the Emperor, to Agrippa, to Pollio, and his panegyric on Drusus, are prodigiously sublime: but his hymns to the Muses, to Mercury, to Pan, to Apollo and Diana, to Venus, to his lyre, and to Bacchus, are absolutely raptures of poetry, even the divine spirit of that *amabilis insania*, "that delightful madness," which is only to be felt, impossible to be described. His verses, nevertheless, are but few in number; the whole of his works, at a random computation, amounting only to about 7000 lines; whereof not above one half are of that species of poetry on which he desired to fix all his pretensions to fame. And it was upon these only, that he bestowed the greater part of his life. Swift, on the contrary, from the age of one and twenty, was deeply immersed in politics during his whole life; sometimes fighting the battles of church and state, against a virulent, opposing faction, which threatened to undermine the constitution; sometimes resisting the torrent of ecclesiastical, and frequently the torrent of ministerial power, whenever the rights of the clergy, or the liberties of his country, were occasionally invaded; and generally fighting with beasts of one species or other, like a fierce and bold champion, resolutely bent on either death or victory: yet still he could find opportunities, by snatching hours of leisure, to write poetry for his amusement. He had read many of the Greek and Latin poets; relished and admired what was agreeable to his own taste; but never devoted either
his

his thoughts or his time to Apollo and the Muses. Throughout his whole works, there is no such thing as an ode to Calliope, to Mercury, to Venus, to Apollo and Diana, to his lyre, to Bacchus, or to Pan; nothing which was ever intended as a rapture of poetry. Is it not then somewhat very amazing, if we consider him in this fair and true light, that he should produce, by the mere force of taste and abilities, without any laboured correction at all, such wonders in the poetic strain, as to make any the most partial of his admirers, not only prefer him to all the poets of these latter centuries, but compare him to that immortal genius of the Augustan age, whose whole delight, speculation, and amusement, whether in bed or in the fields, was in meditating, writing, polishing, or correcting his verses? *Swift.*

MISCEL-

[13]
MISCELLANIES in VERSE.

CADENUS and VANESSA*.

Written anno 1713.

THE *shepherds* and the *nymphs* were seen
Pleading before the Cyprian Queen.

The counsel for the fair began,
Accusing the false creature *man*.

The brief with weighty crimes was charg'd, 5
On which the pleader much enlarg'd ;

That

* See an account of the occasion of this poem in Swift's life,
prefixed to vol. I.

This poem is founded upon an offer of marriage made by a young lady to her preceptor. Whether such an incident really happened, or what gave the poet occasion to suppose it, need not here be inquired. His principal design is to expose the faults and follies in both sexes, by which love is degraded, and marriage rendered subservient to sordid purposes. *Hawkes.*

This poem, one of the greatest length, and, I believe, the longest ever composed by the Dean, is of a very extraordinary nature, and upon a very extraordinary subject. As a poem, it is excellent in its kind, perfectly correct, and admirably conducted.

Vanity makes terrible dévastation in a female breast. It batters down all restraints of modesty, and carries away every seed of virtue. Vanessa was excessively vain. The character given of her by Cadenus is fine painting, but, in general, fictitious. She was fond of dress; impatient to be admired; very romantic in her turn of mind; superior, in her own opinion, to all her sex; full of pertness, gaiety, and pride; not without some agreeable
VOL. VIII. B accomplishments,

14 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

That Cupid now has lost his art,
Or blunts the point of ev'ry dart;—
His altar now no longer smokes,
His mother's aid no youth invokes:

10
This

accomplishments, but far from being either beautiful or genteel; ambitious, at any rate, to be esteemed a wit; and, with that view, always affecting to keep company with wits; a great reader, and a violent admirer of poetry; happy in the thoughts of being reputed Swift's concubine; but still aiming and intending to be his wife: by nature haughty and disdainful, looking with the pity of contempt upon her inferiors, and with the smiles of self-approbation upon her equals; but upon Dr. Swift with the eyes of love. Her love was founded in vanity, or, to use a more fashionable phrase, *in taste*. His own lines are the best proof of my assertion. [The passage begins thus,

Cadenus many things had writ, l. 510.

and ends thus,

Nor farther looks, but thinks him young, l. 531.]

The poem itself is dated in the year 1713, when Swift was in his meridian altitude; favoured by the courtiers; flattered, feared, and admired by the greatest men in the nation.

By the verses which I have already recited, it may be presumed, that the lady was first smitten with the fame and character of Cadenus, and afterwards with his person. Her first thoughts pursued a phantom; her later passion desired a substance. The manner in which he discovered her inclinations, is poetically described in these lines:

She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts, l. 602.

and ending thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.

Supposing this account to be true, and I own I can scarce think it otherwise, it is evident, that the fair Vanessa had made a surprising progress in the philosophic doctrines, which she had received

'This tempts freethinkers to refine,
And bring in doubt their pow'rs divine;
Now love has dwindled to intrigue,
And marriage grown a money-league.

Which

received from her preceptor. His rules were certainly of a most extraordinary kind. He taught her, that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue; that vulgar forms were not binding upon certain *choice spirits*, to whom either the writings or the persons of men of wit were acceptable. She heard the lesson with attention, and imbibed the philosophy with eagerness. The maxims suited her exalted turn of mind. She imagined, that if the theory appeared so charming, the practice must be much more delightful. The close connection of soul and body seemed to require, in the eye of a female philosopher, that each should succeed the other in all pleasurable enjoyments. The former had been sufficiently regaled; why must the latter remain unsatisfied? "Nature," said Vanessa, "abhors a *vacuum*, and nature ought always to be obeyed." She communicated these sentiments to her tutor; but he seemed not to comprehend her meaning, nor to conceive the *distinctio rationis* that had taken rise in his own school. He answered her in the *non-essential* modes. He talked of friendship, of the delights of reason, of gratitude, respect, and esteem. He almost preached upon virtue, and he muttered some indistinct phrases concerning chastity.

So unaccountable a conduct in Cadenus may be thought rather to proceed from defects in nature, than from the scrupulous difficulties of a tender conscience. Such a supposition will still appear more strong, if we recollect the distant manner in which Swift cohabited with Stella, colder, if possible, after, than before, she was his wife: and I now recollect some of his own lines that seem to confirm the surmise, as they contain an insinuation against Vanessa, not perhaps so much intended to wound her reputation, as to save his own. The passage begins thus:

But what success Vanessa met, l. 818.

and ends thus,

Nor shall the conscious muse unfold, l. 827.

Which crimes aforefaid (*with her leave*) 15
 Were (*as he humbly did conceive*)
 Against our sov'reign lady's peace,
 Against the statute in that case,

Against

It is impossible to read this cruel hint without great indignation against the *conscious muse*, especially as it is the finishing stroke of a picture which was already drawn in too loose a garment, and too unguarded a posture. In this instance, I am afraid, the Dean must remain inexcusable.

Vanessa, in some time after the death of her sister, retired to Selbridge. Spleen and disappointment were the companions of her solitude. The narrowness of her income, the coldness of her lover, the loss of her reputation, all contributed to make her miserable, and to increase the frenzied disposition of her mind. In this melancholy situation she remained several years, during which time Cadenus visited her frequently. Their particular conversation, as it passed without witnesses, must for ever remain unknown: but, in general, it is certain, that she often pressed him to marry her. His answers were rather turns of wit than positive denials; till at last, being unable to sustain her weight of misery any longer, she writ a very tender epistle to Cadenus, insisting peremptorily upon as serious an answer, and an immediate acceptance, or absolute refusal of her, as his wife. His reply was delivered by his own hand. He brought it with him when he made his final visit at Selbridge; and throwing down the letter upon her table, with great passion hastened back to his horse, carrying in his own countenance the frown of anger and indignation.

Dr. Swift had a natural severity of face, which even his smiles could scarce soften, or his utmost gaiety render placid or serene: but when that sternness of visage was increased by rage, it is scarce possible to imagine looks or features that carried in them more terror and austerity. Vanessa had seen him in all tempers, and, from his outward appearance, she guessed at the inward contents of his letter. She read it with as much resolution as the present cruelty of her fate, and the raging pride of her heart, would permit. She found herself entirely discarded from

Against her dignity and crown :
 'Then pray'd an answer, and sat down. 26
 The *nymphs* with scorn beheld their foes :
 When the *defendant's* counsel rose,

And

from his friendship and conversation. Her offers were treated with insolence and disdain. She met with reproaches instead of love, and with tyranny instead of affection. She had long thrown away the gentle lenitives of virtue; which, upon this occasion, might have proved healing ingredients to so deep and so dangerous a wound. She had preferred wit to religion, she had utterly destroyed her character and her conscience; and she was now fallen a prey to the horror of her own thoughts.

*Tum vero infelix fatis exterrita Dido
 Mortem orat : tædet cæli convexa tueri.*

She did not survive many days the letter delivered to her by Cadenus.—Thus perished at Selbridge, under all the agonies of despair, Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh; a miserable example of an ill spent life, fantastic wit, visionary schemes, and female weakness. *Orrery.*

This poem is built on the finest model; supported with infinite humour, wit and gaiety; embellished with ideas the most lovely and delicate; beautifully adorned with variety of the most attractive images; and conducted throughout the whole with such perfect regularity, that, beyond all other pieces, whether of Dr. Swift, or any poet that ever writ in English, it appears calculated to abide the severest examination of critics.

In the apparatus of this poem, we find, that Venus, the goddess of love and beauty, having cause to be afraid, upon hearing the merits of a trial between the nymphs and shepherds, that her sovereignty might be called in question, on account of that wretched corrupted taste which prevails among the youth of both sexes, resolves on a political expedient to maintain the dignity of her throne, and to reduce her rebellious subjects unto their loyalty, their chains, and their obedience.

Now, this debate, which was spun out for sixteen years between the nymphs and shepherds, is supposed only to have com-

18 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

And what no lawyer ever lack'd,
With impudence own'd all the fact;
But, what the gentlest heart would vex,
Laid all the fault on t'other sex.

25

That

menced some few days before the birth of Vanessa. But the Cyprian queen having, in order to try an experiment, selected Vanessa, upon the day of her birth, from all the rest of the little female world, adorns her with every grace and beauty that is supposed to attract the admiration of the shepherds. And, to complete her design, she prevails on the goddess of learning (although by a stratagem) to pour down all her gifts into the bosom of this delightful girl. [See the verses beginning thus,

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame, l. 432.

and ending thus,

Give mortals neither heat nor light, l. 443.]

Here let us stop and take an impartial view of this enchanting fair. With regard to the beauty, the elegance, the graces, and the sweetness of her person, she is beyond all contradiction, to use an expression of Parnell,

All bright as an angel new-dropt from the skies.

And, with regard to the accomplishments of the mind, her soul is endued with knowledge, judgment, wit, decency, modesty, truth, justice, fortitude, honour, politeness, generosity, wisdom, and every other virtue which can possibly enter into the composition of the most illustrious character. She had a soul worthy to be the inhabitant of so beautiful, so angelic a mansion. However, to speak as a critic, it matters not whether Vanessa be a real or a fictitious character. If, indeed, the character be drawn from real life, we must insist upon it, that Vanessa behaved herself, throughout all the habitudes and vicissitudes of life, with unblemished honour; as, in truth, her character would not otherwise have been even poetically just; and consequently, the poem, instead of being universally admired for its superior excellencies, would, (to speak in the style of critics) have been damned, on its first appearance,

That modern love is no such thing,
 As what those ancient poets sing;
 A fire celestial, chaste, refin'd,
 Conceiv'd and kindled in the mind;
 Which,

pearance, for its inaccuracies and inconsistencies. On the other hand, if the character be fictitious, the whole is a fable; and consequently, there never existed any such person as the charming Vanessa. It is certain, however, that, among the poets, we frequently meet with characters, especially when compliments are addressed to some particular favourite in the *grand monde*, which are partly *real*, and partly *fictitious*. What I mean by *real*, is, when some person really and truly existing, is generally understood to be the object of the poet's complaisance; and what I mean by *fictitious*, is, when the poet, without any regard to truth, elegantly displays the fineness and delicacy of his own taste, in all the caresses of gallantry, politeness, courtship, and address, unto this *real*, not *imaginary* lady. For example, were a poet to insert the name of some little, nut-brown, trifling girl, under the portrait of all that is beautiful, accomplished, and adorable in the fairest of the creation; his compliment would, nevertheless, be extremely polite; no matter for the resemblance. Pictures, we all know, are designed for posterity; and posterity cares not whether, in fact, the picture was drawn from the life, or was only imaginary. They see; they are pleased; they enquire no further. The most remarkable instance of this kind that we know of among all the poets, whether ancient or modern, is that of Prior's Chloe, who was a cheerful, gay, facetious old woman, that used to laugh with a profusion of good humour, until she was almost ready to die, at the conceit of her being a poet's flame. And Prior, we may be sure, was equally delighted with the excellence of her understanding. Vanessa was, perhaps, another remarkable instance of this kind: for, as the poet has expressly declared, that "her name on earth shall not be told," we are by no means at liberty to form any conjectures about her. It is affirmed, however, that Vanessa was in love with Cadenus, and declared her passion to him after a strange manner. That Vanessa might have liked Cadenus, at least the poetical Vanessa, we cannot make

Which, having found an equal flame,
 Unites, and both become the same,
 In diff'rent breasts together burn,
 'Together both to ashes turn.

But

make any sort of doubt, because we are expressly told so. The manner in which she declared her passion to him, is only to be collected from the poem itself; wherein we find, that, after an apology, founded on maxims truly philosophical, she reveals her sentiments in the following terms. [The verses begin thus,

I knew by what you said and writ, l. 618.

and end thus,

Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart, l. 623.]

The remainder of the conversation between Cadenus and Vanessa, for half a dozen pages together, is evidently nothing more than a flight of imagination, wholly designed for the entertainment of those who have a relish for composition, and a taste for poetry. But, supposing it was some real Vanessa that liked Cadenus; or, in plain terms, supposing that Miss Vanhomrigh had a passion for Dr. Swift; is there any crime in love? Far from it: the voice of God, and the voice of nature, speak the direct contrary. The worst that can be said of it, is, that Vanessa, who had really and truly been educated under the inspection of Cadenus, (a man, beyond all others, upon earth, whose delight was to give instruction to young people, and especially to young women) had not sufficiently considered, that, in love, we are all sportsmen, careless of joys that are within our reach, and perpetually driving after the flying game. Nevertheless, to maintain the dignity of her sex, and to apologize for this little failure in point of discretion, (that cool, sober quality, not virtue of the mind; which frequently, or rather notoriously, presides in that breast where every humane, generous, and spirited affection of the soul is wanting) she availeth herself of the doctor's own maxims, before she adventures to impart the most tender of her sentiments to an old experienced man, whose heart, like a rock of adamant, was incapable of impressions. [See the verses beginning thus,

She

But women now feel no such fire, 35
And only know the gross desire.
Their passions move in lower spheres,
Where-e'er caprice or folly steers.

A dog,

She well remember'd, to her cost, l. 604.
and ending thus,

Now, said the nymph, &c. l. 614.]

However, in justice to the honour and reputation of Vanessa, we are obliged to remark, that Cadenus, from his earliest youth, had been always a courtier of the women, as far as words, and terms, and politeness, and gallantry, without professing any degree of sincerity, constancy, and love, can recommend a cavalier to their service. And this we are told in the following lines :

*Cadenus, common forms apart,
In ev'ry scene, had kept his heart ;
Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,
For pastime, or to shew his wit, l. 540.—543.*

But sure it is, that courtship and address, without any protestations of fidelity and love, may be carried somewhat too far ; as the deportment of Cadenus to the beautiful and accomplished Vanessa, in this poetical representation of gallantry, sufficiently demonstrates. Is it therefore any matter of astonishment, that Vanessa (before whom Cadenus might have sighed and languished, and to whom, at particular times, he might have both vowed and written) should have been encouraged to hope, as she liked his person, and was enamoured of his writings, that she might have carried off so glorious a prize from all the rest of her contemporaries ? Allowing this to have been the case, which is perhaps agreeable to truth, as well as to common report, Vanessa's declaration to her admired Cadenus, may, without violence, be interpreted into a gentle demand of those tender affections, which, from the current of his behaviour towards her, she had a right to expect.

I have been assured, that Miss Vanhomrigh was, in her general converse with the world, as far from encouraging any style
of

A dog, a parrot, or an ape,
 Or some worse brute in human shape, 40
 Ingross the fancies of the fair,
 The few soft moments they can spare,

From

of address, inconsistent with the rules of honour and good-breeding, as any woman alive. Neither can it be said, if any conclusions may be drawn from her appearance and behaviour in Ireland, that she was either a vain woman, or fond of dress; although she was extremely nice and delicate, as well in the cleanliness of her person, as in every thing she wore. Her only misfortune was, that she had a passion for Dr. Swift, which was not to be conquered; although it is a point incontestable, that Dr. Swift had never once made her the most distant overtures of marriage: and this passion was, in all probability, the remote cause of her death. She languished for some years, and fell into a consumption; neither was she convinced that Dr. Swift was married to Mrs. Johnson, until about two months before her decease. She was at last carried off by a fever, in the year 1723, and in the 37th year of her age.

Thus died at Selbridge, worthy of an happier fate, the celebrated Mrs. Esther Vanhomrigh, a martyr to love and constancy.

Herse'd in Death's cold frozen arms,
 Lie deep intomb'd VANESSA's charms;
 Transfix'd by Love's unerring dart,
 The gentle fair indulg'd the smart;
 For twice six long revolving years
 Her days were spent in sighs and tears;
 Her tender frame at last decay'd,
 She quits the world a lifeless shade;
 Nor can, alas! the grave secure
 Her virtues uncorrupt and pure!

VANESSA's fate in mournful strains
 Bewail, ye nymphs and shepherd swains;
 Ye tuneful choirs, to whom belong
 The powers of verse, in plaintive song
 Bewail the nymph, who dy'd to prove,
 That reason was her guide in love.

SWIFT.

From visits to receive and pay;
 From scandal, politics, and play;
 From fans, and flounces, and brocades, 45
 From equipage and park-parades,
 From all the thousand female toys,
 From ev'ry trifle that employs
 The out or inside of their heads,
 Between their toilets and their beds. 50

In a dull stream, which moving flow,
 You hardly see the current flow;
 If a small breeze obstructs the course,
 It whirls about for want of force,
 And in its narrow circle gathers 55
 Nothing but chaff, and straws, and feathers:
 The current of a female mind
 Stops thus, and turns with ev'ry wind;
 Thus whirling round, together draws
 Fools, fops, and rakes, for chaff and straws: 60
 Hence we conclude, no womens hearts
 Are won by virtue, wit, and parts;
 Nor are the men of sense to blame,
 For breasts incapable of flame:
 The fault must on the *nymphs* be plac'd, 65
 Grown so corrupted in their taste.

The pleader, having spoke his best,
 Had witness ready to attest,
 Who fairly could on oath depose,
 When questions on the fact arose, 70
 That ev'ry article was true;
Nor further these deponents knew:—
 Therefore he humbly would insist,
 The bill might be with costs dismiss.

The

The cause appear'd of so much weight, 75
 That Venus, from her judgment-seat,
 Desir'd them not to talk so loud,
 Else she must interpose a cloud:
 For if the heav'nly folk should know
 These pleadings *in the courts below*, 80
 That mortals here disdain to love,
 She ne'er could shew her face above;
 For gods, their betters, are too wise
 To value that which men despise.
 And then, said she, my son and I 85
 Must stroll in air, 'twixt earth and sky;
 Or else, shut out from heav'n and earth,
 Fly to the sea, my place of birth;
 There live with daggled *mermaids* pent,
 And keep on fish perpetual *lent*. 90

But, since the case appear'd so nice,
 She thought it best to take advice.
 The *Muses*, by their king's permission,
 Though foes to love, attend the session,
 And on the right hand took their places 95
 In order; on the left, the *Graces*:
 To whom she might her doubts propose
 On all emergencies that rose.
 The *Muses* oft were seen to frown;
 The *Graces* half ashamed look'd down; 100
 And 'twas observ'd, there were but few
 Of either sex among the crew,
 Whom she or her assessors knew. }
 The goddesses soon began to see,
 Things were not ripe for a decree; 105
 And

And said, she must consult her books,
The *lover's* Fletas, Bractons, Cokes.
First to a dapper clerk she beckon'd
To turn to Ovid, book the second;
She then referr'd them to a place 110
In Virgil (*vide* Dido's case):

As for Tibullus's reports,
They never pass'd for law in courts:
For Cowley's briefs, and pleas of Waller,
Still their authority was smaller. 115

There was on both sides much to say:
She'd hear the cause another day;
And so she did, and then a third;
She heard it——there she kept her word:
But with rejoinders and replies, 120
Long bills, and answers stuff'd with lies,
Demur, imparlance, and effoign,
The parties ne'er could issue join:
For sixteen years the cause was spun,
And then stood where it first begun. 125

Now, gentle Clio, sing or say,
What Venus meant by this delay.
The goddess, much perplex'd in mind
To see her empire thus declin'd,
When first this grand debate arose, 130
Above her wisdom to compose,
Conceiv'd a project in her head
To work her ends: which, if it sped,
Would shew the merits of the cause
Far better than consulting laws. 135

In a glad hour Lucina's aid
Produc'd on earth a wondrous maid,

On whom the queen of love was bent
To try a new experiment.

She threw her law-books on the shelf, 140
And thus debated with herself:

Since men alledge, they ne'er can find
Those beauties in a female mind,
Which raise a flame, that will endure
For ever uncorrupt and pure; 145
If 'tis with reason they complain,
This instant shall restore my reign.
I'll search where ev'ry virtue dwells,
From courts inclusive down to cells;
What preachers talk, or sages write: 150
These I will gather and unite,
And represent them to mankind
Collected in that infant's mind.

This said, she plucks in heav'n's high bow'rs
A sprig of *amaranthine* flow'rs, 155
In nectar thrice infuses bays,
Three times refin'd in Titan's rays;
Then calls the *Graces* to her aid,
And sprinkles thrice the new-born maid:
From whence the tender skin assumes 160
A sweetness above all perfumes:
From whence a cleanliness remains,
Incapable of outward stains:
From whence that decency of mind,
So lovely in the female kind; 165
Where not one careless thought intrudes,
Less modest than the speech of prudes;
Where never blush was call'd in aid,
That spurious virtue in a maid,

A virtue

A virtue but at second-hand ; 170
They blush, because they understand.

The *Graces* next would act their part,
And shew'd but little of their art ;
Their work was half already done,
The child with native beauty shone ; 175
The outward form no help requir'd :
Each breathing on her thrice, inspir'd
That gentle, soft, engaging air,
Which in old times adorn'd the fair :

And said, “ *Vanessa* be the name 180
“ By which thou shalt be known to fame ;
“ *Vanessa*, by the gods inroll'd :
“ Her name on earth—shall not be told.”

But still the work was not complete ;
When Venus thought on a deceit. 185
Drawn by her doves, away she flies,
And finds out Pallas in the skies :
Dear Pallas, I have been this morn
To see a lovely infant born ;

A boy in yonder isle below, 190
So like my own without his bow,
By beauty could your heart be won,
You'd swear it is Apollo's son :
But it shall ne'er be said, a child
So hopeful, has by me been spoil'd ; 195
I have enough besides to spare,
And give him wholly to your care.

Wisdom's above suspecting wiles :
The queen of learning gravely smiles,
Down from Olympus comes with joy, 200
Mistakes Vanessa for a boy ;

28 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Then sows within her tender mind
 Seeds long unknown to woman kind ;
 For manly bosoms chiefly fit,
 The seeds of knowledge, judgment, wit. 205
 Her soul was suddenly endu'd
 With justice, truth, and fortitude ;
 With honour, which no breath can stain,
 Which malice must attack in vain ;
 With open heart and bounteous hand. 210
 But Pallas here was at a stand ;
 She knew in our degen'rate days
 Bare virtue could not live on praise ;—
 That meat must be with money bought :
 She therefore, upon second thought, 215
 Infus'd, yet as it were by stealth,
 Some small regard for state and wealth ;
 Of which, as she grew up, there stay'd
 A tincture in the prudent maid :
 She manag'd her estate with care, 220
 Yet lik'd three footmen to her chair.
 But, lest he should neglect his studies
 Like a young heir, the thrifty goddess
 (For fear young master should be spoil'd)
 Would use him like a younger child ; 225
 And, after long computing, found
 'Twould come to just five thousand pound.
 The queen of love was pleas'd, and proud,
 To see Vanessa thus endow'd :
 She doubted not but such a dame 230
 Through ev'ry breast would dart a flame ;
 That ev'ry rich and lordly swain
 With pride would drag about her chain ;
 That

That scholars would forsake their books
To study bright Vanessa's looks ; 235

As she advanc'd, that womankind
Would by her model form their mind,
And all their conduct would be try'd
By her, as an unerring guide :

Offending daughters oft would hear 240
Vanessa's praise rung in their ear,
Miss Betty, when she does a fault,
Lets fall her knife, or spils the salt,
Will thus be by her mother chid,
" 'Tis what Vanessa never did." 245

Thus by the nymphs and swains ador'd,
My pow'r shall be again restor'd,
And happy lovers blest my reign—
So Venus hop'd, but hop'd in vain.

For when in time the *martial maid* 250
Found out the trick that Venus play'd,
She shakes her helm, she knits her brows,
And, fir'd with indignation, vows,
To-morrow, ere the setting sun,
She'd all undo, that she had done. 255

But in the poets we may find,
A wholesome law, time out of mind,
Had been confirm'd by fate's decree :
That gods, of whatsoe'er degree,
Resume not what themselves have giv'n, 260
Or any brother-god in heav'n ;
Which keeps the peace among the gods,
Or they must always be at odds :
And Pallas, if she broke the laws,
Must yield her foe the stronger cause ; 265

30 CADENUS AND VANESSA

A shame to one so much ador'd
 For wisdom at Jove's council-board.
 Besides, she fear'd the queen of love
 Would meet with better friends above.
 And tho' she must with grief reflect, 270
 To see a mortal Virgin deck'd
 With graces hitherto unknown
 To female breasts, except her own ;
 Yet she would act as best became
 A goddess of unspotted fame. 275
 She knew, by augury divine,
 Venus would fail in her design :
 She study'd well the point, and found
 Her foe's conclusions were not found,
 From premises erroneous brought, 280
 And therefore the deduction's nought,
 And must have contrary effects,
 To what her treach'rous foe expects.
 In proper season Pallas meets
 The queen of love, whom thus she greets : 285
 (For gods, we are by Homer told,
 Can in celestial language scold.)
 Perfidious goddess ! but in vain
 You form'd this project in your brain,
 A project for thy talents fit, 290
 With much deceit and little wit.
 Thou hast, as thou shalt quickly see,
 Deceiv'd thyself, instead of me :
 For how can heav'nly wisdom prove
 An instrument to earthly love ? 295
 Know'st thou not yet, that men commence
 Thy votaries for want of sense ?
 Nor

Nor shall Vaneffa be the theme
To manage thy abortive scheme :
She'll prove the greatest of thy foes ; 300
And yet I scorn to interpose,
But using neither skill nor force,
Leave all things to their nat'ral course.

The goddess thus pronounc'd her doom :
When, lo ! Vaneffa in her bloom 305
Advanc'd, like Atalanta's star,
But rarely seen, and seen from far :
In a new world with caution stept,
Watch'd all the company she kept,
Well knowing, from the books she read, 310
What dang'rous paths young virgins tread :
Would seldom at the park appear,
Nor saw the play-house twice a-year ;
Yet, not incurious, was inclin'd
To know the converse of mankind. 315

First issu'd from perfumers shops
A croud of fashionable fops :
They ask'd her, how she lik'd the play ?
Then told the rattle of the day ;
A duel fought last night at two, 320
About a lady——you know who ;
Mention'd a new Italian, come
Either from Muscovy or Rome ;
Gave hints of who and who's together :
Then fell to talking of the weather : 325
Last night was so extremely fine,
The ladies walk'd till after nine.
Then in soft voice, and speech absurd,
With nonsense ev'ry second word,

With

32 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

With fustian from exploded plays, 330
 They celebrate her beauty's praise;
 Run o'er their cant of stupid lies,
 And tell the murders of her eyes.
 With silent scorn Vanessa sat,
 Scarce list'ning to their idle chat; 335
 Further than sometimes by a frown,
 When they grew pert, to pull them down.
 At last she spitefully was bent
 To try their wisdom's full extent;
 And said, she valu'd nothing less 340
 Than titles, figure, shape and dress;
 That merit should be chiefly plac'd
 In judgment, knowledge, wit, and taste;
 And these, she offer'd to dispute,
 Alone distinguish'd man from brute: 345
 That present times have no pretence
 To virtue, in the Noble sense
 By Greeks and Romans understood,
 To perish for our country's good.
 She nam'd the ancient heroes round, 350
 Explain'd for what they were renown'd;
 Then spoke with censure, or applause,
 Of foreign customs, rites, and laws;
 Through nature and through art she rang'd,
 And gracefully her subject chang'd: 355
 In vain: her hearers had no share
 In all she spoke, except to stare.
 Their judgment was upon the whole,
 —That lady is the dullest soul—
 Then tipt their forehead in a jeer, 360
 As who should say—She wants it here;
 She

She may be handsome, young, and rich,
But none will burn her for a witch.

A party next of glitt'ring dames,
From round the purlieus of St. James, 365
Came early, out of pure good-will,
To see the girl in dishabille.

Their clamour, 'lighting from their chairs,
Grew louder all the way up stairs;
At entrance loudest; where they found 370
The room with volumes litter'd round.

Vanessa held Montaigne, and read,
Whilst Mrs. Susan comb'd her head.

They call'd for tea and chocolate,
And fell into their usual chat, 375
Discoursing, with important face,

On ribbons, fans, and gloves and lace;
Shew'd patterns just from India brought,
And gravely ask'd her what she thought;
Whether the red or green were best, 380

And what they cost? Vanessa guess'd
As came into her fancy first;
Nam'd half the rates, and lik'd the worst.

To scandal next—What awkward thing
Was the last Sunday in the ring? 385

I'm sorry Mopsa breaks so fast;
I said her face would never last.

Corinna, with that youthful air,
Is thirty, and a bit to spare:

Her fondness for a certain Earl 390
Began, when I was but a girl.

Phillis, who but a month ago
Was marry'd to the Tunbridge beau,

I saw

34 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

I saw coquetting t'other night
In public with that odious knight. 395

They rally'd next Vanessa's dress :
That gown was made for old Queen Bess.
Dear Madam, let me see your head :
Don't you intend to put on red ?
A petticoat without a hoop ! 400

Sure, you are not asham'd to stoop ;
With handsome garters at your knees,
No matter what a fellow sees.

Fill'd with disdain, with rage inflam'd,
Both of herself and sex asham'd, 405
The nymph stood silent out of spight,
Nor would vouchsafe to set them right.

Away the fair detractors went,
And gave by turns their censures vent.
She's not so handsome in my eyes : 410
For wit, I wonder where it lies.

She's fair and clean, and that's the most :
But why proclaim her for a toast ?
A baby face, no life, no airs,
But what she learns at country-fairs ; 415
Scarce knows what diff'rence is between
Rich Flanders lace and Colberteene.

I'll undertake, my little Nancy
In flounces hath a better fancy.
With all her wit, I would not ask 420
Her judgment how to buy a mask.

We begg'd her but to patch her face,
She never hit one proper place :
Which ev'ry girl at five years old
Can do, as soon as she is told. 425

I own,

I own, that out-of-fashion stuff
Becomes the *creature* well enough.
The girl might pass, if we could get her
To know the world a little better.

(*To know the world!* a modern phrase 430
For visits, ombre, balls, and plays.)

Thus, to the world's perpetual shame,
The *queen of beauty* lost her aim.
Too late with grief she understood,
Pallas had done more harm than good: 435

For great examples are but vain,
Where ignorance begets disdain.
Both sexes, arm'd with guilt and spite,

Against Vanessa's power unite:
To copy her few nymphs aspir'd; 440
Her virtues fewer swains admir'd.

So stars beyond a certain height
Give mortals neither heat nor light.

Yet some of either sex, endow'd
With gifts superior to the crowd, 445
With virtue, knowledge, taste, and wit,
She condescended to admit.

With pleasing arts she could reduce
Mens talents to their proper use;
And with address each genius held 450
To that wherein it most excell'd;

Thus making others' wisdom known,
Could please them, and improve her own.

A modest youth said something new;
She plac'd it in the strongest view. 455

All humble worth she strove to raise;
Would not be prais'd, yet lov'd to praise.

The

36 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

The learned met with free approach,
 Although they came not in a coach :
 Some clergy too she would allow, 460
 Nor quarrell'd at their awkward bow.

But this was for Cadenus' sake,
 A gownman of a diff'rent make ;
 Whom Pallas, once Vanessa's tutor,
 Had fix'd on for her coadjutor. 465

But Cupid, full of mischief, longs
 To vindicate his mother's wrongs.
 On Pallas all attempts are vain :
 One way he knows to give her pain ;
 Vows on Vanessa's heart to take 470

Due vengeance for her patron's sake.
 Those early seeds by Venus sown,
 In spite of Pallas, now were grown ;
 And Cupid hop'd, they would improve
 By time, and ripen into love. 475

The boy made use of all his craft,
 In vain discharging many a shaft,
 Pointed at col'nels, lords, and beaux :
 Cadenus warded off the blows ;
 For, placing still some book betwixt, 480
 The darts were in the cover fix'd,
 Or, often blunted and recoil'd,
 On Plutarch's morals struck, were spoil'd.

The *queen of wisdom* could foresee,
 But not prevent, the fates decree : 485

And human caution tries in vain
 To break that adamant chain.
 Vanessa, though by Pallas taught,
 By *Love* invulnerable thought,

Searching

Searching in books for wisdom's aid, 490
Was, in the very search, betray'd.

Cupid, though all his darts were lost,
Yet still resolv'd to spare no cost:
He could not answer to his fame
The triumphs of that stubborn dame, 495
A nymph so hard to be subdu'd,
Who neither was coquette nor prude.
I find, said he, she wants a doctor
Both to adore her, and instruct her:
I'll give her what she most admires 500
Among those venerable fires.

Cadenus is a subject fit,
Grown old in politics and wit,
Carefs'd by ministers of state,
Of half mankind the dread and hate: 505
Whate'er vexations love attend,
She need no rivals apprehend.
Her sex, with universal voice,
Must laugh at her capricious choice.

Cadenus many things had writ: 510
Vanessa much esteem'd his wit,
And call'd for his poetic works:
Mean time the boy in secret lurks,
And, while the book was in her hand,
The urchin from his private stand 515
Took aim, and shot with all his strength
A dart of such prodigious length,
It pierc'd the feeble volume through,
And deep transfix'd her bosom too.
Some lines, more moving than the rest, 520
Stuck to the point that pierc'd her breast,

38 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

And, borne directly to the heart,
With pains unknown, increas'd her smart.

* Vanessa, not in years a score,
Dreams of a gown of forty-four; 525

Imaginary charms can find
In eyes with reading almost blind :

Cadenus now no more appears
Declin'd in health, advanc'd in years.

She fancies music in his tongue, 530
Nor farther looks, but thinks him young.

What mariner is not afraid
To venture in a ship decay'd ?

What planter will attempt to yoke
A sapling with a falling oak ? 535

As years increase, she brighter shines ;

Cadenus with each day declines ;

And he must fall a prey to time,

While she continues in her prime.

Cadenus, common forms apart, 540

In ev'ry scene had kept his heart ;

Had sigh'd and languish'd, vow'd and writ,

For pastime, or to shew his wit.

But time, and books, and state-affairs,

Had spoil'd his fashionable airs : 545

He now could praise, esteem, approve,

But understood not what was love.

His conduct might have made him styl'd

A father, and the nymph his child.

That

* The poet having before shewed the cause of Vanessa's disappointment, here represents Vanessa, who was intended to animate every woman to imitation, and inspire every man with love, as compelled to make advances to one, who had scarce sensibility enough to understand them. *Hawkes.*

That innocent delight he took 550
 To see the virgin mind her book,
 Was but the master's secret joy
 In school to hear the finest boy.
 Her knowledge with her fancy grew;
 She hourly prefs'd for something new; 555
Ideas came into her mind
 So fast, his lessons lagg'd behind;
 She reason'd without plodding long,
 Nor ever gave her judgment wrong.
 But now a sudden change was wrought; 560
 She minds no longer what he taught.
 Cadenus was amaz'd to find
 Such marks of a distracted mind:
 For, though she seem'd to listen more
 To all he spoke, than e'er before, 565
 He found her thoughts would absent range,
 Yet guess'd not whence could spring the change.
 And first he modestly conjectures
 His pupil might be tir'd with lectures;
 Which help'd to mortify his pride, 570
 Yet gave him not the heart to chide:
 But in a mild dejected strain,
 At last he ventur'd to complain;
 Said, she should be no longer teas'd;
 Might have her freedom when she pleas'd; 575
 Was now convinc'd, he acted wrong
 To hide her from the world so long,
 And in dull studies to engage
 One of her tender sex and age;
 That ev'ry nymph with envy own'd, 580
 How she might shine in the *grand monde*,

And ev'ry shepherd was undone
 To see her cloister'd like a nun.
 This was a visionary scheme :
 He wak'd, and found it but a dream ; 585
 A project far above his skill ;
 For nature must be nature still.
 If he was bolder than became
 A scholar to a courtly dame,
 She might excuse a man of letters ; 590
 Thus tutors often treat their betters :
 And, since his talk offensive grew,
 He came to take his last adieu.

Vanessa, fill'd with just disdain,
 Would still her dignity maintain, 595
 Instructed from her early years
 To scorn the art of female tears.

Had he employ'd his time so long
 To teach her what was right and wrong,
 Yet could such notions entertain, 600
 That all his lectures were in vain ?
 She own'd the wand'ring of her thoughts ;
 But he must answer for her faults.
 She well remember'd, to her cost,
 That all his lessons were not lost. 605
 Two maxims she could still produce,
 And sad experience taught their use ;
 That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dares not own ;
 Can make us without fear disclose 610
 Our inmost secrets to our foes :

That

That common forms were not design'd
Directors to a noble mind. *
Now, said the nymph, I'll let you see
My actions with your rules agree ; 615
That I can vulgar forms despise,
And have no secrets to disguise.

I knew,
* Vanessa, conscious that her passion was virtuous, had no motive to conceal it : for " virtue knows nothing that it dare not " own." She therefore confessed it to Cadenus, contrary to the common forms, which require that the first address should be made by the man. For common forms are only for common minds ; they only veil defects, and are not necessary, where defects are not found. *Hawkesf.*

Lord Orrery has been so far from acting upon the principle on which Mr. Pope framed this petition in his universal prayer,

*Teach me———
To hide the fault I see,*

that where he has not found the appearance of a fault, he has laboured hard to make one. An instance of which will be found in his remark upon a maxim of Cadenus to Vanessa :

*That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
Knows nothing which it dares not own.*

" He taught her," says his Lordship, " that vice, as soon as " it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue." But the most obvious and natural meaning is just contrary : That we desire to conceal no act which upon reflection we do not discover to be vicious, because virtue is pleased in proportion as it is displayed. And indeed these verses could not be supposed an apology for lewdness, if his Lordship believed his own assertion, that the Dean was " not to be swayed by deliberate evil." *Hawkesf.*

Lord Orrery says, p. 15. That Dr. Swift taught Vanessa, " that vice, as soon as it defied shame, was immediately changed into virtue." If Cadenus ever instilled that maxim into

I knew, by what you said and writ,
 How dang'rous things were men of wit;
 You caution'd me against their charms, 620
 But never gave me equal arms;

Your

the soul of Vanessa, we must, I am afraid, give him entirely up to censure, as an agent for the prince of darkness. But, without any racking, or transmutation of words, Swift's maxim was,

*That virtue, pleas'd by being shown,
 Knows nothing which it dares not own;
 Can make us without fear disclose
 Our inmost secrets to our foes.*

A maxim which every man of honour would instil into the hearts of his children; and which Dr. Swift himself hath occasionally expressed in other terms highly advantageous, *on seeing verses written upon windows.* Vol. 8.

*The sage, who said he should be proud
 Of windows in his breast,
 Because he ne'er one thought allow'd,
 That might not be confest;
 His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake,
 His breast again would cover,
 And fairly bid the devil take
 The di'mond and the lover.*

And such were the noble sentiments of that old Roman, I forget his name, whose reply to an architect could have proceeded only from the mouth of an hero. The architect made him an offer, upon his giving him so much money, to contrive a house for him in such a manner, as that none from abroad should possibly look into it. I will give you double the sum, replied the hero, if you will contrive a house for me in such a manner, as that every one that pleases may look into every corner of

This maxim of the Doctor's,

*That common forms were not design'd
 Directors to a noble mind,*

Your lessons found the weakest part,
Aim'd at the head, but reach'd the heart.

Cadenus felt within him rise
Shame, disappointment, guilt, surprize. 625

He knew not how to reconcile
Such language with her usual style:

And yet her words were so express,
He could not hope she spoke in jest.

His thoughts had wholly been confin'd 630
To form and cultivate her mind.

He hardly knew, till he was told,
Whether the nymph were young or old;

Had met her in a public place,
Without distinguishing her face: 635

Much less could his declining age
Vanessa's earliest thoughts engage;

And if her youth indiff'rence met,
His person must contempt beget:

Or, grant her passion be sincere, 640
How shall his innocence be clear?

Appearances were all so strong,
The world must think him in the wrong;

Would say, he made a treach'rous use
Of wit, to flatter and seduce: 645

The

is so clear and plain, that it can no more be tortured into an encouragement to vice, as Lord Orrery alledges, than the second commandment into an encouragement to idolatry. Where do we find in the lines one syllable relating either to vice or virtue? Are common forms either *vices* or *virtues*? Whoever can imagine them to be either the one or the other, must have a certain vacuity in his brain for the reception of the most gross and palpable absurdities. *Swift.*

The town would swear he had betray'd
 By magic spells the harmless maid :
 And ev'ry beau would have his jokes,
 That scholars were like other folks ;
 That, when Platonic flights were over, 650
 The tutor turn'd a mortal lover.
 So tender of the young and fair !
 It shew'd a true paternal care——
 Five thousand guineas in her purse !
 The Doctor might have fancy'd worse—— 655
 Hardly at length he silence broke,
 And falter'd ev'ry word he spoke ;
 Interpreting her complaisance,
 Just as a man *sans consequence*.
 She rally'd well, he always knew : 660
 Her manner now was something new ;
 And what she spoke was in an air
 As serious as a tragic player.
 But those, who aim at ridicule,
 Should fix upon some certain rule, 665
 Which fairly hints they are in jest,
 Else he must enter his protest :
 For let a man be ne'er so wise,
 He may be caught with sober lies ;
 A science which he never taught, 670
 And, to be free, was dearly bought ;
 For, take it in its proper light,
 'Tis just what coxcombs call a *bite*.
 But not to dwell on things minute,
 Vanessa finish'd the dispute, 675
 Brought weighty arguments to prove
 That reason was her guide in love.
 She

She thought he had himself describ'd,
 His doctrines when she first imbib'd :
 What he had planted, now was grown ; 680
 His virtues she might call her own ;
 As he approves, as he dislikes,
 Love or contempt her fancy strikes.
 Self-love, in nature rooted fast,
 Attends us first, and leaves us last : 685
 Why she likes him, admire not at her ;
 She loves herself, and that's the matter.
 How was her tutor wont to praise
 The geniuses of ancient days !
 (Those authors he so oft had nam'd,
 For learning, wit, and wisdom fam'd) ; 690
 Was struck with love, esteem, and awe,
 For persons whom he never saw.
 Suppose Cadenus flourish'd then,
 He must adore such godlike men. 695
 If one short volume could comprize
 All that was witty, learn'd, and wise,
 How would it be esteem'd, and read,
 Although the writer long were dead !
 If such an author were alive, 700
 How all would for his friendship strive,
 And come in crowds to see his face !
 And this she takes to be her case.
 Cadenus answers ev'ry end.
 The book, the author, and the friend ; 705
 The utmost her desires will reach,
 Is but to learn what he can teach :
 His converse is a system fit
 Alone to fill up all her wit ;

While

While ev'ry passion of her mind 710
In him is center'd and confin'd.

Love can with speech inspire a mute,
And taught Vanessa to dispute.

This topic never touch'd before,
Display'd her eloquence the more: 715

Her knowledge, with such pains acquir'd,
By this new passion grew inspir'd:

Through this she made all objects pass,
Which gave a tincture o'er the mass;

As rivers, though they bend and twine, 720
Still to the sea their course incline;

Or, as philosophers, who find
Some fav'rite system to their mind,

In ev'ry point to make it fit,
Will force all nature to submit. 725

Cadenus, who could ne'er suspect
His lessons would have such effect,

Or be so artfully apply'd,
Insensibly came on her side.

It was an unforeseen event; 730
Things took a turn he never meant,

Whoe'er excels in what we prize,
Appears a hero in our eyes:

Each girl, when pleas'd with what is taught,
Will have the teacher in her thought. 735

The nymph in sober words intreats
A truce with all sublime conceits:

For why such raptures, flights, and fancies,
To her who durst not read romances?

In lofty style to make replies, 740
Which he had taught her to despise?

But

But when her tutor will affect
Devotion, duty, and respect,
He fairly abdicates his throne ;
The government is now her own : 745

But though her arguments were strong,
At least could hardly wish them wrong.
Howe'er it came, he could not tell,
But sure she never talk'd so well.

His pride began to interpose ; 750
Preferr'd before a crowd of beaux !
So bright a nymph to come unsought !
Such wonder by his merit wrought !

'Tis merit must with her prevail ;
He never knew her judgment fail. 755
She noted all she ever read,
And had a most discerning head.

'Tis an old maxim in the schools,
That vanity's the food of fools ;
Yet now and then your men of wit 760
Will condescend to take a bit.

So, when Cadenus could not hide,
He chose to justify his pride ;
When Miss delights in her spinnet,
A fiddler may a fortune get ; 765

A blockhead, with melodious voice,
In boarding-schools can have his choice :
And oft the dancing master's art
Climbs from the toe to touch the heart.

In learning let a nymph delight, 770
The pedant gets a mistress by't.
Cadenus, to his grief and shame,
Could scarce oppose Vanessa's flame ;

Where

Where hot and cold, where sharp and sweet,
 In all their equipages meet ; 775
 Where pleasures mix'd with pains appear,
 Sorrow with joy, and hope with fear ;
 Wherein his dignity and age
 Forbid Cadenus to engage.

But friendship in its greatest height, 780
 A constant, rational delight,
 On virtue's basis fix'd to last,
 When love's allurements long are past,
 Which gently warms, but cannot burn,
 He gladly offers in return ; 785
 His want of passion will redeem
 With gratitude, respect, esteem ;
 With that devotion we bestow,
 When goddesses appear below.

While thus Cadenus entertains 790
 Vanessa in exalted strains,
 Constr'ing the passion she had shown,
 Much to her praise, more to his own.
 Nature in him had merit plac'd,
 In her a most judicious taste. 795
 Love, hitherto a transient guest,
 Ne'er held possession in his breast ;
 So long attending at the gate,
 Disdain'd to enter in so late.

Love why do we one passion call, 800
 When 'tis a compound of them all ?
 He has a forfeiture incurr'd ;
 She vows to take him at his word,
 And hopes he will not think it strange,
 If both should now their stations change. 805

The

CADENUS AND VANESSA. 49

The nymph will have her turn to be
The tutor ; and the pupil, he :
Though she already can discern,
Her scholar is not apt to learn ;
Or wants capacity to reach

810

The science she designs to teach ;
Wherein his genius was below
The skill of ev'ry common beau ;
Who, tho' he cannot spell, is wise
Enough to read a lady's eyes,
And will each accidental glance
Interpret for a kind advance.

815

But what success Vanessa met,
Is to the world a secret yet *.

Whether the nymph, to please the swain,
Talks in a high romantic strain ;

820

Or whether he at last descends
To act with less seraphic ends ;

Or, to compound the bus'ness, whether
They temper love and books together ;

825

Must never to mankind be told,
Nor shall the conscious muse unfold. †

Mean

* The event of Vanessa's suit is judiciously omitted, as foreign to the plan and design of the poem. *Hawkes.*

† Lord Orrery says, p. 16. " It is impossible to read this " cruel hint, without great indignation against the *conscious* " *muse.*"—But is there no allowance to be made for the rants and vagaries of an heteroclite genius ? Or would any poet, who had the least spark of honour, supposing he had been so unfortunate as to have had amours with a lady, have told the story, or given the least intimation of it ? Is one part of a poem, " to be " thought fine painting, but, in general, fictitious," and another part of the same to be interpreted by the racking and torturing

10 CADENUS AND VANESSA.

Mean time the mournful *queen of love*
 Led but a weary life above.
 She ventures now to leave the skies, 830
 Grown by Vanessa's conduct wise:
 For though by one perverse event
 Pallas had cross'd her first intent,
 'Though her design was not obtain'd;
 Yet had she much experience gain'd, 835
 And by the project vainly try'd,
 Could better now the *cause* decide.
 She gave due notice, that both parties,
Coram Regina prox' die Martis,
 Should at their peril, without fail, 840
 Come and appear, and save their bail.
 All met; and, silence thrice proclaim'd,
 One lawyer to each side was nam'd.
 The judge discover'd in her face
 Resentments for her late disgrace; 845
 And, full of anger, shame, and grief,
 Directed them to mind their brief;
 Nor spend their time to shew their reading:
 She'd have a summary proceeding.
 She

turing of a conjecture, into the most solid, prosaic, and impure of all imaginable ideas? However, do not, in fact, all professed admirers of particular women temper love and other amusements together in the days of courtship? If then Cadenus and Vanessa be conjectured to have tempered love and books together; why should they be supposed to have transgressed the rules of honour beyond the rest of the world? But allowing it were just that our indignation should rise against the *conscious muse*, (as indeed, I am told, Miss Vanhomrigh herself was extremely angry with the Doctor on account of these lines), the higher surely that our indignation should be inflamed against her, the more ought Vanessa to be cleared and justified. *Swift.*

She gather'd under every head 850
The sum of what each lawyer said,
Gave her own reasons last, and then
Decreed the cause against the *men*.

But, in a weighty case like this,
To shew she did not judge amiss, 855
Which evil-tongues might else report,
She made a speech in open court;
Wherein she grievously complains,
“How she was cheated by the swains;”

On whose petition, (humbly shewing 860
That women were not worth the wooing,
And that, unless the sex would mend,
The race of lovers soon must end,)

“She was at Lord knows what expence
“To form a nymph of wit and sense, 865

“A model for her sex design’d,
“Who never could one lover find.

“She saw her favour was misplac’d;
“The fellows had a wretched taste;
“She needs must tell them to their face, 870

“They were a senseless stupid race;

“And, were she to begin agen,

“She’d study to reform the *men*; *

“Or add some grains of folly more
“To *women*, than they had before, 875

“To put them on an equal foot;

“And this, or nothing else, wou’d do’t.

E 2

“This

* As the *women*, in their manners and dress, imitate what the *men* approve, their faults and follies are little more than the consequences of the false taste of their admirers; who cannot, surely, be urged by a stronger motive to correct it. *Hawkes*.

52 BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

" This might their mutual fancy strike ;
 " Since ev'ry being loves its *like*.
 " But now, repenting what was done, 880
 " She left all bus'ness to her son ;
 " She puts the world in his possession,
 " And let him use it at discretion."
 The cry'r was order'd to dismiss
 The court, so made his last *O yes !* 885
 The goddess would no longer wait ;
 But, rising from her chair of state,
 Left all below at six and sev'n,
 Harness'd her doves, and flew to heav'n.

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON*.

Imitated from the eighth book of OVID.

Written about the year 1708.

IN ancient times, as story tells,
 The saints would often leave their cells,
 And stroll about, but hide their quality,
 To try good people's hospitality.

It

* In this tale, there is not only abundance of wit and pleasantry, but some peculiar happy strokes, which, although but very rarely to be found in the works of the finest authors, are the distinguishing marks of an improved, consummate genius. The reader of taste and learning cannot but observe how exactly the sound doth echo to the sense, in the following lines :

*They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
 The roof began to mount aloft ;
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter ;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after. l. 51.—86,*

And

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. 53

It happen'd on a winter-night, 5
 As authors of the legend write,
 Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
 Taking their *tour* in masquerade,
 Disguis'd in tatter'd habits, went
 To a small village down in Kent; 10
 Where, in the strollers canting strain,
 They begg'd from door to door in vain,
 Try'd ev'ry tone might pity win;
 But not a soul would let them in.

Our wand'ring saints in woful state, 15
 Treated at this ungodly rate,
 Having through all the village past,
 To a small cottage came at last;
 Where dwelt a good old honest ye'man,
 Call'd in the neighbourhood *Philemon*; 20
 Who kindly did these saints invite
 In his poor hut to pass the night;
 And then the hospitable fire
 Bid goody Baucis mend the fire;
 While he from out the chimney took 25
 A flitch of bacon off the hook,
 And freely from the fattest side
 Cut out large slices to be fry'd;

E 3

Then

And yet, if possible, even these lines are excelled by the following distich:

*The groaning chair began to crawl;
 Like a huge snail, along the wall.* l. 85, 86.

There are many examples in Homer, Pindar, Virgil, Horace, Shakespear, and Milton, which, for the same reason, are universally admired above all other passages in those sublime poets. *Swift.*

54 BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

'Then stepp'd aside to fetch 'em drink,
 Fill'd a large jug up to the brink, 30
 And saw it fairly twice go round;
 Yet (what is wonderful!) they found
 'Twas still replenish'd to the top,
 As if they had not touch'd a drop.
 The good old couple were amaz'd, 35
 And often on each other gaz'd;
 For both were frighten'd to the heart,
 And just began to cry,——What ar't!
 Then softly turn'd aside to view
 Whether the lights were burning blue. 40
 The gentle *pilgrims*, soon aware on't,
 Told them their calling, and their errand:
 Good folks, you need not be afraid,
 We are but *saints*, the hermits said:
 No hurt shall come to you or yours: 45
 But for that pack of churlish boors,
 Not fit to live on Christian ground,
 They and their houses shall be drown'd;
 Whilst you shall see your cottage rise,
 And grow a church before your eyes. 50
 They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft
 The roof began to mount aloft;
 Aloft rose ev'ry beam and rafter;
 The heavy wall climb'd slowly after.
 The chimney widen'd, and grew higher, 55
 Became a steeple with a spire.
 The kettle to the top was hoist,
 And there stood fasten'd to a joist,
 But with the upside down, to show
 Its inclination for below: 60
 In

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON. 55

In vain ; for a superior force
Apply'd at bottom stops its course :
Doom'd ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.

A wooden jack, which had almost 65
Lost by difuse the art to roast,

A sudden alteration feels,
Increas'd by new intestine wheels ;
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slow'r. 70

The flier, though't had leaden feet,
Turn'd round so quick, you scarce could see't ;
But slacken'd by some secret pow'r,
Now hardly moves an inch an hour.

The jack and chimney, near ally'd, 75
Had never left each other's side :

The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone ;
But, up against the steeple rear'd,
Became a clock, and still adher'd : 80

And still its love to household-cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares,
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast-meat which it cannot turn.

The groaning chair began to crawl, 85
Like a huge snail, along the wall,
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.

The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glitt'ring show, 90
To a less noble substance chang'd,
Were now but leathern buckets rang'd.

The

56 BAUCIS AND PHILEMON.

The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood, 95
The little children in the wood,
Now seem'd to look abundance better,
Improv'd in picture, size and letter;
And, high in order plac'd, describe
The heraldry of ev'ry tribe*. 100

A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load,
Such as our ancestors did use,
Was metamorphos'd into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep, 105
By lodging folks dispos'd to sleep.

The cottage, by such feats as these
Grown to a church by just degrees,
The hermits then desir'd their host
To ask for what he fancy'd most. 110
Philemon, having paus'd a while,
Return'd them thanks in homely style;
Then said, My house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine;
I'm old, and fain would live at ease; 115
Make me the *parson*, if you please.

He spoke; and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding-sleeve; 120
His

* Of the twelve tribes of Israel, which, in country churches, are sometimes distinguished by the ensigns appropriated to them by Jacob on his death-bed. *Hawkes.*

His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
 And both assum'd a sable hue;
 But, being old, continu'd just
 As thread-bare, and as full of dust.
 His talk was now of *tythes* and *dues*: 125
 He smok'd his pipe, and read the news;
 Knew how to preach old sermons next,
 Vamp'd in the preface and the text;
 At christ'nings well could act his part,
 And had the service all by heart; 130
 Wish'd women might have children fast,
 And thought whose sow had farrow'd last;
 Against *dissenters* would repine,
 And stood up firm for *right divine*;
 Found his head fill'd with many a system: 135
 But classic authors,—he ne'er miss'd 'em.

Thus having furbish'd up a parson,
 Dame Baucis next they play'd their farce on.
 Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
 Good pinners edg'd with *colberteens*; 140
 Her petticoat, transform'd apace,
 Became black satin flounc'd with lace.
 Plain *Goody* would no longer down;
 'Twas *Madam*, in her program gown.
 Philemon was in great surprise, 145
 And hardly could believe his eyes,
 Amaz'd to see her look so prim;
 And she admir'd as much at him.

Thus happy in their change of life
 Were sev'ral years this man and wife; 150
 When on a day, which prov'd their last,
 Discoursing o'er old stories past,

They

They went by chance, amidst their talk,
 To the church-yard to take a walk;
 When Baucis hastily cry'd out, 155
 My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
 Sprout! quoth the man; what's this you tell us?
 I hope you don't believe me jealous:
 But yet methinks, I feel it true;
 And really yours is budding too— 160
 Nay,—now I cannot stir my foot;
 It feels as if 'twere taking root.

Description would but tire my muse;
 In short, they were both turn'd to *yew*s.

Old Goodman Dobson of the green 165
 Remembers, he the trees has seen:
 He'll talk of them from noon till night,
 And goes with folks to shew the sight;
 On Sundays, after ev'ning pray'r,
 He gathers all the parish there; 170
 Points out the place of either *yew*;
 Here Baucis, there Philemon grew:
 Till once a parson of our town,
 To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
 At which 'tis hard to be believ'd 175
 How much the other tree was griev'd,
 Grew scrubby, dy'd a-top, was stunted;
 So the next parson stubb'd and burnt it.

A DE-

A DESCRIPTION of a CITY-SHOWER.

In imitation of Virgil's Georgics.

Written in the year 1712.

Careful observers may foretel the hour
 (By sure prognostics) when to dread a show'r.
 While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink 5
 Strike your offended sense with double stink.
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
 You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
 A coming show'r your shooting corns presage,
 Old aches throb, your hollow tooth will rage: 10
 Saunt'ring in coffeehouse is Dulman seen;
 He damns the climate, and complains of *spleen*.
 Mean while the south, rising with dabbled wings,
 A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
 That swill'd more liquor than it could contain, 15
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
 While the first drizzling show'r is borne aslope:
 Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
 Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean: 20
 You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
 To rail: she singing, still whirls on her mop.
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
 And waisted with its foe by vi'lent gust, 25

'Twas

† 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was
dust.

Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain. 30

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threat'ning with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.

The templar spruce, while ev'ry spout's abroach, 35
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.

The tuck'd-up sem'strefs walks with hasty strides;
While streams run down her oil'd umbrella's sides.

Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed. 40

* Triumphant *Tories*, and desponding *Whigs*, †
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.

Box'd in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clatt'ring o'er the roof by fits;
And

† 'Twas doubtful which was sea, and which was sky.

Garth's Disp.

* This was written in the first year of the Earl of Oxford's
ministry.

† As *Whig* and *Wig* only differ by an aspiration, which is
scarce to be distinguished, it may be thought an exception to
the Dean's remarkable exactness, that he has made them
rhyme: but the same thing was afterwards done by Mr. Pope,
either upon the Dean's authority, or because he did not think it
liable to objection:

*A joke on Jekyll or some odd old Whig,
Who never chang'd his principles or Wig.*

Hawkes.

And ever and anon with frightful din 45
 The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed,
 (Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
 Instead of paying chairmen, run them through,) 50
 Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
 And each imprison'd hero quak'd for fear.

Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
 And bear their trophies with them as they go:
 Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell 55
 What street they sail'd from, by their sight and
 smell.

They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
 From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,
 And in huge confluence join'd at Snowhill ridge,
 Fall from the *conduit* prone to Holborn bridge. 60

* Sweepings from butchers stalls, dung, guts,	}
and blood,	
Drown'd puppies, stinking sprats, all drench'd	
in mud,	
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling	}
down the flood.	

* These three last lines were intended to ridicule the practice of modern poets, who make three lines rhyme together, which they call *triplets*; and the last line two or more syllables longer than the rest, which they call an *alexandrine*. These triplets, and alexandrines were brought in by Dryden and other poets, in the reign of Charles II. They were merely the effects of haste, idleness, and want of money; and have been wholly avoided by the best poets since these verses were written.

A DESCRIPTION of the MORNING.

Written about the year 1712.

NOW hardly here and there an hackney-
coach

Appearing, shew'd the ruddy morn's approach.

Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,

And softly stole to discompose her own:

The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door, 5

Had par'd the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.

Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dext'rous airs,

Prepar'd to scrub the entry and the stairs.

The youth † with broomy stumps began to trace

The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the
place. 10

The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,

'Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:

Duns at his Lordship's gate began to meet;

And brick-duft Moll had scream'd through half
the street.

The turnkey now his flock returning fees, 15

Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees:

The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,

And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

HORACE,

† To find old nails.

HORACE, Epist. 7. Book I. imitated, and addressed to the Earl of OXFORD *; in the Year 1713. †

HArley, the nation's great support,
 Returning home one day from court,
 (His mind with public cares possess'd,
 All Europe's bus'ness in his breast,)
 Observ'd a *parson* near Whitehall 5
 Cheap'ning old authors on a stall.
 The priest was pretty well in case,
 And shew'd some humour in his face;
 Look'd with an easy, careless mien,
 A perfect stranger to the spleen; 10
 Of size that might a pulpit fill,
 But more inclining to sit still.
 My Lord (who, if a man may say't,
 Loves mischief better than his meat,)

F 2

Was

1. *Strenuus et fortis, causisque Philippus agendis
 Clarus, ab officiis octavam circiter horam
 Dum redit —*
5. ——— *Conspexit, ut aiunt,
 Adrasum quendam vacuâ tonsoris in umbrâ,
 Cultello proprios purgantem leniter ungues.*

* Robert Harley, Esq; three times Speaker of the House of Commons, once in King William's reign, and twice in Queen Anne's; created Baron Harley of Wigmore, Earl of Oxford and Earl Mortimer, the 24th of April 1711, and Lord High Treasurer of England, on the 29th of the said month.

† In this year the author was made Dean of St. Patrick's, Dublin. See an account of his first interview with Mr. Harley, in his letter to Dr. King, Oct. 10. 1710.

Was now dispos'd to crack a jest, 15
 And bid friend Lewis † go in quest,
 (This Lewis is a cunning shaver,
 And very much in Harley's favour,)
 In quest, who might this *parson* be,
 What was his name, of what degree, 20
 If possible, to learn his story,
 And whether he were *Whig* or *Tory*.

Lewis his patron's humour knows,
 Away upon his errand goes,
 And quickly did the matter sift; 25
 Found out that it was Doctor Swift;
 A clergyman of special note
 For shunning those of his own coat;
 Which made his brethren of the gown
 Take care betimes to run him down: 30
 No libertine, nor over-nice,
 Addicted to no sort of vice,
 Went where he pleas'd, said what he thought,
 Not rich, but ow'd no man a groat:
 In state-opinions *à la mode*, 35
 He hated Wharton * like a toad,

Had

15. *Demetri, (puer hic non laevè jussu Philippi
 Accipiebat,) abi, quare, et refer: unde domo, quis,
 Cujus fortune, quo sit patre, quove patrono?*
 23. 25. *It, redit, et narrat, Vulteiū nomine Manam.*
 31. — *Tenui censu, sine crimine notum,
 Et properare loco, et cessare, et quarere, et uti,
 Gaudentem —*

† Erasmus Lewis, Esq; private secretary to the Earl of Oxford.

* Earl of Wharton, father to the Duke of Wharton, who died in France. See his character, vol. 4. p. 409.

Had giv'n the faction many a wound,
 And libell'd all the *junto* round;
 Kept company with men of wit,
 Who often father'd what he writ : 40
 His works were hawk'd in ev'ry street,
 But seldom rose above a sheet :
 Of late indeed the paper *stamp*
 Did very much his genius cramp :
 And, since he could not spend his fire, 45
 He now intended to retire.

Said Harley, I desire to know
 From his own mouth if this be so;
 Step to the Doctor, straight, and say,
 I'd have him dine with me to-day. 50
 Swift seem'd to wonder what he meant,
 Nor would believe my Lord had sent;
 So never offer'd once to stir;
 But coldly said, *Your servant, Sir.*
 Does he refuse me? Harley cry'd : 55
 He does, with insolence and pride.
 Some few days after Harley spies
 The Doctor fasten'd by the eyes,
 At Charing-cross among the rout,
 Where painted monsters are hung out : 60

F 3

He

47. *Scitari libet ex ipso quodcunque refers. Dic
 Ad cœnam veniat. Non sanè credere Mena:
 Mirari secum tacitus.*
 54. *Benignè, respondet.*
 55. *Neget ille mihi?*
 56. ——— *Negat improbus, et te
 Negligit, aut horret.*
 57. ——— *Vulteiū mane Philippus
 Vilia vendentem tunicato scruta popello
 Occupat, et salvere jubet prior.*

He pull'd the string, and stopt his coach,
Beck'ning the Doctor to approach.

Swift, who could neither fly nor hide,
Came sneaking to the chariot-side,
And offer'd many a lame excuse :

65

He never meant the least abuse——

My Lord——the honour you design'd——

Extremely proud——but I had din'd——

I'm sure I never should neglect——

No man alive has more respect——

70

“ Well, I shall think of that no more,

“ If you'll be sure to come at *four*.”

The Doctor now obeys the summons,

Likes both his company and commons ;

Displays his talent, sits till ten ;

75

Next day invited comes again ;

Soon grows domestic ; seldom fails

Either at morning or at meals ;

Came early, and departed late :

In short, the gudgeon took the bait.

80

My Lord would carry on the jest,

And down to Windsor takes his guest.

Swift

65. —— Ille Philippo.

Excusare laborem.——

71. —— Sic ignovisse putato

Me tibi, si cœnas hodie mecum. Ut libet. Ergo

Post nonam venies——

74. *Ut ventum ad cœnam est, dicenda, tacenda locutus,*

Tandem dormitum demittitur. Hic ubi sæpe

Occultum visus decurrere piscis ad hamum,

Mane cliens, et jam certus conviva :——

81. —— Jubetur

Rura suburbana indistis comes ire Latinis.

Impositus mannis, arvom cœlumque Sabinum

Non cessat laudare.

Swift much admires the place and air,
 And longs to be a *canon* there;
 In summer round the park to ride, 85
 In winter, never to reside.

A *canon*! that's a place too mean;
 No, Doctor, you shall be a *Dean*;
 Two dozen *canons* round your stall,
 And you the tyrant o'er them all: 90
 You need but cross the *Irish seas*,
 To live in plenty, pow'r, and ease.
 Poor Swift departs; and, what is worse,
 With borrow'd money in his purse;
 Travels at least an hundred leagues, 95
 And suffers numberless fatigues.

Suppose him now a *Dean* complete,
 Devoutly lolling in his seat;
 The silver virge, with decent pride,
 Stuck underneath his cushion-side: 100
 Suppose him gone through all vexations,
 Patents, instalments, abjurations,
 First-fruits, and tenths, and chapter-treats;
 Dues, payments, fees, demands, and—cheats.
 (The wicked laity's contriving 105
 To hinder clergymen from thriving.)
 Now all the Doctor's money's spent,
 His tenants wrong him in his rent;
 The farmers spitefully combin'd
 Force him to take his tythes in kind; 110
 And

87. — *Videt, ridetque Philippus.*

107. — *Oves furto, morbo periere capella,
 Spem mentita seges, bos est enectus arando;*

And Parvifol * discounts arrears
 By bills for taxes and repairs †.
 Poor Swift, with all his losses vext,
 Not knowing where to turn him next,
 Above a thousand pounds in debt, 115
 Takes horse, and in a mighty fret
 Rides day and night at such a rate,
 He soon arrives at Harley's gate;
 But was so dirty, pale, and thin,
 Old Read ‡ would hardly let him in. 120

Said Harley, Welcome, rev'rend Dean;
 What makes your worship look so lean?
 Why, sure you won't appear in town
 In that old wig and rusty gown?
 I doubt your heart is set on pelf 125
 So much that you neglect yourself.
 What! I suppose now stocks are high,
 You've some good purchase in your eye:
 Or

113. *Offensus damnis, media de nocte caballum*

Arripit, iratusque Philippi tendit ad ades.

121. *Quem simul aspexit scabrum intonsumque Philippus,*

Durus, ait, Vultei, nimis attentusque videris

Esse mihi.

* The Dean's agent, a Frenchman.

† Upon Dr. Swift's arrival in Ireland to take possession of his deanery, he found the violence of party raging in that kingdom to the highest degree. The common people were taught to look upon him as a Jacobite; and they proceeded so far in their detestation, as to throw stones and dirt at him as he passed through the streets. The chapter of St. Patrick's, like the rest of the kingdom, received him with great reluctance; they thwarted him in every point that he proposed. He was avoided as a pestilence;
 he

‡ The Lord Treasurer's porter.

Or is your money out at use?—

Truce, good my Lord, I beg a truce, 130

(The Doctor in a passion cry'd,)

Your raillery is misapply'd;

Experience I have dearly bought;

You know I am not worth a groat:

But

he was opposed as an invader; he was marked out as an enemy to his country. Such was his first reception as Dean of St. Patrick's. Fewer talents, and less firmness, must have yielded to so outrageous an opposition; *sed contra audentior ibat*. He had seen an enough of human nature, to be convinced, that the passions of low, self-interested minds ebb and flow continually. They love they know not whom, they hate they know not why: they are captivated by words, guided by names, and governed by accidents. *Sacheverel and the church* had been of as great service to one party in the year 1710, as *popery and slavery* were to the other in the year 1713. But, to shew the strange revolutions in this world, Dr. Swift, who was now the detestation of the Irish rabble, lived to be afterwards the most absolute monarch over them that ever governed men.

His first step was, to reduce to reason and obedience his reverend brethren the chapter of St. Patrick's: in which he succeeded so perfectly and so speedily, that in a short time after his arrival, not one member of that body offered to contradict him, even in trifles: on the contrary, they held him in the highest respect and veneration; so that he sat in the chapter-house, like Jupiter in the synod of the gods. Whether fear or conviction were the motives of so immediate a change, I leave you to consider; but certain it is,

Viro Phœbi chorus assurrexit omnis.

However, Swift made no longer a stay in Ireland, in the year 1713, than was requisite to establish himself as Dean, and to pass through certain customs and formalities, or, to use his own words,

—Through all vexations, &c. l. 101—104. *Orreery*.

But 'tis a folly to contest 135
 When you resolve to have your jest;
 Then, since you now have done your worst,
 Pray leave me where you found me first †.

136. *Quod te per Genium dextramque deosque Penates
 Obsecro, et obtestor, vitæ me redde priari.*

HORACE, Lib. 2. Sat. 6. part of it imitated. †

Written about the year 1713.

I'VE often wish'd, that I had clear
 For life six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace walk, and half a rood 5
 Of land set out to plant a wood.
 Well, now I have all this, and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 But should be perfectly content,
 Could I but live on this side Trent, 10
 Nor cross the *channel* twice a-year,
 To spend six months with *statesmen* here.
 I must

1. *Hoc erat in votis: modus agri non ita magnus,
 Hortus ubi, et tecto vicinus jugis aquæ fons,
 Et paulum silvæ super his foret. — Auspicius atque
 7. — Dii melius fecere. —*

† In England, where he seems by this poem to solicit a settlement in the manner peculiar to himself. *Hawkesf.*

† This poem was written about the same time with the preceding, and apparently with the same view. *Hawkesf.* — It was afterwards enlarged by Mr. Pope. See Warburton's edition of Pope's works, vol. 4.

I must by all means come to town,
 'Tis for the service of the crown,
 " Lewis, the *Dean* will be of use ; 15
 " Send for him up, take no excuse."
 The toil, the danger of the seas,
 Great ministers ne'er think of these ;
 Or, let it cost five hundred pound,
 No matter where the money's found, 20
 It is but so much more in debt,
 And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

" Good Mr. *Dean*, go change your gown,
 " Let my Lord know you're come to town."
 I hurry me in haste away, 25
 Not thinking it is levee-day ;
 And find his honour in a pound,
 Hemm'd by a triple circle round
 Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green ;
 How should I thrust myself between ? 30
 Some wag observes me thus perplex't,
 And smiling whispers to the next,
 " I thought the *Dean* had been too proud
 " To juggle here among a croud."
 Another in a surly fit 35
 Tells me, I have more zeal than wit ;
 " So eager to express your love,
 " You ne'er consider whom you shove,

" But

17. Sive Aquilo radit terras, seu bruma nivalem
 Interiore diem gyro trahit, ire necesse est.

35. Quid vis insane ? et quas res agis ? improbus urget
 Iratis precibus ; tu pulses omne quod obstat,
 Ad Mecanatem memori si mente recurras.
 Hoc juvat, et melli est, non mentiar.—

"But rudely prefs before a Duke."
 I own, I'm pleas'd with this rebuke, 40
 And take it kindly meant to show
 What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper and withdraw,
 When twenty fools I never saw
 Come with petitions fairly penn'd, 45
 Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case——
 That begs my int'rest for a place——
 An hundred other mens affairs
 Like bees are humming in my ears. 50

"To-morrow my appeal comes on,
 "Without your help the cause is gone"——
 The Duke expects my Lord and you
 About some great affair at two——

"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind 55
 "To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
 "Consider, 'tis my first request."——
 Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:——

Then presently he falls to tease,
 "You may for certain, if you please; 60
 "I doubt not, if his Lordship knew——
 "And, Mr. *Dean*, one word from you"——

'Tis (let me see) three years and more
 (October next it will be four)

Since

44. — *Alicna negotia centum*
Per caput et circa saluunt latus.

60. — *Si vis, potes, addit, et instat.*

63. *Septimus octavo propior jam fugerit annus,*
Ex quo Mecenas me coepit habere suorum
In numero; duntaxat ad hoc, quem tollere rheda
Vellet, iter faciens, et cui concredere nugas.

Since Harley bid me first attend, 65
 And chose me for an humble friend;
 Would take me in his coach to chat,
 And question me of this and that;
 As, "What's o'clock?" and, "How's the wind?"
 "Whose chariot's that we left behind?" 70
 Or gravely try to read the lines
 Writ underneath the country-signs;
 Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
 "From Pope, from Parnel, or from Gay?"
 Such tattle often entertains 75
 My Lord and me as far as Stains,
 As once a-week we travel down
 To Windsor, and again to town,
 Where all that passes *inter nos*
 Might be proclaim'd at Charing-cross. 80
 Yet some I know with envy swell,
 Because they see me us'd so well:
 "How think you of our friend the Dean?"
 "I wonder what some people mean;
 "My Lord and he are grown so great, 85
 "Always together, *tête à tête*—
 "What they admire him for his jokes—
 "See but the fortune of some folks!"
 There flies about a strange report
 Of some express arriv'd at court, 90
 I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
 And catechis'd in ev'ry street.

81. — *Subjeclior in diem et horam*
Invidia.

89. *Frigidus à rostris manat per compita rumor;*
Quicunque obviu est, me consulit.

"You, Mr. *Dean*, frequent the great ;
 "Inform us, will the *Emp'ror* treat ?"
 "Or, do the prints and papers lie ?" 95
 Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
 "Ah ! Doctor, how you love to jest !
 "'Tis now no secret"—I protest
 'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
 "When are the troops to have their pay ?" 100
 And tho' I solemnly declare
 I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
 'They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
 The closest mortal ever known.
 Thus in a sea of folly tost, 105
 My choicest hours of life are lost ;
 Yet always wishing to retreat.
 Oh, could I see my country seat !
 There leaning near a gentle brook,
 Sleep, or peruse some ancient book ! 110
 And there in sweet oblivion drown
 Those cares that haunt the court and town !

101. *Jurantem me scire nihil, mirantur, ut unum
 Scilicet egregii mortalem atque silenti.*

108. *Orus, quando ego te aspiciam? quandoque licebit
 Nunc veterum libris, nunc somno, et inertibus horis
 Ducere sollicita jucunda oblivio vita?*

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES.

A Bitch that was full pregnant grown,
 By all the dogs and curs in town ;
 Finding her teeming time was come,
 And litter ripen'd in her womb,

Went

THE FABLE OF THE BITCHES. 75

Went here, and there, and every where, 5
To find an easy place to lay-her.

At length to * Music's house she came,
And begg'd like one both blind and lame,
" My only friend, my dear," said she,
" You see that mere necessity 10
" Hath sent me to your house to whelp,
" I'm dead if you deny your help."

With fawning whine, and rueful tone,
With artful sigh and feigned groan,
With canting voice and doleful tale, 15
Smooth † Bawty did so far prevail;
That Music gave her leave to litter,
(But mark what follow'd)—faith she bit her.
Whole baskets full of bits and scraps,
And broth enough to fill her paps; 20
For well she knew her num'rous brood,
For want of milk, wou'd suck her blood.

But when she thought her pains were done,
And now 'twas high time to be gone;
In civil terms—" My friend," said she, 25
" My house you've had on courtesie;
" And now I earnestly desire,
" That you wou'd with your cubs retire:
" For shou'd you stay but one week longer,
" I shall be starv'd with cold and hunger." 30

The guest reply'd—" My friend, your leave
" I must a little longer crave;
" Stay till my tender cubs can find
" Their way—for now you see they're blind;

G. 2

" But

* Music alludes to the church of *England*.

† Bawty (which is the name of a bitch in *Scotch*) alludes to the kirk.

"But when we've gather'd strength, I swear, 35

"We'll to our barn again repair."

The time pass'd on, and Music came
Her kennel once again to claim;
But Bawty, lost to shame and honour,
Set all her cubs at once upon her, 40
Made her retire, and quit her right,
And loudly cry'd—a bite, a bite.

THE MORAL.

Thus did the Trojan wooden horse
Conceal a fatal armed force;
No sooner brought within the walls,
But Ilium's lost, and Priam falls.

ST. PATRICK'S Address to the People of IRE-
LAND when he resigned his Patronage.

BY holy zeal inspir'd, and led by fame,
To thee, once fav'rite isle, with joy I came,
What time the Goth, the Vandal, and the Hunn
Had my own native Italy o'er-run;
Ierne, to the world's remotest parts, 5
Renown'd for valour, policy, and arts.
Hither from Cholchos with the fleecy ore,
Jason arriv'd, two thousand years before.
Thee, happy island, Pallas call'd her own,
When haughty Britain was a land unknown. 10
From thee, with pride, the Caledonians trace
The glorious founder of their kingly race;
Thy martial sons, whom now they dare despise,
Did once their land subdue and civilize;

Their

Their dress, their language, and the Scottish name, 15
Confess the soil from whence the victors came
Well may they boast that ancient blood, which runs
Within their veins, who are thy younger sons;
A conquest and a colony from thee,
The mother-kingdom, left her children free; 20
From thee no mark of slavery they felt.
Not so with thee thy base invaders dealt.
Invited to revengeful *Murrough's* aid,
Those, whom they cou'd not conquer, they betray'd.
Britain! by thee we fell, ungrateful isle, 25
Not by thy valour, but superior guile.
Britain! with shame confess, this land of mine
First taught thee human knowledge and divine;
My prelates and my students sent from hence,
Made your sons converts both to GOD and sense; 30
Not like the pastors of thy rav'nous breed,
Who come to fleece the flocks, and not to feed.
Wretched Ierne! with what grief I see,
The fatal changes time hath made in thee;
The christian rites I introduc'd in vain; 35
Lo! infidelity's return'd again;
Freedom and virtue in thy sons I found,
Who now in vice and slavery are drown'd;
By faith and prayer (this crozier in my hand)
I drove the venom'd serpent from thy land; 40
The shepherd in his bow'r might sleep or sing,
Nor dread the adder's tooth, or scorpion's sting;
With omens oft I strove to warn thy swains,
Omens! the types of thy impending chains.
I sent the magpie from the British soil, 45
With restless beak thy blooming fruits to spoil,

To din thine ears with unharmonious clack,
 And haunt thy holy walls in white and black.
 What else are those thou seest in b**p's geer,
 Who crop the nurseries of learning here. 50
 As you grew more degenerate and base,
 I sent you millions of the croaking race;
 Emblems of insects vile, who spread their spawn
 Thro' all thy land, in armour, fur and lawn.
 A numerous brood that fills your senate walls 55
 And in the chambers of your viceroy crawls.
 See where that new devouring vermin runs,
 Sent in my anger from the land of Hunns;
 With harpy claws it undermines the ground,
 And sudden spreads a num'rous offspring round; 60
 Th' amphibious tyrant with his rav'nous band,
 Drains all the lakes of fish, of fruits the land.
 Where is the sacred well that bore my name?
 Fled to the fountain back, from whence it came;
 Fair freedom's emblem once, which smoothly
 flows, 65
 And blessings equally on all bestows.
 Here, from the neighb'ring nursery of arts,
 The students drinking rais'd their wit and parts;
 Here, for an age and more, improv'd their vein,
 Their Phoebus I, my well their Hippocrene. 70
 Discourag'd youths, now all their hopes must fail,
 Condemn'd to country cottages and ale;
 To foreign prelates make a slavish court,
 And by their sweat procure a mean support;
 Or, for the classics, read th' attorney's guide, 75
 Collect excise, or wait upon the tide.

O! had

O! had I been apostle to the Swiss,
 Or hardy Scot, or any land but this;
 Combined in **** they had their foes defy'd,
 And kept their liberty, or bravely dy'd. 80
 Thou, still with tyrants in succession curst,
 The last invaders trampling on the first;
 Nor fondly hope for some reverse of fate,
 Virtue herself would now return too late.
 Not half thy course of misery is run, 85
 Thy greatest evils yet are scarce begun.
 Soon shall thy sons, the time is just at hand,
 Be all made captives in their native land;
 When for the use of no Hibernian born,
 Shall rise one blade of grass, one ear of corn; 90
 When shells or leather shall for money pass,
 Nor thy oppressing lords afford thee brass.
 But all turn leasers to that mongrel breed,
 Who from thee sprung, yet on thy vitals feed:
 Who to yon rav'nous isle thy treasures bear, 95
 And waste in luxury thy harvests there;
 For pride and ignorance a proverb grown,
 The jest of wits, and to the court unknown.
 I scorn thy spurious and degenerate line,
 And from this hour my patronage resign. 100

VERSES written in a Lady's ivory Table-book.

Written in the year 1706.

PERUSE my leaves through ev'ry part,
 And think thou seest my owner's heart,
 Scrawl'd o'er with trifles thus, and quite
 As hard, as senseless, and as light;

Expos'd

Expos'd to ev'ry coxcomb's eyes, 5
 But hid with caution from the wise.
 Here you may read, *Dear charming saint* ;
 Beneath, *A new receipt for paint* :
 Here in beau-spelling, *Tru tel deth* ;
 There in her own, *Far an ell breth* : 10
 Here, *Lovely nymph, pronounce my doom* :
 There, *A safe way to use perfume* :
 Here, a page fill'd with billet-doux :
 On t'other side, *Laid out for shoes* ;
Madam, I die without your grace ; 15
Item, for half a yard of lace.
 Who that had wit would place it here,
 For ev'ry peeping fop to jeer ?
 In pow'r of spittle, and a clout,
 Whene'er he please, to blot it out ; 20
 And then, to heighten the disgrace,
 Clap his own nonsense in the place.
 Whoe'er expects to hold his part
 In such a book, and such a heart,
 If he be wealthy and a fool, 25
 Is in all points the fittest tool ;
 Of whom it may be justly said,
 He's a gold pencil tip'd with lead.

MRS.

MRS. HARRIS'S PETITION*.

Written in the year 1701.

To their Excellencies

The LORDS JUSTICES of Ireland†,

*The humble petition of Frances Harris,
Who must starve, and die a maid, if it miscarries ;*

Humbly Sheweth,

THAT I went to warm myself in Lady Betty's ‡ chamber, because I was cold ;
And I had in a purse seven pounds four shillings and sixpence, besides farthings, in money and gold :
So,

* When the Earl of Berkeley was one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, Swift's true poetical vein (Pindaric flights being entirely out of the road of his talents) began to discover itself in some occasional pieces which he writ in those times, particularly in the *Ballad on the game of traffic* [Vol. 9.] in the *Ballad to the tune of the cutpurse* [Vol. 8.] and in *Mrs. Harris's petition*. These poems are all wrong dated in the several editions of his works. It appears, to a demonstration, they were all written in the year 1699.—The petition of Mrs. Harris, although it may be ranked in that class of poetry which is called *low humour*, is full of mirth and raillery. The Doctor himself, and Mrs. Harris, are the two principal characters, against whom the ridicule is immediately pointed. However, there is one beautiful stroke of nature in this poem worthy to be remarked, which, in the way of characterising, can never be excelled by any effort of genius. Do but observe the answer of the old deaf housekeeper, in the following lines :

Then my dame Wadgar came, &c. l. 25.—29.

In one word, whoever can read this petition of Mrs. Harris, without feeling some extraordinary pleasure, hath, in my opinion, neither wit, humour, judgment, nor any taste for poetry in his whole composition. *Swift.*

† Earl of Berkeley, and Earl of Galway.

‡ Lady Betty Berkeley.

So, because I had been buying things for my
Lady last night,

I was resolv'd to tell my money, to see if it was
 right.

Now, you must know, because my trunk has a
 very bad lock,

Therefore, all the money I have, which, God
 knows, is a very small stock,

I keep in my pocket, ty'd about my middle,
 next to my smock.

So, when I went to put up my purse, as God
 would have it, my smock was unript,

And, instead of putting it into my pocket, down
 it flipt :

Then the bell rung, and I went down to put my
Lady to bed ;

And, God knows, I thought my money was as
 safe as my maidenhead.

So, when I came up again, I found my pocket
 feel very light :

But when I search'd, and miss'd my purse, *Lord!*
 I thought I should have sunk outright.

Lord! *Madam*, says Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed,
 says I, never worse :

But pray, Mary, can you tell what I have done
 with my purse ?

Lord help me ! said Mary, I never stirr'd out of
 this place :

Nay, said I, I had it in *Lady Betty's* chamber,
 that's a plain case.

So

So Mary got me to bed, and cover'd me up warm :
However, she stole away my garters, that I might
do myself no harm.

So I tumbled and tofs'd all night, as you may
very well think, 20

But hardly ever set my eyes together, or slept a
wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went
and searh'd the folks round,

And in a corner of Mrs. Dukes's box, ty'd in a
rag, the money was found.

So next morning we told Whittle*, and he fell
a swearing :

Then my Dame Wadgar † came ; and she, you
know, is thick of hearing : 25

Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you
know what a loss I have had ?

Nay, said she, my Lord Colway's ‡ folks are all
very fad ;

For my Lord Dromedary § comes a Tuesday
without fail.

Pugh ! said I, but that's not the bus'ness that I ail.

Says Cary ||, says he, I have been a servant this
five and twenty years, come spring, 30

And in all the places I liv'd I never heard of such
a thing.

Yes,

* Earl of Berkeley's valet.

† The old deaf housekeeper.

‡ Galway.

§ Drogheda, who, with the primate, was to succeed the two
Earls.

|| Clerk of the kitchen.

Yes, says the *steward*, I remember, when I was
at my Lady Shrewsbury's,
Such a thing as this happen'd just about the time
of *gooseberries*.

So I went to the party suspected, and I found her
full of grief.

(Now you must know, of all things in the world,
I hate a thief.) 35

However, I was resolv'd to bring the discourse
flily about :

Mrs. Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly accident has
happen'd out :

'Tis not that I value the money three skips of a
loufe ; †

But the thing I stand upon, is the credit of the
house.

'Tis true, seven pounds four shillings and sixpence
makes a great hole in my wages : 40

Besides, as they say, service is no inheritance in
these ages.

Now, Mrs. Dukes, you know, and every body un-
derstands,

That though 'tis hard to judge, yet money can't
go without hands.

The *devil* take me, said she (blessing herself,) if
ever I saw't !

So she roar'd like a Bedlam, as though I had call'd
her all to naught. 45

So you know, what could I say to her any more ?
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was
before.

Well ;

* A servant, wife to one of the footmen.

† An usual saying of hers.

Well ; but then they would have had me gone to
the cunning man :

No, said I, 'tis the same thing, the *chaplain* will
be here anon.

So the *chaplain* † came in. Now the servants say
he is my sweetheart, 50

Because he's always in my chamber, and I always
take his part.

So, as the *devil* would have it, before I was a-
ware, out I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *nativity*, when a bo-
dy's plunder'd ?

(Now you must know he hates to be call'd *parson*
like the *devil*)

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to
be more civil : 55

If your money be gone, as a learned *divine* says,
d'ye see,

You are no *text* for my handling ; so take that
from me :

I was never taken for a *conjuror* before, I'd have
you to know.

Lord! said I, don't be angry, I am sure I never
thought you so ;

You know, I honour the cloth ; I design to be a
parson's wife ; 60

I never took one in your *coat* for a *conjuror* in all
my life.

With that he twisted his girdle at me like a rope,
as who should say,

Now you may go hang yourself for me : and so
went away.

VOL. VIII.

H

Well ;

† The author.

Well: I thought I should have swoon'd. *Lord!*
 said I, what shall I do?

I have lost my *money*, and shall lose my *true love* too.
 Then my *Lord* call'd me: Harry, † said my *Lord*,
 don't cry, 66

I'll give you something towards thy loss: and, says
 my *Lady*, so will I.

Oh! but, said I, what if, after all, my chaplain
 won't come to?

For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*,) I
 must petition you.

The premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your
Excellencies protection, 70

And that I may have a share in next Sunday's
 collection;

And, over and above, that I may have your *Excel-*
lencies letter,

With an order for the *chaplain* aforesaid, or, in-
 stead of him, a better:

And then your poor *petitioner* both night and day,
 Or the *chaplain*, for 'tis his *trade*, as in duty bound,
 shall ever pray.

Lady

† A cant word of my Lord and Lady to Mrs. Harris.

Lady Betty Berkeley, finding in the author's room some verses † unfinished, underwrit a stanza of her own, with raillery upon him; which gave occasion to this ballad, written by the author in a counterfeit hand, as if a third person had done it.

Written in the year 1703.

To the tune of *The cutpurse.*

I.

ONce on a time, as old stories rehearse,
A friar would needs shew his talent in Latin;
But was sorely put to't in the midst of a verse,
Because he could find no word to come pat in :
Then all in the place 5
He left a void space,

And so went to bed in a desperate case :
When behold the next morning a wonderful riddle!
He found it was strangely fill'd up in the middle.

Chorus. *Let censuring critics then think what
they list on't ;* 10

*Who would not write verses with such
an assistant ?*

II.

This put me the friar into an amazement :

For he wisely consider'd it must be a sprite,
That came through the key-hole, or in at the case-
ment ;

And it needs must be one that could both read
and write : 15

H 2

Yet

† These verses are called, *A ballad on the game of traffic*, and may be found among the poetry, vol. 9.

38 VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below :
 Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself. 20
 Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand :
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains ;
 When he found a new help from invisible hand. 25
 Then, good Doctor Swift,
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you freely must own you were at a dead lift :
 And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
 Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
 And poets their own verses sung,
 A verse could draw a stone or beam,
 That now would overload a team ;
 Lead them a dance of many a mile, 5
 Then rear them to a goodly pile.
 Each number had its diff'rent pow'r :
 Heroic strains could build a tow'r ;

Sonnets,

Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
 Might raise a house about two stories; 10
 A lyric ode would flate; a catch
 Would tile; an epigram would thatch.

But, to their own, or landlord's cost,
 Now poets feel this art is lost.
 Not one of all our tuneful throng 15
 Can raise a lodging *for a song* :
 For Jove consider'd well the case,
 Observ'd they grew a num'rous race;
 And should they *build* as fast as *write*,
 'Twould ruin undertakers quite. 20

This evil therefore to prevent,
 He wisely chang'd their element :
 On earth the god of wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building-trade ;
 Leaving the wits the spacious air, 25
 With licence to *build castles* there :
 And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say : 30
 Sing, muse, the house of poet Van
 In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
 Is both a herald and a poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd 35
 In both capacities to build.
 As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a *house* * gone to decay ;

H 3

Or

* House, family.

38 VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Yet he did not know
 If it were friend or foe,
 Or whether it came from above or below :
 Howe'er, it was civil in angel or elf,
 For he ne'er could have fill'd it so well of himself. 20
 Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

III.

Even so Master Doctor had puzzled his brains
 In making a ballad, but was at a stand :
 He had mix'd little wit with a great deal of pains ;
 When he found a new help from invisible hand. 25
 Then, good Doctor Swift,
 Pay thanks for the gift,
 For you freely must own you were at a dead lift :
 And, though some malicious young spirit did do't,
 You may know by the hand it had no cloven foot.
 Chor. *Let censuring, &c.*

VANBRUGH'S HOUSE,

Built from the ruins of Whitehall that was burnt.

Written in the year 1706.

IN times of *old*, when time was *young*,
 And poets their own verses sung,
 A verse could draw a stone or beam,
 That now would overload a team ;
 Lead them a dance of many a mile, 5
 Then rear them to a goodly pile.
 Each number had its diff'rent pow'r :
 Heroic strains could build a tow'r ;

Sonnets,

Sonnets, or elegies to Chloris,
 Might raise a house about two stories; 10
 A lyric ode would slate; a catch
 Would tile; an epigram would thatch.

But, to their own, or landlord's cost,
 Now poets feel this art is lost.
 Not one of all our tuneful throng 15
 Can raise a lodging *for a song* :
 For Jove consider'd well the case,
 Observ'd they grew a num'rous race;
 And should they *build* as fast as *write*,
 'Twould ruin undertakers quite. 20

This evil therefore to prevent,
 He wisely chang'd their element :
 On earth the god of wealth was made
 Sole patron of the building-trade ;
 Leaving the wits the spacious air, 25
 With licence to *build castles* there :
 And 'tis conceiv'd, their old pretence
 To lodge in garrets comes from thence.

Premising thus, in modern way,
 The better half we have to say : 30
 Sing, muse, the house of poet Van
 In higher strains than we began.

Van (for 'tis fit the reader know it)
 Is both a herald and a poet ;
 No wonder then if nicely skill'd 35
 In both capacities to build.
 As herald, he can in a day
 Repair a *house* * gone to decay ;

H 3

Or

* House, family.

Or by *achievement, arms, device*,
 Erect a new one in a trice ;
 And as a poet, he has skill,
 To build in speculation still.

Great Jove ! he cry'd, the art restore
 To build by verse as heretofore,
 And make my muse the architect ;
 What palaces shall we erect !

No longer shall forsaken Thames
 Lament his old Whitehall in flames ;
 A pile shall from its ashes rise,
 Fit to invade or prop the skies.

Jove smil'd, and, like a gentle god,
 Consenting with the usual nod,
 Told Van he knew his talent best,
 And left the choice to his own breast.

So Van resolv'd to write a farce ;
 But, well perceiving wit was scarce,

With cunning that defect supplies ;
 Takes a French play as lawful prize ;
 Steals thence his plot and ev'ry joke,
 Not once suspecting Jove would *smoke* ;

And (like a wag) sat down to write,
 Would whisper to himself, a *bite*.

Then from the motley, mingled style,
 Proceeded to erect his pile.

So men of old, to gain renown, did
 Build Babel with their tongues confounded.

Jove saw the cheat, but thought it best
 To turn the matter to a jest :

Down from Olympus' top he slides,
 Laughing as if he'd burst his sides ;

70
 Ay,

Ay, thought the god, are these your tricks?
 Why then *old plays* deserve *old bricks*;
 And, since you're sparing of your stuff,
 Your building shall be small enough.
 He spake, and, grudging, lent his aid : 75
 Th' experienc'd bricks that knew their trade,
 (As being bricks at second hand,)
 Now move, and now in order stand.

The building, as the poet writ,
 Rose in proportion to his wit : 80
 And first the prologue built a wall
 So wide as to encompass all.
 The scene, a wood, produc'd no more
 Than a few scrubby trees before.
 The plot as yet lay deep ; and so 85
 A cellar next was dug below :
 But this a work so hard was found,
 Two acts it cost him under ground.
 Two other acts we may presume
 Were spent in building each a room. 90
 Thus far advanc'd, he made a shift
 To raise a roof with act the fifth.
 The epilogue behind did frame
 A place not decent here to name.

Now poets from all quarters ran 95
 To see the house of brother Van ;
 Look'd high and low, walk'd often round ;
 But no such house was to be found.
 One asks the watermen hard by,
 Where may the poet's palace lie ? 100
 Another of the Thames inquires,
 If he has seen its gilded spires ?

At

At length they in the rubbish spy
 A thing resembling a goose-pye.
 Thither in haste the poets throng, 105
 And gaze in silent wonder long,
 Till one in raptures thus began
 To praise the pile and builder Van.

Thrice happy poet ! who may'st trail
 Thy house about thee like a snail : 110
 Or, harness'd to a nag, at ease
 Take journeys in it like a chaise ;
 Or in a boat, whene'er thou wilt,
 Canst make it serve thee for a tilt.
 Capacious house ! 'tis own'd by all, 115
 Thou'rt well contriv'd, though thou art small :
 For ev'ry wit in Britain's isle
 May lodge within thy spacious pile.
 Like Bacchus thou, as poets feign,
 Thy mother burnt, art born again, 120
 Born like a phoenix from the flame ;
 But neither *bulk* nor *shape* the same :
 As animals of largest size
 Corrupt to maggots, worms, and flies ;
 A type of *modern* wit and style, 125
The rubbish of an ancient pile.
 So *chymists* boast they have a pow'r
 From the dead ashes of a flow'r
 Some faint resemblance to produce,
 But not the virtue, taste, or juice. 130
 So modern rhymers wisely blast
 The poetry of ages past ;
 Which after they have overthrown,
 They from its ruins build their own.

THE

THE HISTORY OF VANBRUGH'S HOUSE.

Written in the year 1708.

WHEN mother Clud had rose from play,
 And call'd to take the cards away,
 Van saw, but seem'd not to regard,
 How *Miss* pick'd ev'ry painted card,
 And, busy both with hand and eye, 5
 Soon rear'd a house two stories high.
 Van's *genius*, without thought or lecture,
 Is hugely turn'd to *architecture*:
 He view'd the edifice, and smil'd,
 Vow'd it was pretty for a child: 10
 It was so perfect in its kind,
 He kept the *model* in his mind.

But when he found the boys at play,
 And saw them dabbling in their clay,
 He stood behind a stall to lurk, 15
 And mark the progress of their work;
 With true delight observ'd them all
 Raking up *mud* to build a wall.
 The plan he much admir'd, and took
 The *model* in his table-book; 20
 Thought himself now exactly skill'd,
 And so resolv'd a *house* to build;
 A *real house*, with *rooms*, and *stairs*,
 Five times at least as big as theirs;
 Taller than *Miss's* by two yards; 25
 Not a sham thing of clay or cards.
 And so he did; for in a while
 He built up such a monstrous pile,
 That

That no two chairmen could be found
 Able to lift it from the ground. 30
 Still at Whitehall it stands in view,
 Just in the place where first it grew:
 There all the little schoolboys run,
 Envyng to see themselves outdone.

From such deep rudiments as these, 35
 Van is become by due degrees
 For building fam'd, and justly reckon'd
 At court Vitruvius the *second*:
 No wonder, since wise *authors* show,
 That *best foundations* must be *low*: 40
 And now the *Duke* † has wisely ta'en him
 To be his *architect* at Blenheim.
 But, raillery for once apart,
 If this rule holds in ev'ry art;
 Or if his *Grace* were no more skill'd in 45
 The art of batt'ring walls than building,
 We might expect to see next year
 A *mouse-trap* man chief engineer.

The virtues of SID HAMET the Magician's rod. ‡

Written in 1712.

THE *rod* was but a harmless wand,
 While Moses held it in his hand;

But,

† The Duke of Marlborough, to whom Q. Anne gave the palace of Woodstock, for his Grace's victory over the French and Bavarians at Blenheim, Aug. 2, 1704.

‡ The staff of Lord Treasurer Godolphin, which on the 29th of May 1711, was given to Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford. H.

But, soon as e'er he *laid it down*,
'Twas a devouring serpent grown.

Our great magician Hamet Sid, 5
Reverses what the prophet did :
His *rod* was honest English wood,
That senseless in a corner stood,
'Till, metamorphos'd by his grasp,
It grew an all-devouring asp; 10
Would hiss, and sting, and roll, and twist,
By the mere virtue of his fist ;
But when he *laid it down*, as quick
Resum'd the figure of a stick.

So to her midnight-feast the hag 15
Rides on a broomstick for a nag,
That, rais'd by magic of her breech,
O'er sea and land conveys the witch ;
But with the morning-dawn resumes
The peaceful state of common brooms. 20

They tell us something strange and odd
About a certain *magic rod*,
That, bending down its top, divines
Whene'er the soil has golden mines ; †
Where there are none, it stands erect, 25
Scorning to shew the least respect :
As ready was the *wand of Sid*
To *bend* where *golden mines* were hid ;

In

† The *virgula divina*, or *divining-rod*, is described to be a forked branch of a hazel or willow, two feet and an half long. It is to be held in the palms of the hands, with the single end elevated about eighty degrees ; and in this position is said to be attracted by minerals and springs, so as by a forcible inclination to direct where they are to be found. *Hawkes*.

In Scottish hills found precious ore, ‡
 Where none e'er look'd for it before ; 30
 And by a *gentle bow* divin'd
 How well a *cully's* purse was lin'd ;
 To a forlorn and broken *rake*,
 Stood without motion like a stake.

The *rod* of *Hermes* was renown'd 35
 For charms above and under ground ;
 To sleep could mortal eye-lids fix,
 And drive departed souls to *Styx*.
 That *rod* was just a type of *Sid's*,
 Which o'er a British senate's lids 40
 Could scatter *opium* full as well,
 And drive as many *souls* to *hell*.

Sid's rod was slender, white, and tall,
 Which oft he us'd to *fish* withal ;
 A *plaice* was fasten'd to the hook, 45
 And many score of *gudgeons* took :
 Yet still so happy was his fate,
 He caught his *fish*, and sav'd his *bait*.

Sid's brethren of the conj'ring tribe
 A circle with their *rod* describe, 50
 Which proves a magical redoubt
 To keep *mischievous spirits* out.
Sid's rod was of a larger stride,
 And made a circle thrice as wide,
 Where *spirits* throng'd with hideous din, 55
 And he stood there to *take them in* :
 But when th' enchanted *rod* was broke,
 They vanish'd in a stinking smoke.

Achilles'

‡ Supposed to allude to the union of the two kingdoms.

Achilles' sceptre was of wood,
 Like Sid's, but nothing near so good; 60
 That down from ancestors divine
 Transmitted to the hero's line;
 Thence through a long descent of kings,
 Came an heir-loom, as Homer sings.
 Though this description looks so big, 65
 That *sceptre* was a sapless twig,
 Which from the fatal day, when first
 It left the forest where 'twas nurs'd,
 As Homer tells us o'er and o'er,
 Nor leaf, nor fruit, nor blossom bore. 70
 Sid's sceptre, full of juice, did shoot
 In golden boughs, and golden fruit;
 And he, the *dragon*, never sleeping,
 Guarded each fair Hesperian pippin.
 No *hobby horse*, with gorgeous top, 75
 The dearest in Charles Mather's shop,*
 Or glitt'ring tinsel of May-fair,
 Could with this rod of Sid compare.

Dear Sid, then why wert thou so mad
 To break thy *rod* like naughty lad? 80
 You should have kiss'd it in your distress,
 And then return'd it to *your mistress*;
 Or made it a Newmarket switch,
 And not a *rod* for thy own breech.
 But, since old Sid has broken this, 85
 His next may be a *rod in pifs*.

* An eminent toyman in Fleet-street.

A T L A S ; or, The MINISTER of STATE.

To the Lord Treasurer *Oxford*.

Written in the year 1712.

A T L A S, we read in ancient song,
 Was so exceeding tall and strong,
 He bore the skies upon his back,
 Just as a pedlar does his pack:
 But, as a pedlar overpress'd 5
 Unloads upon a stall to rest,
 Or, when he can no longer stand,
 Desires a friend to lend a hand ;
 So Atlas, lest the pond'rous spheres 10
 Should sink and fall about his ears,
 Got Hercules to bear the pile,
 That he might sit and rest a while.
 Yet Hercules was not so strong,
 Nor could have borne it half so long.
 Great statesmen are in this condition ; 15
 And Atlas is a politician,
 A premier minister of state ;
 Alcides one of second rate.
 Suppose then Atlas ne'er so wise,
 Yet, when the weight of kingdoms lies 20
 Too long upon his single shoulders,
 Sink down he must, or find *upholders*.

The

The DESCRIPTION of a SALAMANDER. *

Out of *Pliny's* Natural history, lib. 10. c. 67. and
lib. 29, c. 4.

Written in the year 1706.

AS mastiff dogs in modern phrase are
Call'd *Pompey*, *Scipio*, and *Cæsar*;
As pyes and daws are often styl'd
With Christian nicknames like a child;
As we say Monsieur to an ape, 5
Without offence to human shape;
So men have got from bird and brute
Names that would best their natures suit.
The *lion*, *eagle*, *fox*, and *boar*,
Were heroes titles heretofore, 10
Bestow'd as hi'roglyphics fit
To shew their valour, strength, or wit:
For what is understood by *fame*,
Besides the getting of a *name*?
But, e'er since men invented guns, 15
A diff'rent way their fancy runs:
To paint a hero, we enquire
For something that will conquer *fire*.

I 2

Would

* This excessive bitter description of a salamander, was occasioned by the Duke of Marlborough's giving that appellation to Lord Cutts, after he had come off victorious, and without a wound, from an engagement with part of the French army, whose fire was so extremely brisk, and so incessantly poured in upon the English forces, that it was supposed nothing but a *salamander* could have lived in the midst of it. *Swift*.

Would you describe Turenne * or Trump? †
Think of a bucket or a pump. 20

Are these too low?—then find out grander,
Call my Lord Cutts a *salamander*. ‡

'Tis well;—but since we live among
Detractors with an evil tongue,
Who may object against the term, 25

Pliny shall prove what we affirm:
Pliny shall prove, and we'll apply,
And I'll be judg'd by standers-by.

First, then, our author has defin'd
This reptile of the serpent kind, 30

With gaudy coat, and shining train;
But loathsome spots his body stain:
Out from some hole obscure he flies,

When rains descend, and tempests rise,
Till the sun clears the air; and then 35

Crawls back neglected to his den.

So, when the war has rais'd a storm,
I've seen a *snake* in human form,

All stain'd with infamy and vice,
Leap from the dunghill in a trice, 40

Burnish,

* The famous Marechal Turenne, General of the French forces, said to have been the greatest commander of the age. H.

† Van Trump, Admiral of the States General in their last war with England, eminent for his courage and his victories. H.

‡ Lord Cutts. *Salamander* was a name given him by his flatterers, upon his having survived an engagement in which he stood an incessant fire for many hours. He is said frequently to have lamented himself in these terms: "G—d d——n my
" bl——d, I'm the most unlucky dog upon earth; for I never
" engaged an enemy without being wounded, nor a whore with-
" out being p—x'd." Hawkes.

THE SALAMANDER.

101

Burnish, and make a gaudy show,
Become a gen'ral, peer, and beau,
Till peace hath made the sky serene;
Then shrink into its hole again.

All this we grant—why then look yonder, 45
Sure that must be a *salamander*!

Farther, we are by Pliny told,
This *serpent* is extremely cold;
So cold, that, put it in the fire,
'Twill make the very flames expire: 50
Besides, it spues a filthy froth
(Whether thro' rage, or lust, or both)
Of matter purulent and white,
Which happening on the skin to light,
And there corrupting to a wound, 55
Spreads leprosy and baldness round.

So have I seen a batter'd beau,
By age and claps grown cold as snow,
Whose breath or touch, where-e'er he came,
Blew out love's torch, or chill'd the flame: 60
And should some nymph who ne'er was cruel,
Like Charleton cheap, or fam'd Du-Ruel,
Receive the filth which he ejects,
She soon would find the same effects
Her tainted carcase to pursue, 65
As from the *salamander's* spue;
A dismal shedding of her locks,
And, if no leprosy, a pox.

Then I'll appeal to each by-stander,
If this be not a *salamander*?

[102]
* The E L E P H A N T;

Or, The PARLIAMENT-MAN.

Written many years since.

Taken from COKE's Institutes.

E RE bribes convince you whom to chuse,
The precepts of Lord Coke peruse.
Observe an *elephant*, says he,
And let like him your member be;
First take a man that's free from *gall*, 5
For elephants have none at all:
In *flocks* or *parties* he must keep;
For elephants live just like sheep;
Stubborn in honour he must be;
For elephants *ne'er bend the knee* 10
Last, let his *memory* be found,
In which your elephant's profound;
That *old examples* from the wise
May prompt him in his No's and Ay's.
Thus the Lord Coke hath gravely writ, 15
In all the form of lawyers wit;
And then with Latin, and all that,
Shews the comparison is pat.
Yet in some points my Lord is wrong:
One's *teeth* are fold, and t'other's *tongue*: 20
Now men of parliament, God knows,
Are more like *elephants of shows*,
Whose docile memory and sense
Are turn'd to trick, to gather pence.

To

AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE. 103

To get their master half a crown, 25
 They spread their flag, or lay it down:
 Those who bore bulwarks on their backs,
 And guarded nations from attacks,
 Now practise ev'ry pliant gesture,
 Op'ning their trunk for ev'ry tester. 30
 Siam, for elephants so fam'd,
 Is not with England to be nam'd:
 Their elephants by men are sold;
 Ours sell themselves, and take the gold.

An ELEGY on the supposed death of PART-
 RIDGE, the almanack-maker. *

WELL; 'tis as Bickerstaff has guess'd,
 Though we all took it for a jest:
 Partridge is dead; nay more, he dy'd,
 Ere he could prove the good 'Squire ly'd.
 Strange, an astrologer should die 5
 Without one wonder in the sky!
 Not one of all his *crony* stars
 To pay their duty at his herse!
 No meteor, no eclipse appear'd!
 No comet with a flaming beard! 10
 The sun has rose, and gone to bed,
 Just as if Partridge were not dead;
 Nor hid himself behind the moon,
 To make a dreadful night at noon.
 He at fit periods walks through Aries, 15
 Howe'er our earthly motion varies;

And

* See an account of his death, which Partridge averred to be false, and Bickerstaff defended as true, vol. 6. p. 25. 29.

104 AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE.

And twice a-year he'll cut th' equator,
As if there had been no such matter.

Some wits have wonder'd what analogy
There is 'twixt *cobling* † and *astrology*; 20
How Partridge made his *optics* rise
From a *shoe-sole* to reach the skies.

A list the cobbler's temples ties,
To keep the hair out of his eyes;
From whence 'tis plain, the *diadem* 25
That princes wear derives from them:
And therefore *crowns* are now-a-days
Adorn'd with *golden stars* and *rays*;
Which plainly shews the near alliance
'Twixt *cobling* and the *planets science*. 30

Besides, that slow-pac'd sign *Bootes*
As 'tis miscall'd, we know not who 'tis:
But Partridge ended all disputes;
He knew his trade, and call'd it ‡ *boots*.

The *horned moon*, which heretofore 35
Upon their shoes the Romans wore,
Whose wideness kept their toes from corns,
And whence we claim our *shoeing horns*,
Shews how the art of *cobling* bears
A near resemblance to the *spheres*. 40

A scrap of *parchment* hung by *geometry*
(A great refinement in *barometry*)
Can, like the stars, foretel the weather;
And what is *parchment* else but *leather*?
Which an astrologer might use 45
Either for *almanacks* or *shoes*.

Thus

† Partridge was a cobbler.

‡ See his almanack.

AN ELEGY ON PARTRIDGE. 105

Thus Partridge, by his wit and parts,
At once did practise both these arts:
And as the boding owl (or rather
The bat, because her wings are *leather*) 50
Steals from her private cell by night,
And flies about the candle-light;
So learned Partridge could as well
Creep in the dark from *leathern* cell,
And in his fancy fly as far, 55
To peep upon a twinkling star.

Besides, he could confound the *spheres*
And set the *planets* by the ears;
To shew his skill, he Mars could join
To Venus in *aspect malign*: 60
Then call in Mercury for aid,
And cure the wounds that Venus made.

Great scholars have in Lucian read,
When Philip King of Greece was dead,
His *soul* and *spirit* did divide, 65
And each part took a diff'rent side:
One rose a star; the other fell
Beneath, and mended shoes in hell.

Thus Partridge still shines in each art,
The *cobling* and *star-gazing* part, 70
And is install'd as good a star
As any of the Cæsars are.
Triumphant star! some pity show
On *coblers militant* below,
Whom roguish boys in stormy nights 75
Torment by pissing out their lights,
Or through a chink convey their smoke
Inclos'd *artificers* to choke.

Thou,

Thou, high-exalted in thy sphere,
 May'st follow still thy calling there. 80
 To thee the *Bull* will lend his *hide*,
 By Phœbus newly tann'd and dry'd :
 For thee they Argo's hulk will tax,
 And scrape her pitchy sides for *wax* :
 Then Ariadne kindly lends 85
 Her braided hair to make thee *ends* :
 The point of Sagittarius' dart
 Turns to an *awl* by heav'nly art ;
 And Vulcan, wheedled by his wife,
 Will forge for thee a *paring-knife*. 90
 For want of room by Virgo's side,
 She'll strain a point, and sit † astride,
 To take thee kindly in *between* ;
 And then the *signs* will be *thirteen*.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE, five foot deep, lies on his back
 A cobbler, starmonger, and quack ;
 Who to the stars in pure good will
 Does to his best look upward still.
 Weep, all you customers that use 5
 His pills, his almanacks, or shoes :
 And you that did your fortunes seek,
 Step to his grave but once a-week :
 This earth, which bears his body's print,
 You'll find has so much virtue in't, 10
 That

† ——— Tibi brachia contrahet ingens
 Scorpius, &c.

That I durst pawn my ears 'twill tell
 Whate'er concerns you full as well,
 In physick, stolen goods, or love,
 As he himself could, when above.

* VERSES to be prefixed before BERNARD
 LINTOT's New Miscellany †.

SOME Colinaeus * praise, some Bleau *,
 Others account them but so so;
 Some Plantin * to the rest prefer,
 And some esteem old Elzevir *;
 Others with Aldus * would besot us; 5
 I, for my part, admire Lintottus.—
 His *character's* beyond compare,
 Like his own person, large and fair.
 They print their names in letters small,
 But LINTOT stands in capital: 10
 Author and he with equal grace
 Appear, and stare you in the face.
 Stephens prints *Heathen* Greek, 'tis said,
 Which some can't construe, some can't read:
 But all that comes from Lintot's hand 15
 Ev'n Rawlinson might understand.
 Oft in an Aldus, or a Plantin,
 A page is blotted, or leaf wanting:
 Of Lintot's books this can't be said,
 All fair, and not so much as read. 20

Their

† The Oxford and Cambridge Miscellany, 8vo.

* Printers famous for having published fine editions of the Bible, and of the Greek and Roman classics.

25

39

104

5

10

The

The

The learn'd themselves we book-worms name;
 The blockhead is a slow-worm;
 The nymph, whose tail is all on flame, 15
 Is aptly term'd a glow-worm.

The fops are painted butterflies,
 That flutter for a day;
 First from a worm they take their rise,
 And in a worm decay. 20

The flatterer an earwig grows;
 Thus worms suit all conditions;
 Misers are muck-worms, silk-worms beaus,
 And death-watches physicians.

That statesmen have the worm, is seen 25
 By all their winding play;
 Their conscience is a worm within,
 That gnaws them night and day.

Ah, Moore! thy skill were well employ'd,
 And greater gain would rise, 30
 If thou couldst make the courtier void
 The worm that never dies!

O! learned friend of Abchurch-lane,
 Who sett'st our entrails free!
 Vain is thy art, thy powder vain, 35
 Since worms shall eat ev'n thee.

Our fate thou only canst adjourn
 Some few short years, no more!
 VOL. VIII. K Ev'n

110 VERSES OCCASIONED BY AN &c.

Ev'n Button's wits * to worms shall turn,
Who maggots were before. 40

* VERSES occasioned by an &c. at the end
of Mr. D'URFY's Name, in the Title to
one of his Plays †.

JOVE call'd before him t'other day
The vowels, U, O, I, E, A;
All *diphthongs*, and all *consonants*,
Either of England, or of France;
And all that were, or wish'd to be, 5
Rank'd in the name of *Tom D'Urfy*,
Fierce is this cause; the *letters* spoke all,
Liquids grew rough, and *mutes* turn'd vocal.
Those four proud syllables alone
Were silent, which by fate's decree 10
Chim'd in so smoothly, one by one,
To the sweet name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
N, by whom names subsist, declar'd,
To have no place in this was hard;
And *Q* maintain'd 'twas but his due 15
Still to keep company with *U*;
So hop'd to stand no less than he
In the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.
E shew'd, a *comma* ne'er could claim
A place in any British name; 20
Yet,

* Button's coffee-house in Covent-Garden, frequented by the
wits of that time.

† This accident happened by Mr. D'Urfy's having made a
flourish there, which the printer mistook for an &c.

Yet, making here a perfect botch,
 Thrusts your poor vowel from his notch;
Hiatus nū valde deflendus!
 From which, good Jupiter, defend us!
 Sooner I'd quit my part in thee, 25
 Than be no part in *Tom D'Urffy*.
P protested, puff'd and swore,
 He'd not be serv'd so like a beast;
 He was a piece of emperor,
 And made up half a pope at least. 30
C vow'd, he'd frankly have releas'd
 His double share in *Cæsar Caius*
 For only one in *Tom Durfeius*.
I, consonant and vowel too,
 To Jupiter did humbly sue, 35
 That of his grace he would proclaim
Durfeius his true Latin name:
 For though without them both 'twas clear
 Himself could ne'er be Jupiter;
 Yet they'd resign that post so high 40
 To be the genitive, *Durfei*,
B and *L* swore b—— and w——s;
X and *Z* cry'd, p—x and z——s;
G swore by G—d, it ne'er should be;
 And *W* would not lose, not he, 45
 An English letter's property
 In the great name of *Tom D'Urffy*.
 In short, the rest were all in fray,
 From *Christ-cross* to *et cætera*.
 They, though but standers-by, too, mutter'd; 50
 Diphthongs and triphthongs swore and flutter'd;

That none had so much right to be
 Part of the name of stuttering *T*—— }
T—Tom—a—as——De—D'Ur—fy—fy. }
 Then Jove thus spake: With care and pain 55

We form this name, renown'd in rhyme:
 Not thine, immortal *Neufgermain* *!

Cost studious *cabalists* more time.
 Yet now, as then, you all declare, }
 Far hence to Egypt you'll repair, 60 }
 And turn strange hi'roglyphics there,
 Rather than letters longer be,
 Unless i' th' name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

Were you all pleas'd, yet what, I pray,
 To foreign letters could I say? 65

What if the Hebrew next should aim
 To turn quite backward *D'Urfy's* name?
 Should the Greek quarrel, too, by Styx, I
 Could never bring in *Psi* and *Xi*,
Omicron and *Omega* from us 70

Would each hope to be *O* in *Thomas*;
 And all th' ambitious vowels vie, }
 No less than Pythagoric *Υ*, }
 To have a place in *Tom D'Urfy*.

Then, well-belov'd and trusty letters! 75
 Cons'nants, and vowels, much their betters,
We, willing to repair this breach,
 And, all that in us lies, please each,
Et cæ'tra to our aid must call;
Et cæ'tra represents ye all: 80

Et

* A poet, who used to make verses ending with the last syllables of the names of those persons he praised; which Voiture turned against him in a poem of the same kind.

Et cætera, therefore, we decree,
Henceforth for ever join'd shall be
To the great name of *Tom D'Urfy*.

* PROLOGUE designed for Mr. D'URFY'S
last Play.

GROWN old in rhyme, 'twere barbarous to
discard

Your persevering, unexhausted bard:
Damnation follows death in other men,
But your damn'd poet lives, and writes again.
Th' advent'rous lover is successful still, 5
Who strives to please the fair *against* her will:
Be kind, and make him in his wishes easy,
Who in your own *despite* has strove to please ye.
He scorn'd to borrow from the wits of yore,
But ever writ, as none e'er writ before. 10
You modern wits, should each man bring his
claim,

Have desperate debentures on your fame:
And little would be left you, I'm afraid,
If all your debts to Greece and Rome were paid.
From his deep fund our author largely draws, 15
Nor sinks his credit lower than it was.
'Tho' plays for honour in old time he made,
'Tis now for better reasons—to be paid.
Believe him, he has known the world too long,
And seen the death of much immortal song. 20
He says, poor poets lost, while players won,
As pimps grow rich, while gallants are undone.

114 PROLOGUE TO THE THREE, &c.

Tho' Tom the poet writ with ease and pleasure,
 The comic Tom abounds in other treasure.
Fame is at best an unperforming cheat ; 25
 But 'tis substantial happiness to eat.
 Let ease, his last request, be of your giving,
 Nor force him to be damn'd to get his living.

* PROLOGUE to the Three Hours after Marriage.

Authors are judg'd by strange capricious rules ;
 The great ones are thought mad, the small
 ones fools ;

Yet sure the best are most severely fated ;
 For fools are only laugh'd at, wits are hated.
 Blockheads with reason men of sense abhor ; 5
 But fool 'gainst fool is barb'rous civil war.
 Why on all authors then should critics fall ?
 Since some have writ, and shewn no wit at all.
 Condemn a play of theirs, and they evade it ;
 Cry, " Damn not us, but damn the French who
 made it." 10

By running goods these graceless owlers gain ;
 Theirs are the *rules* of France, the *plots* of Spain :
 But wit, like wine, from happier climates brought,
 Dash'd by these rogues, turns English common
 draught.

They pall Moliere's and Lopez' sprightly strain, 15
 And teach dull Harlequins to grin in vain.

How shall our author hope a gentler fate
 Who dares most impudently not translate !
 It had been civil in these ticklish times
 To fetch his fools and knaves from foreign climes. 20
 Spaniards

Spaniards and French abuse to the world's end ;
 But spare old England, lest you hurt a friend.
 If any fool is by our satire bit,
 Let him hiss loud, to shew you all he's hit.
 Poets make characters, as *salesmen* cloaths : 25
 We take no measure of your fops and beaux ;
 But here all sizes and all shapes you meet,
 And fit yourselves, like chaps in Monmouth-street.

Gallants ! look here : this *fool's cap* * has an air
 Goodly and smart, with ears of Iffachar. 30
 Let no one fool ingross it, or confine
 A common blessing ! now 'tis yours, now mine.
 But poets in all ages had the care
 To keep this cap, for such as will, to wear.
 Our author has it now, (for ev'ry wit 35
 Of course resign'd it to the next that writ ;)
 And thus upon the stage 'tis fairly thrown ; †
 Let him that takes it, wear it as his own.

* SANDY'S GHOST:

O R,

A proper new BALLAD on the new OVID'S
 METAMORPHOSES, as it was intended to be
 translated by Persons of Quality.

YE Lords and Commons, men of wit
 And pleasure about town,
 Read this, ere you translate one bit
 Of books of high renown.

Beware

* Shews a cap with ears. † Flings down the cap, and exits.

Beware of Latin authors all !
 Nor think your verses Sterling,
 Tho' with a golden pen you scrawl,
 And scribble in a *berlin* : 5

For not the desk with silver nails,
 Nor *bureau* of expence, 10
 Nor standish well japann'd, avails
 To writing of good sense.

Hear how a ghost in dead of night,
 With faucer eyes of fire,
 In woful wise did fore affright 15
 A wit and courtly 'squire.

Rare imp of Phœbus, hopeful youth !
 Like puppy tame, that uses
 To fetch and carry in his mouth
 The works of all the muses. 20

Ah ! why did he write poetry,
 That hereto was so civil ;
 And sell his soul for vanity
 To rhyming and the devil ?

A desk he had of curious work, 25
 With glitt'ring studs about,
 Within the same did Sandys lurk,
 'Tho' Ovid lay without.

Now, as he scratch'd to fetch up thought,
 Forth popp'd the *sprite* so thin, 30
 And from the key-hole bolted out
 All upright as a pin.

With

With whiskers, band, and pantaloons,
 And ruff compos'd most dully,
 This 'squire he dropp'd his pen-full soon, 35
 While as the light burnt bluely.

Ho! Master Sam, quoth Sandys' sprite,
 Write on, nor let me scare ye;
 Forsooth, if rhymes fall not in right,
 To Budgel seek, or Carey. 40

I hear the beat of Jacob's drums,
 Poor Ovid finds no quarter!
 See first the merry P—— comes
 In haste without his garter.

Then lords and lordlings, 'squires and knights, 45
 Wits, witlings, prigs, and peers:
 Garth at St. James's and at White's,
 Beats up for volunteers.

What Fenton will not do, nor Gay,
 Nor Congreve, Rowe, nor Stanyan, 50
 Tom Burnet or Tom D'Urfy may,
 John Dunton, Steele, or any one.

If Justice Philips' costive head
 Some frigid rhymes disburfes;
 They shall like Persian Tales be read, 55
 And glad both babes and nurses.

Let Warwick's muse with Ash——t join,
 And Ozel's with Lord Hervey's,
 Tickel and Addison combine,
 And Pope translate with Jervis. 60

L——

L—— himself, that lively lord,
 Who bows to ev'ry lady,
 Shall join with F—— in one accord,
 And be like Tate and Brady.

Ye ladies, too, draw forth your pen ; 65
 I pray where can the hurt lie ?
 Since you have brains as well as men,
 As witness Lady Wortley.

Now, Tonson, list thy forces all,
 Review them, and tell noses : 70
 For to poor Ovid shall befall
 A strange *metamorphosis* :

A *metamorphosis* more strange
 Than all his books can vapour——
 "To what" (quoth'squire) "shall Ovid change?" 75
 Quoth Sandys, *To waste paper.*

* U M B R A.

CLOSE to the best-known author Umbra fits,
 The constant index to all Button's wits.
Who's here ? cries Umbra : only Johnson——*Oh !*
Your slave, and exit ; but returns with Rowe :
Dear Rowe, let's sit and talk of tragedies : 5
 Ere long Pope enters, and to Pope he flies.
 Then up comes Steele : he turns upon his heel,
 And in a moment fastens upon Steele ;
 But cries as soon, *Dear Dick, I must be gone ;*
For, if I know his tread, here's Addison. 10
 Says Addison to Steele, 'Tis time to go :
 Pope to the closet steps aside with Rowe,

Poor

Poor Umbra, left in this abandon'd pickle,
E'en sits him down, and writes to honest Tickell.

Fool ! 'tis in vain from wit to wit to roam ; 15
Know, sence, like charity, *begins at home.*

* DUKE UPON DUKE.

An excellent NEW BALLAD.

To the Tune of Chevy-Chace.

TO lordlings proud I tune my lay,
Who feast in bow'r or hall :
Tho' Dukes they be, to Dukes I say,
That pride will have a fall.

Now, that this same, it is right sooth, 5
Full plainly doth appear,
From what befel John Duke of Guise,
And Nic. of Lancaistere.

When Richard Cœur-de-Lion reign'd,
(Which means a lion's heart,) 10
Like him his barons rag'd and roar'd ;
Each play'd a lion's part.

A word and blow was then enough :
Such honour did them prick ;
If you but turn'd your cheek, a cuff ; 15
And if your a—se, a kick.

Look in their face, they tweak'd your nose,
At ev'ry turn fell to't ;
Come near, they trod upon your toes ;
They fought from head to foot. 20
Of

Of these the Duke of Lancastere
 Stood paramount in pride ;
 He kick'd, and cuff'd, and tweak'd, and trod
 His foes, and friends beside.

Firm on his front his beaver fate ; 25
So broad, it hid his chin ;
For why ? he deem'd no man his mate,
And fear'd to tan his skin.

With Spanish wool he dy'd his cheek,
With effence oil'd his hair ; 30
No vixen civet-cat so sweet,
Nor could so scratch and tear.

Right tall he made himself to show,
 'Tho' made full short by God;
 And when all other Dukes did bow,
 'This Duke did only nod.

35

Yet courteous, blithe, and debonnaire
To Guise's Duke was he :
Was ever such a loving pair ?
How could they disagree ?

Oh, thus it was : He lov'd him dear,
And cast how to requite him ;
And having no friend left but this,
He deem'd it meet to fight him.

Forthwith he drench'd his desp'rate quill, 45
And thus he did indite :
“ This eve at whist ourself will play,
“ Sir Duke ! be here to-night.”

Ah

Ah no ! ah no ! the guileless Guise
 Demurely did reply ; 50
 I cannot go, nor yet can stand,
 So fore the gout have I.

The Duke in wrath call'd for his steeds,
 And fiercely drove them on ;
 Lord ! Lord ! how rattled then thy stones, 55
 O kingly Kensington !

All in a trice he rush'd on Guise,
 Thrust out his lady dear ;
 He tweak'd his nose, trod on his toes,
 And smote him on the ear. 60

But mark, how 'midst of victory
 Fate plays her old dog trick !
 Up leap'd Duke John, and knock'd him down,
 And so down fell Duke Nic.

Alas, oh Nic. ! oh Nic. ! alas ! 65
 Right did thy gossip call thee :
 As who should say, Alas the day
 When John of Guise shall maul thee !

For on thee did he clap his chair,
 And on that chair did sit ; 70
 And look'd, as if he meant therein,
 To do——what was not fit.

Up didst thou look, oh woeful Duke !
 Thy mouth yet durst not ope,
 Certes for fear of finding there 75
 A t—d, instead of trope.

122 DUKE UPON DUKE.

" Lie there, thou caitiff vile ! quoth Guise ;
 " No *sheets* is here to save thee :
 " The casement it is shut likewise ;
 " Beneath my feet I have thee. 80

" If thou hast aught to speak, speak out."
 Then Lancastere did cry,
 " Know'st thou not me, nor yet thyself ?
 " Who thou, and who am I ?

" Know'st thou not me, who (God be prais'd) 85
 " Have brawl'd and quarrel'd more,
 " Than all the line of Lancastere,
 " That battled heretofore ?

" In senates fam'd for many a speech,
 " And (what some awe must give ye, 90
 " Tho' laid thus low beneath thy breech,)
 " Still of the council privy ;

" Still of the *duchy* chancellor ;
 " *Durante life* I have it ;
 " And turn, as now thou dost on me, 95
 " Mine a—e on them that gave it."

But now the servants they rush'd in ;
 And Duke Nic. up leap'd he :
 I will not cope against such odds,
 But, Guise ! I'll fight with thee : 100

To-morrow with thee will I fight
 Under the green-wood tree ;
 " No, not to-morrow ; but to-night
 " (Quoth Guise) I'll fight with thee."

And

DUKE UPON DUKE 123

And now the sun declining low 105
 Bestreak'd with blood the skies;
 When, with his sword at saddle-bow,
 Rode forth the valiant Guise.

Full gently pranc'd he o'er the lawn;
 Oft roll'd his eyes around, 110
 And from the stirrup stretch'd to find
 Who was not to be found.

Long brandish'd he the blade in air,
 Long look'd the field all o'er:
 At length he spy'd the merry-men brown, 115
 And eke the coach and four.

From out the boot bold Nicolas
 Did wave his wand so white,
 As pointing out the gloomy glade
 Wherein he meant to fight. 120

All in that dreadful hour so calm
 Was Lancastere to see,
 As if he meant to take the air,
 Or only take a fee.

And so he did—for to New-Court 125
 His rolling wheels did run:
 Not that he shunn'd the doubtful strife;
 But *bus'ness* must be done.

Back in the dark by Brompton park,
 He turn'd up through the Gore; 130
 So slunk to Cambden house so high,
 All in his coach and four.

124 FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE.

Mean while Duke Guise did fret and fume,
 A sight it was to see,
 Benumb'd beneath the evening-dew 135
 Under the green-wood tree.

Then, wet and weary, home he far'd,
 Sore mutt'ring all the way,
 "The day I meet him, Nic. shall rue
 "The cudgel of that day. 140

"Mean time on every pissing-post
 "Paste we this recreant's name,
 "So that each pisser-by shall read
 "And piss against the same."

Now God preserve our gracious King, 145
 And grant, his nobles all
 May learn this lesson from Duke Nic.
 That *pride will have a fall.*

* FRAGMENT of a SATIRE. †

IF meagre Gildon draws his venal quill,
 I wish the man a dinner, and sit still:
 If dreadful Dennis raves in furious fret,
 I'll answer Dennis when I am in debt.
 'Tis hunger, and not malice, makes them print; 5
 And who'll wage war with *bedlam* or the *mint*?
 Should some more sober critics come abroad,
 If wrong, I smile; if right, I kiss the rod.
 Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence;
 And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense. 10

Commas

† This and the four following poems were written by Mr Pope.

FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE. 125

Commas and points they set exactly right;
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their *mite* :
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd those ribalds,
From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds,
Who thinks he *reads*, when he but *scans* and
spells ; 15

A word-catcher, that lives on syllables.
Yet ev'n this creature may some notice claim,
Wrapt round and sanctify'd with Shakespear's
name.

Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms ! 20
The *thing*, we know, is neither rich nor rare ;
And wonder how the devil it got there.

Are others angry ? I excuse them too :
Well may they rage ; I give them *but* their due.
Each man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ; 25
But each man's secret standard is his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This who can *gratify* ? for who can *guess* ?
The wretch * whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown, 30
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains six lines a
year ;

In sense still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left ;
† Johnson, who now to sense, now nonsense
— leaning, 35
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :

L 3

And

* Philips. † Author of the *Victim*, and *Cobler of Preston*.

126 FRAGMENT OF A SATIRE.

And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
 ‡ It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
 Should modest satire bid all these *translate*,
 And own that nine such poets make a Tate ; 40
 How would they fume, and stamp, and roar, and
 chafe !

How would they swear not Congreve's self was safe !

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 Apollo kindled, and fair *fame* inspires ;
 Bless'd with each talent and each art to please, 45
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;
 View him with scornful, yet with fearful eyes,
 And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ; 50
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserv'd to blame, or to commend, 55
 A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
 And so obliging that he ne'er oblig'd ;
 Who, if two wits on rival themes contest,
 Approves of each, but likes the worst the best ; 60
 Like Cato, gives his *little senate* laws,
 And sits attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and templars ev'ry sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 What pity, heav'n ! if such a man there be ? 65
 Who would not weep, if Addison were he !

* MACER.

‡ Verse of Dr. Ev.

* M A C E R.

WHEN simple Macer, now of high renown,
 First fought a poet's fortune in the town;
 'Twas all th' ambition his great soul could feel,
 To wear red stockings, and to dine with Steele.
 Some ends of verse his betters might afford, 5
 And gave the harmless fellow a good word.
 Set up with these, he ventur'd on the town,
 And in a borrow'd play outdid poor Crown.
 There he stopt short, nor since has writ a tittle,
 But has the wit to make the most of little; 10
 Like stunted hide-bound trees, that just have got
 Sufficient sap at once to bear and rot.
 ‡ Now he begs verse, and what he gets commends,
 Not of the wits his foes, but fools his friends.

So some coarse country-wench, almost de-
 cay'd, 15
 Trudges to town, and first turns chambermaid:
 Awkward, and supple each devoir to pay,
 She flatters her good lady twice a-day;
 Thought wondrous honest, though of mean degree,
 And strangely lik'd for her *simplicity*: 20
 In a translated suit then tries the town,
 With borrow'd pins, and patches not her own;
 But just endur'd the winter she began,
 And in four months a batter'd harridan.
 Now nothing's left, but wither'd, pale, and
 shrunk, 25
 To bawd for others, and go shares with punk.

* SYLVIA;

‡ He requested, by public advertisements, the aid of the in-
 genious, to make up a miscellany, in 1713.

* SYLVIA; a FRAGMENT.

SYLVIA my heart in wondrous wise alarm'd,
Aw'd without sense, and without beauty
charm'd :

But some odd graces and fine flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad :
Her tongue still run on credit from her eyes, 5
More pert than witty, more a wit than wise :
Good-nature, she declar'd it, was her scorn,
Though 'twas by that alone she could be born :
Affronting all, yet fond of a good name ;
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame : 10
Now coy, and studious in no point to fall,
Now all agog for D——y at a ball :
Now deep in Taylor, and the *book of martyrs*,
Now drinking citron with his *Grace and Chartres*.
Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take ; 15
But ev'ry woman's in her soul a rake.
Frail, fev'rish sex ! their fit now chills, now burns :
Atheism and superstition rule by turns ;
And the mere Heathen in her carnal part
Is still a sad good Christian at her heart. 20

* ARTEMISIA.

THOUGH Artemisia talks, by fits,
Of councils, classics, fathers, wits ;
Reads Malbranche, Boyle, and Locke :
Yet in some things, methinks, she fails ;
'Twere well, if she would pare her nails, 5
And wear a cleaner smock.

Haughty

Haughty and huge as High-Dutch bride,
 Such nastiness and so much pride
 Are oddly join'd by fate:
 On her large squab you find her spread, 10
 Like a fat corpse upon a bed,
 That lies and stinks in state.

She wears no colours (sign of grace)
 On any part, except her face;
 All white and black beside: 15
 Dauntless her look, her gesture proud,
 Her voice theatrically loud,
 And masculine her stride.

So have I seen, in black and white,
 A prating thing, a magpie hight, 20
 Majestically stalk;
 A stately, worthless animal,
 That plies the tongue, and wags the tail,
 All flutter, pride, and talk.

* P H R Y N E.

PHRYNE had talents for mankind:

Open she was, and unconfin'd,
 Like some free port of trade:
 Merchants unloaded here their freight,
 And agents from each foreign state 5
 Here first their entry made.

Her learning and good breeding such,
 Whether th' Italian or the Dutch,

Spaniard

Spaniard or French came to her;
 To all obliging she'd appear; 10
 'Twas *Si Signior*, 'twas *Yazv Mynbeer*,
 'Twas *S'il vous plait, Monsieur*.

Obscure by birth, renown'd by crimes,
 Still changing names, religion, climes,
 At length she turns a bride: 15
 In di'monds, pearls, and rich brocades,
 She shines the first of batter'd jades,
 And flutters in her pride.

So have I known those insects fair,
 Which curious Germans hold so rare, 20
 Still vary shapes and dyes;
 Still gain new titles with new forms:
 First grubs obscene, then wriggling worms,
 Then painted butterflies.

ON MRS. BIDDY FLOYD:†

O R,

The Receipt to form a BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1707.

WHEN Cupid did his grandfire Jove intreat
 To form some beauty by a new receipt,
 Jove sent, and found far in a country-scene
 Truth, innocence, good nature, look serene:
 From

† This poem is allowed, by all persons of taste and judgment, to be such a master-piece in its kind, that it must abide the test of all future ages. *Swift*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED. 131

From which ingredients first the dext'rous boy 5
Pick'd the demure, the awkward, and the coy.
The Graces from the court did next provide
Breeding, and wit, and air, and decent pride:
These Venus gleans from ev'ry spurious grain
Of nice coquet, affected, pert, and vain. 10
Jove mix'd up all, and his best clay employ'd;
Then call'd the happy composition *Floyd*.

APOLLO OUTWITTED.

To the Honourable Mrs. FINCH, afterwards
Countess of WINCHELSEA, under her name
of ARDELIA.

Written in the year 1707.

PHœbus, now short'ning ev'ry shade,
Up to the northern *tropic* came,
And thence beheld a lovely maid,
Attending on a royal dame.

The god laid down his feeble rays, 5
Then lighted from his glitt'ring coach;
But fenc'd his head with his own bays,
Before he durst the nymph approach.

Under those sacred leaves, secure
From common lightning of the skies, 10
He fondly thought he might endure
The flashes of Ardelia's eyes.

The

132 APOLLO OUTWITTED.

The nymph, who oft had read in books
Of that bright god whom bards invoke,
Soon knew Apollo by his looks, 15
And guess'd his bus'ness ere he spoke.

He in the old celestial cant
Confess'd his flame, and swore by Styx
Whate'er she would desire to grant——
But wife Ardelia knew his tricks. 20

Ovid had warn'd her to beware
Of strolling gods, whose usual trade is,
Under pretence of taking air,
To pick up sublunary ladies.

Howe'er, she gave no flat denial, 25
As having malice in her heart ;
And was resolv'd upon a trial,
To cheat the god in his own art.

Hear my request, the virgin said ;
Let which I please of all the Nine 30
Attend whene'er I want their aid,
Obey my call, and only mine.

By vow oblig'd, by passion led,
The god could not refuse her pray'r :
He wav'd his wreath thrice o'er her head, 35
Thrice mutter'd something to the air.

And now he thought to seize his due :
But she the charm already try'd :
Thalia heard the call, and flew
To wait at bright Ardelia's side. 40
On

On sight of this celestial *prude*,
 Apollo thought it vain to stay ;
 Nor in her presence durst be rude ;
 But made his leg and went away.
 He hop'd to find some lucky hour, 45
 When on the Queen the Muses wait :
 But Pallas owns Ardelia's pow'r ;
 For vows divine are kept by fate.
 Then, full of rage, Apollo spoke :
 Deceitful nymph, I see thy art ; 50
 And, though I can't my gift revoke,
 I'll disappoint its nobler part.
 Let stubborn pride possess thee long,
 And be thou negligent of fame ;
 With ev'ry muse to grace thy song, 55
 May'st thou despise a poet's name.
 Of modest poets be thou first ;
 To silent shades repeat thy verse,
 Till Fame and Echo almost burst,
 Yet hardly dare one line rehearse. 60
 And last, my vengeance to complete,
 May you descend to take renown,
 Prevail'd on by the thing you hate,
 A Whig †, and one that wears a gown.

† To understand what the Doctor meaneth by a *Whig*, in this passage, consult Vol. 4th, p. 223, l. 11. &c.

* I M P R O M P T U.

To Lady WINCHELSEA.

Occasioned by four satirical Verses on *Women-wits* in *The Rape of the Lock*.

IN vain you boast poetic names of yore,
 And cite those Sapphos we admire no more:
 Fate doom'd the fall of ev'ry female wit;
 But doom'd it then, when first Ardelia writ.
 Of all examples by the world confest, 5
 I knew Ardelia could not quote the best;
 Who, like her mistress on Britannia's throne,
 Fights and subdues in quarrels not her own.
 To write their praise you but in vain essay;
 Ev'n while you write, you take that praise away: 10
 Light to the stars the sun does thus restore,
 But shines himself till they are seen no more.

* E P I G R A M.

A Bishop by his neighbours hated,
 Has cause to wish himself translated:
 But why should Hough desire translation,
 Lov'd and esteem'd by all the nation?
 Yet, if it be the old man's case, 5
 I'll lay my life, I know the place:
 'Tis where God sent some that adore him,
 And whither Enoch went before him.

STELLA's

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1718.

STELLA this day is thirty-four,
 (We sha'nt dispute a year or more :)
 However, Stella, be not troubled ;
 Although thy size and years are doubled,
 Since first I saw thee at sixteen, 5
 The brightest virgin on the green,
 So little is thy form declin'd ;
 Made up so largely in thy mind.

Oh, would it please the gods to *split*
 Thy beauty, size, and years, and wit ! 10
 No age could furnish out a pair
 Of nymphs so graceful, wise, and fair ;
 With half the lustre of your eyes,
 With half your wit, your years and size.
 And then, before it grew too late, 15
 How should I beg of gentle fate,
 (That either nymph might have her swain,)
 To split my Worship too in twain.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1720.

ALL travellers at first incline
 Where-e'er they see the fairest sign ;
 And, if they find the chambers neat,
 And like the liquor and the meat,
 Will call again, and recommend 5
 The Angel-inn to ev'ry friend.
 What though the painting grows decay'd ?
 The house will never lose its trade :

Nay, though the treach'rous tapster Thomas
 Hangs a new angel two doors from us, 10
 As fine as dauber's hands can make it,
 In hopes that strangers may mistake it,
 We think it both a shame and sin
 To quit the true old Angel-inn.

Now this is Stella's case, in fact: 15
 An *angel's* face, a little crack'd;
 (Could poets, or could painters fix
 How *angels* look at thirty-six :)
 This drew us in at first to find
 In such a form an *angel's* mind; 20
 And ev'ry virtue now supplies
 The fainting rays of Stella's eyes.
 See at her levee crouding swains,
 Whom Stella freely entertains
 With breeding, humour, wit, and sense; 25
 And puts them but to small expence;
 Their mind so plentifully fills,
 And makes such reasonable bills,
 So little gets for what she gives,
 We really wonder how she lives! 30
 And, had her stock been less, no doubt
 She must have long ago run out.

Then who can think we'll quit the place,
 When Doll hangs out a newer face;
 Or stop and light at Cloe's head, 35
 With scraps and leavings to be fed?

Then, Cloe, still go on to prate
 Of thirty-six, and thirty-eight;
 Pursue your trade of scandal-picking,
 Your hints, that Stella is no chicken; 40
 Your

Your inuendos, when you tell us
 That Stella loves to talk with fellows:
 And let me warn you to believe
 A truth, for which your soul should grieve;
 That, should you live to see the day 45
 When Stella's locks must all be gray,
 When age must print a furrow'd trace
 On ev'ry feature of her face;
 Though you, and all your senseless tribe,
 Could art, or time, or nature bribe, 50
 To make you look like beauty's queen,
 And hold for ever at fifteen;
 No bloom of youth can ever blind
 The cracks and wrinkles of your mind;
 All men of sense will pass your door, 55
 And croud to Stella's at fourscore.

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY;

A great bottle of wine, long buried, being that
 day dug up. 1722.

RESOLV'D my annual verse to pay,
 By duty bound, on Stella's day,
 Furnish'd with paper, pens, and ink,
 I gravely sat me down to think:
 I bit my nails, and scratch'd my head, 5
 But found my wit and fancy fled:
 Or if, with more than usual pain,
 A thought came slowly from my brain,
 It cost me Lord knows how much time
 To shape it into sense and rhyme; 10
 M. 3. And,

And, what was yet a greater curse,
Long thinking made my fancy worse.

Forfaken by the inspiring Nine,
I waited at Apollo's shrine :
I told him what the world would say, 15
If Stella were unfung to day ;
How I should hide my head for shame,
When both the Jacks and Robin came ;
How Ford would frown, how Jim would leer,
How Sh——n the rogue would sneer, 20
And swear it would not always follow,
'That *semel'n anno ridet Apollo*.

I have assur'd them twenty times,
'That Phoebus help'd me in my rhymes ;
Phoebus inspir'd me from above, 25
And he and I were hand and glove.
But, finding me so dull and dry since,
'They'll call it all poetic licence ;
And, when I brag of aid divine,
'Think Eusden's right as good as mine. 30

Nor do I ask for Stella's sake ;
'Tis my own credit lies at stake :
And Stella will be fung, while I
Can only be a stander-by.

Apollo, having thought a little, 35
Return'd this answer to a tittle.

Though you should live like old Methusalem,
I furnish hints, and you should use all 'em,
You yearly sing as she grows old,
You'd leave her virtues half untold. 40
But, to say truth, such dulnefs reigns
Through the whole set of Irish deans,

I'm

I'm daily stunn'd with such a medley,
 Dean W——, Dean D——, and Dean Smedley,
 That, let what Dean soever come, 45
 My orders are, I'm not at home;
 And, if your voice had not been loud,
 You must have pass'd among the croud.

But now, your danger to prevent,
 You must apply to Mrs. Brent; * 50
 For she, as priestess, knows the rites
 Wherein the god of earth delights.
 First, nine ways looking, let her stand
 With an old poker in her hand;
 Let her describe a circle round 55
 In Saunder's § cellar on the ground:
 A spade let prudent Archy † hold,
 And with discretion dig the mould:
 Let Stella look with watchful eye,
 Rebecca ‡, Ford, and Grattans || by. 60

Behold the bottle, where it lies
 With neck elated tow'rds the skies!
 The god of winds and god of fire
 Did to its wondrous birth conspire;
 And Bacchus for the poet's use 65
 Pour'd in a strong inspiring juice.
 See! as you raise it from its tomb,
 It drags behind a spacious womb,
 And in the spacious womb contains
 A sov'reign med'cine for the brains. 70

You'll find it soon, if fate consents;
 If not, a thousand Mrs. Brents,

Ten

* The Housekeeper.

§ The butler.

† The footman.

‡ A lady, friend to Stella.

|| Friends of the author.

Ten thousand Archys arm'd with spades,
May dig in vain to Pluto's shades.

From thence a plenteous draught infuse, 75
And boldly then invoke the muse;
(But first let Robert, § on his knees,
With caution drain it from the lees;)
The muse will at your call appear,
With Stella's praise to crown the year. 80

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. 1724.

AS when a beauteous nymph decays,
We say, she's past her dancing-days;
So poets lose their feet by time,
And can no longer dance in rhyme.
Your annual bard had rather chose 5
To celebrate your birth in prose:
Yet merry folks, who want by chance
A pair to make a country-dance,
Call the old housekeeper, and get her
To fill a place for want of better: 10
While Sheridan is off the hooks,
And friend Delany at his books,
That Stella may avoid disgrace,
Once more the Dean supplies their place.

Beauty and wit, too sad a truth! 15
Have always been confin'd to youth;
The god of wit and beauty's queen,
He twenty-one, and she fifteen,
No poet ever sweetly sung,
Unless he were, like Phœbus, young; 20
Nor

§ The valet.

Nor ever nymph inspir'd to rhyme,
 Unless, like Venus, in her prime.
 At fifty-six, if this be true,
 Am I a poet fit for you?

Or, at the age of forty-three, 25
 Are you a subject fit for me?

Adieu! bright wit, and radiant eyes,
 You must be grave, and I be wise.

Our fate in vain we would oppose :
 But I'll be still your friend in prose : 30

Esteem and friendship to express,
 Will not require poetic drefs ;

And if the muse deny her aid
 To have them *sung*, they may be *said*.

But, Stella, say, what evil tongue 35
 Reports you are no longer young ;

That Time sits with his sithe to mow
 Where erst sat Cupid with his bow ;

That half your locks are turn'd to gray ?
 I'll ne'er believe a word they say. 40

'Tis true, but let it not be known,
 My eyes are somewhat dimmish grown :

For nature, always in the right,
 To your decays adapts my sight ;

And wrinkles undistinguish'd pass, 45
 For I'm asham'd to use a glass ;

And till I see them with these eyes,
 Whoever says you have them, lies.

No length of time can make you quit
 Honour and virtue, sense and wit : 50

Thus you may still be young to me,
 While I can better *hear* than *see*.

Qh,

Oh, ne'er may Fortune shew her spight,
To make me deaf and mend my *sight*!

STELLA'S BIRTH-DAY. March 13, 1726.

THIS day, whate'er the fates decree,
Shall still be kept with joy by me :
This day then let us not be told,
That you are sick, and I grown old ;
Nor think on our approaching ills, 5
And talk of spectacles and pills :
To-morrow will be time enough
To hear such mortifying stuff.
Yet since from reason may be brought
A better and more pleasing thought, 10
Which can, in spite of all decays,
Support a few remaining days,
From not the gravest of divines
Accept for once some serious lines.
Although we now can form no more 15
Long schemes of life, as heretofore ;
Yet you, while time is running fast,
Can look with joy on what is past.
Were future happiness and pain
A mere contrivance of the brain, 20
As Atheists argue, to entice
And fit their proselytes for vice,
(The only comfort they propose,
To have companions in their woes :)
Grant this the case ; yet sure 'tis hard 25
That virtue, styl'd its own reward,
And by all sages understood
To be the chief of human good,
Should

Should aching die, nor leave behind
Some lasting pleasure in the mind, 30
Which by remembrance will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age,
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

Say, Stella, feel you no content, 35
Reflecting on a life well spent ?
Your skilful hand employ'd to save
Despairing wretches from the grave ;
And then supporting with your store
Those whom you dragg'd from death before : 40
So Providence on mortals waits,
Preserving what it first creates.

Your gen'rous boldness to defend
An innocent and absent friend ;
That courage which can make you just 45
To merit humbled in the dust ;

The detestation you express
For vice in all its glitt'ring dress ;
That patience under tort'ring pain,
Where stubborn Stoics would complain : 50

Must these like empty shadows pass,
Or forms reflected from a glass ?
Or mere chimeras in the mind,
That fly, and leave no marks behind !
Does not the body thrive and grow 55
By food of twenty years ago ?

And had it not been still supply'd,
It must a thousand times have dy'd.
Then who with reason can maintain,
That no effects of food remain ? 60

And

And is not virtue in mankind
 The nutriment that feeds the mind;
 Upheld by each good action past,
 And still continued by the last?
 Then, who with reason can pretend 65
 That all effects of virtue end?

Believe me, Stella, when you show
 That true contempt for things below,
 Nor prize your life for other ends
 Than merely to oblige your friends, 70
 Your former actions claim their part,
 And join to fortify your heart.
 For virtue in her daily race,
 Like Janus, bears a double face;
 Looks back with joy where she has gone, 75
 And therefore goes with courage on.
 She at your sickly couch will wait,
 And guide you to a better state.

O then, whatever Heav'n intends,
 Take pity on your pitying friends! 80
 Nor let your ills affect your mind,
 To fancy they can be unkind.
 Me, surely me, you ought to spare,
 Who gladly would your suff'rings share;
 Or give my scrap of life to you, 85
 And think it far beneath your due;
 You, to whose care so oft I owe
 That I'm alive to tell you so.

* To

 I
 +
 will
 lady

* To Mrs. MARTHA BLOUNT. †

Sent on her Birth-Day, June 15.

OH, be thou bless'd with all that Heav'n can
send,

Long health, long youth, long pleasure, and a
friend!

Not with those toys the female race admire,

Riches that *vex*, and vanities that *tire*;

Not as the world its pretty slaves rewards, 5

A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;

Fair to no purpose, artful to no end;

Young without lovers, old without a friend;

A fop their passion, but their prize a sot;

Alive, ridiculous; and dead, forgot! 10

Let joy, or ease, let affluence, or content,

And the gay conscience of a life well spent,

Calm ev'ry thought, inspirit ev'ry grace,

Glow in thy heart, and smile upon thy face;

Let day improve on day, and year on year, 15

Without a *pain*, a *trouble*, or a *fear*;

Till death unfelt that tender frame destroy,

In some soft dream, or ecstasy of joy,

Peaceful sleep out the sabbath of the tomb,

And wake to raptures in a life to come! 20

* S O N G. By a person of quality.

I Said to my heart, between sleeping and waking,
Thou wild thing, that always art leaping and
aching,

† This poem was wrote by Mr. Pope. It appears from his will, that he had had a sincere regard and long affection for the lady to whom it is addressed.

What black, brown, or fair, in what clime, in
what nation,

By turns has not taught thee a pit—a—patation?

'Thus accus'd, the wild thing gave this sober reply: 5
See the heart without motion, tho' Celia pass by!
Not the beauty she has, or the wit that she borrows,
Gives the eye any joys, or the heart any sorrows.

When our Sappho appears, she whose wit's so re-
fin'd,

I am forc'd to applaud with the rest of mankind; 10
Whatever she says, is with spirit and fire;
Ev'ry word I attend; but I only admire.

Prudentia as vainly would put in her claim,
Ever gazing on heav'n, tho' man is her aim:
'Tis love, not devotion, that turns up her eyes; 15
Those stars of this world are too good for the skies.

But Cloe so lively, so easy, so fair,
Her wit so genteel, without art, without care;
When she comes in my way, the motion, the pain,
The leapings, the achings, return all again. 20

O wonderful creature! a woman of reason!
Never grave out of pride, never gay out of season!
When so easy to guess who this angel should be,
Would one think Mrs. Howard ne'er dream'd it
was she?

* B A L L A D.

O F all the girls that e'er were seen,
There's none so fine as Nelly,

For

For charming face, and shape, and mien,
And what's not fit to tell ye.

Oh! the turn'd neck and smooth white skin 5
Of lovely dearest Nelly!

For many a swain it well had been,
Had she ne'er pass'd by Calai—

For when as Nelly came to France,
(Invited by her cousins,) 10

Across the Thuilleries each glance
Kill'd Frenchmen by whole dozens.

The King, as he at dinner sat,
Did beckon to his *hussar*,
And bid him bring his tabby-cat, 15
For charming Nell to bus her.

The ladies were with rage provok'd
To see her so respected:
The men look'd arch, as Nelly strok'd,
And pufs her tail erected. 20

But not a man did look employ,
Except on pretty Nelly:

Then said the Duke de Villeroy,
Ah! qu'elle est bien jolie!

But who's that great philosopher 25
That carefully looks at her?

By his concern it should appear,
The fair one is his daughter.

Ma foy! (quoth then a courtier fly,)
He on his child does leer too: 30

I wish he has no mind to try
What some papas will here do.

The courtiers all with one accord,
 Broke out in Nelly's praises,
 Admir'd her *rose*, and *lys sans farde*, 35
 (Which are your *termes Françoises*.)

Then might you see a painted ring
 Of dames that stood by Nelly;
 She like the pride of all the spring,
 And they like *fleurs de palais*. 40

In Marli gardens, and St. Clou,
 I saw this charming Nelly,
 Where shameless nymphs, expos'd to view,
 Stand naked in each *alley*:
 But Venus had a brazen face, 45
 Both at Versailles and Meudon,
 Or else she had resign'd her place,
 And left the stone she stood on.

Were Nelly's figure mounted there,
 'Twould put down all th' Italian: 50
 Lord! how those foreigners would stare!
 But I should turn Pygmalion:
 For, spite of lips, and eyes, and mien,
 Me nothing can delight so,
 As does that part which lies between 55
 Her left toe and her right toe.

* O D E,

* ODE, for MUSIC.

On the LONGITUDE.

RECITATIVO.

THE *longitude* mis'd on
By wicked Will. Whiston;
And not better hit on
By good Master ditton.

RITORNELLO.

So Ditton and Whiston	5
May both be bep-ft on;	
And Whiston and Ditton	
May both be besh-t on.	
Sing Ditton	
Besh-t on;	10
And Whiston,	
Bep-ft on.	
Sing Ditton and Whiston,	
And Whiston and Ditton,	
Besh-t and bep-ft on,	15
Bep-ft and besh-t on.	

DA. CAPO.

* EPIGRAM on the Feuds about HANDEL and
BONONCINI.

Strange! all this difference should be.
'Twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee!

* On Mrs. T O F F S.

SO bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and their Or-
pheus along :

But such is thy av'rice, and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starv'd, and the poet
have dy'd.

TWO OR THREE;

O R,

A Receipt to make a CUCKOLD.

TWO or three visits, and two or three bows,
Two or three civil things, two or three vows,
Two or three kisses, with two or three sighs,
Two or three *Jesuses* and *Let-me-dies*,
Two or three squeezes, and two or three towzes, 5
With two or three thousand pound lost at their }
houses, }
Can never fail cuckolding two or three spouses.

* On a LADY who p——t at the tragedy of
CATO; occasioned by an epigram on a Lady
who wept at it.

WHILE maudlin *Whigs* deplor'd their Cato's
fate,
Still with dry eyes the *Tory* Celia fate :
But, while her pride forbids her tears to flow,
The gushing waters find a vent below :

Though

Though secret, yet with copious grief she mourns, 5
 Like twenty river-gods with all their urns.
 Let others screw their hypocritic face,
 She shews her grief in a sincerer place :
 There nature reigns, and passion void of art ;
 For that road leads directly to the heart. 10

* EPIGRAM, in a maid of honour's prayer-book.

WHEN Israel's daughters mourn'd their past
 offences,
 They dealt in *sackcloth*, and turn'd *cinder-wenches* :
 But Richmond's fair ones never spoil their locks :
 They use white powder, and wear Holland smocks.
 O comely church ! where females find *clean linen* 5
 As decent to *repent* in, as to *sin* in.

* EPIGRAM.

Written in the year 1712.

AS Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his wife,
 He took to the street, and fled for his life :
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the squabble,
 And sav'd him at once from the shrew and the
 rabble ;

Then ventur'd to give him some sober advice— 5
 But Tom is a person of honour so nice,
 Too wise to take counsel, too proud to take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next morning :
 Three duels he fought, thrice ventur'd his life ;
 Went home, and was cudgell'd again by his wife. 10

The

* The BALANCE of EUROPE.

NOW Europe's balanc'd, neither side prevails;
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

* A PANEGYRICAL EPISTLE to Mr. THOMAS SNOW, goldsmith, near Temple-bar; occasioned by his buying and selling the third South-Sea subscriptions, taken in by the directors at a thousand *per cent.* †

DIsdain not, Snow, my humble verse to hear;
Stick thy black pen a while behind thine ear.
Whether thy compters shine with sums untold,
And thy wide-grasping hand grows black with gold;
Whether thy mien erect, and sable locks, 5
In crowds of brokers over-awe the *stocks*;
Suspend the worldly bus'ness of the day,
And, to enrich thy mind, attend my lay.

O thou, whose penetrative wisdom found
The South-Sea rocks and shelves, where thousands
drown'd! 10

When

† In the year 1720, the South-sea company, under pretence of paying the public debt, obtained an act of parliament for enlarging their capital, by taking into it all the debts of the nation, incurred before the year 1716, amounting to 31,664,551*l.* Part of this sum was subscribed into their capital at three subscriptions; the first at 300*l.* *per cent.* the second at 400*l.* and a third at 1000*l.* Such was the infatuation of the time, that these subscriptions were bought and sold at exorbitant premiums; so that 100*l.* South-sea stock subscribed at a 1000*l.* was sold for 1200*l.* in Exchange alley. *Hawkes.*

When credit funk, and commerce gasping lay,
 Thou stood'st: no bill was sent unpaid away.
 When not a guinea chink'd on ‡ Martin's boards,
 And ‡ Atwill's self was drain'd of all his
 hoards,

Thou stood'st; an Indian king in size and hue! 15
 Thy unexhausted shop was our Peru.

Why did 'Change-alley waste thy precious
 hours

Among the fools who gap'd for golden show'rs?
 No wonder, if we find some poets there,
 Who live on fancy, and can feed on air; 20
 No wonder *they* were caught by South-sea schemes,
 Who ne'er enjoy'd a guinea; but in dreams;
 No wonder *they* their third subscriptions sold
 For millions of imaginary gold;
 No wonder that *their* fancies wild can frame 25
 Strange reasons, that a thing is still the same,
 Though chang'd throughout in substance and
 in name. }

But *you* (whose judgment scorns poetic flights)
 With contracts furnish boys for paper-kites.

Let vulture Hopkins stretch his rusty throat, 30
 Who ruins thousands for a single groat:
 I know thou scorn'st his mean, his fordid mind;
 Nor with ideal debts would plague mankind.
 Madmen alone their empty dreams pursue,
 And still believe the fleeting vision true; 35
 They sell the treasures which their slumbers get,
 Then wake, and fancy all the world in debt.

If

‡ Names of eminent goldsmiths.

If to instruct thee all my reasons fail,
Yet be diverted by this moral tale.

Thro' fam'd Moorfields extends a spacious seat,
Where mortals of exalted wit retreat; 41
Where, wrapp'd in contemplation, and in straw,
The wiser few from the mad world withdraw.
There in full opulence a *banker* dwelt,
Who all the joys and pangs of riches felt: 45
His side-board glitter'd with imagin'd plate;
And his proud fancy held a vast estate.

As on a time he pass'd the vacant hours,
In raising piles of straw and twisted bow'rs,
A *poet* enter'd of the neighbouring cell, 50
And with fix'd eye observ'd the structure well:
A sharpen'd skew'r 'cross his bare shoulders bound
A tatter'd rug, which dragg'd upon the ground.
The banker cry'd, "Behold my castle-walls,
"My statues, gardens, fountains, and canals, 55
"With land of more than twenty acres round!
"All these I sell thee for ten thousand pound."
The bard with wonder the cheap purchase saw,
So sign'd the contract (as ordains the law)
The banker's brain was cool'd; the mist grew clear;
The visionary scene was lost in air. 61
He now the vanish'd prospect understood,
And fear'd the fancy'd bargain was not good:
Yet loath the sum entire should be destroy'd,
"Give me a penny, and thy contract's void." 65
The startled bard with eye indignant frown'd:
"Shall I, ye gods (he cries) my debts compound!"
So saying, from his rug the skew'r he takes,
And on the stick ten equal notches makes;

With

THE SOUTH-SEA. 155

With just resentment flings it on the ground; 70
 " There, take my tally * of ten thousand pound.

The SOUTH-SEA. 1721.

YE wife philosophers! explain
 What magic makes our money rise,
 When dropt into the Southern main?
 Or do these jugglers cheat our eyes?
 Put in your money fairly told; 5
 Presto be gone——'Tis here agen;
 Ladies and gentlemen, behold,
 Here's ev'ry piece as big as ten.
 Thus in a bason drop a shilling,
 Then fill the vessel to the brim; 10
 You shall observe, as you are filling,
 The pond'rous metal seems to swim.
 It rises both in bulk and height;
 Behold it swelling like a fop!
 The liquid medium cheats your sight; 15
 Behold it mounted to the top!
 In stock three hundred thousand pound;
 I have in view a Lord's estate;
 My manors all contiguous round;
 A coach and six, and serv'd in plate. 20
 Thus

* Charles II. having borrowed a considerable sum, gave tallies as a security for the repayment; but soon after shutting up the exchequer, these tallies were as much reduced from their original value, as the South-Sea had exceeded it. *Hawkes.*

Thus the deluded bankrupt raves,
 Puts all upon a desp'rate bet :
 Then plunges in the Southern waves,
 Dipt over head and ears—in debt.

So, by a calenture misled, 25
 The mariner with rapture sees
 On the smooth ocean's azure bed
 Enamel'd fields, and verdant trees.

With eager haste he longs to rove
 In that fantastic scene, and thinks 30
 It must be some enchanted grove ;
 And *in* he leaps, and *down* he sinks.

Two hundred chariots, just bespoke,
 Are sunk in these devouring waves,
 The horses drown'd, the harness broke ; 35
 And here the owners find their graves.

Like Pharaoh, by *directors* led,
 They with their *spoils* went safe before ;
 His chariots, tumbling out the dead,
 Lay shatter'd on the Red-sea shore. 40

Rais'd up on *Hope's* aspiring plumes,
 The young advent'rer o'er the deep
 An eagle's flight and state assumes,
 And scorns the middle way to keep.

On *paper* wings he takes his flight ; 45
 With *wax* the *father* bound them fast ;
 The *wax* is melted by the height,
 And down the tow'ring boy is cast.

A moralist

A moralist might here explain
 The rashness of the Cretan youth; 50
 Describe his fall into the main,
 And from a fable form a truth.

His *wings* are his *paternal rent*;
 He melts his *wax* at ev'ry flame;
 His credit funk, his money spent, 55
In southern seas he leaves his name.

Inform us, you that best can tell,
 Why in yon dang'rous gulf profound,
 Where hundreds and where thousands fell,
Fools chiefly float, the *wife* are drown'd? 60

So have I seen from Severn's brink
 A flock of *geese* jump down together,
 Swim where the bird of Jove would sink,
 And swimming never wet a feather.

One fool may from another win, 65
 And then get off with money stor'd:
 But if a *sharp*er once comes in,
 He throws at all, and sweeps the board.

As fishes on each other prey,
 The great ones swallow up the small, 70
 So fares it in the Southern Sea;
 The whale *directors* eat up all.

When *stock* is high, they come between,
 Making by second-hand their offers;
 Then cunningly retire unseen, 75
 With each a million in his coffer.

So, when upon a moonshine night
 An afs was drinking at a stream,
 A cloud arose, and stopt the light
 By intercepting ev'ry beam. 80

The day of judgment will be soon,
 (Cries out a sage among the croud ;)
 An afs hath swallow'd up the moon :
 The moon lay safe behind the cloud.

Each poor *subscriber* to the *sea* 85
 Sinks down at once, and there he lies :
Directors fall as well as they ;
 Their fall is but a trick to rise.

So fishes rising from the main,
 Can soar with moisten'd wings on high ; 90
 The moisture dry'd, they sink again,
 And dip their fins again to fly.

Undone at play, the female troops
 Come here their losses to retrieve ;
 Ride o'er the waves in spacious hoops, 95
 Like Lapland witches in a sieve.

Thus Venus to the sea descends,
 As poets feign ; but where's the moral ?
 It shews the queen of love intends
 To search the deep for pearl and coral. 100

The sea is richer than the land,
 I heard it from my grannam's mouth,
 Which now I clearly understand ;
 For by the sea she meant the *South*.

Thus

Thus by *directors* we are told, 105
 Pray, Gentlemen, believe your eyes;
 Our ocean's cover'd o'er with gold,
 Look round, and see how thick it lies.

Oh! would those patriots be so kind,
 Here in the deep to wash their hands, 110
 Then, like Pactolus, we should find
 The sea indeed had *golden sands*.

A shilling in the Bath you fling,
 The silver takes a nobler hue,
 By magic-virtue in the spring, 115
 And seems a guinea to your view.

But, as a guinea will not pass
 At market for a farthing more,
 Shewn through a multiplying glass,
 Than what it always did before; 120

So cast it in the Southern seas,
 And view it through a *jobber's* bill;
 Put on what spectacles you please,
 Your guinea's but a guinea still.

One night a fool into a brook 125
 Thus from a hillock looking down,
 The golden stars for guineas took,
 And silver Cynthia for a crown.

The point he could no longer doubt;
 He ran, he leap'd into the flood; 130
 There sprawl'd a while, and scarce got out,
 All cover'd o'er with slime and mud.

Upon the waters cast thy bread,
 And after many days thou'lt find it ;
 But gold upon this ocean spread 135
 Shall sink, and leave no mark behind it.

There is a gulf where thousands fell ;
 Here all the bold advent'urers came ;
 A narrow found, though deep as hell ;
 'Change-alley is the dreadful name. 140

Nine times a day it ebbs and flows ;
 Yet he that on the surface lies,
 Without a pilot, seldom knows
 The time it falls, or when 'twill rise.

Subscribers here by thousands float, 145
 And jostle one another down ;
 Each paddling in his leaky boat,
 And here they fish for gold, and drown.

Now bury'd in the depth below,
 Now mounted up to heav'n agen, 150
 They reel and stagger to and fro,
 At their wits end, like drunken men *.

Mean time secure on Garr'way † cliffs
 A savage race, by shipwrecks fed,
 Lie waiting for the founder's skiffs, 155
 And strip the bodies of the dead.

But these, you say, are factious lies,
 From some malicious Tory's brain ;
 For where *directors* get a prize,
 The Swiss and Dutch whole millions drain. 160
 Thus,

* Psal. cvii.

† Coffee-house in 'Change-alley.

Thus, when by rooks a Lord is ply'd,
 Some cully often wins a bet,
 By vent'ring on the cheating side,
 Though not into the secret let.

While some build castles in the air, 165
Directors build them in the seas:
Subscribers plainly see 'em there;
 For fools will see, as wise men please.

Thus oft by mariners are shown
 (Unless the men of Kent are liars) 170
 Earl Godwin's castles overflown,
 And palace-roofs, and steeple-spires.

Mark where the sly *directors* creep,
 Nor to the shore approach too nigh!
 The monsters nestle in the deep 175
 To seize you in your passing by.

Then, like the dogs of Nile, be wise,
 Who, taught by instinct how to shun
 The crocodile that lurking lies,
 Run as they drink, and drink and run. 180

Antæus could, by magic charms,
 Recover strength, whene'er he fell:
 Alcides held him in his arms,
 And sent him *up in air to hell*.

Directors thrown into the sea, 185
 Recover strength and vigour there;
 But may be tam'd another way,
Suspended for a while in air.

Directors! for 'tis you I warn,
 By long experience we have found, 190
 What planet rul'd when you were born;
 We see you never can be drown'd.

Beware, nor over-bulky grow,
 Nor come within your cully's reach;
 For if the sea should sink so low, 195
 To leave you dry upon the beach;

You'll owe your ruin to your bulk;
 Your foes already waiting stand,
 To tear you like a founder'd hulk,
 While you lie helpless on the sand. 200

Thus, when a whale hath lost the tide,
 The coasters croud to seize the spoil;
 The monster into parts divide,
 And strip the bones and melt the oil.

Oh! may some western tempest sweep 205
 These *locusts*, whom our fruits have fed,
 That plague, *directors*, to the deep,
 Driv'n from the South Sea to the Red!

May he, whom nature's laws obey,
 Who *lifts* the poor, and *sinks* the proud, 210
Quiet the raging of the sea,
And still the madness of the croud!

But never shall our isle have rest,
 Till those devouring *swine* run down
 (The devils leaving the *possest*), 215
 And headlong in the waters drown.

The

The nation then too late will find,
 Computing all their cost and trouble,
Directors promises but wind,
 South-Sea at best a mighty bubble. 220

*Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto,
 Arma virum, tabulaeque, et Troia gaza per undas.*

VIRG.

* A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

I.

WHEN as corruption hence did go,
 And left the nation free;
 When Ay said Ay, and No said No,
 Without a place or fee;
 Then Satan thinking things went ill, 5
 Sent forth his spirit call'd Quadrille,
 Quadrille, Quadrille, &c.

II.

Kings, queens, and knaves made up his pack,
 And four fair suits he wore;
 His troops they are with red and black 10
 All blotch'd and spotted o'er:
 And every house, go where you will,
 Is haunted by the imp Quadrille, &c.

III.

Sure cards he has for ev'ry thing,
 Which well court-cards they name; 15
 And statesman-like, calls in the king
 To help out a bad game:

But,

164 A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE.

But, if the parties manage ill,
The king is forc'd to lose Codille, &c.

IV.

When two and two were met of old, 20

Though they ne'er meant to marry,
They were in Cupid's books inroll'd,

And call'd a *party quarree* :

But now, meet when and where you will,

A *party quarree* is Quadrille, &c. 35

V.

The commoner, and knight, the peer,

Men of all ranks and fame,

Leave to their wives the only care

To propagate their name ;

And well that duty they fulfil 30

When the good husband's at Quadrille, &c.

VI.

When patients lie in piteous case,

In comes th' apothecary ;

And to the Doctor cries, alas !

Non debes quadrillare. 35

The patient dies without a pill ;

For why ? the doctor's at Quadrille, &c.

VII.

Should France and Spain again grow loud,

The Muscovite grow louder ;

Britain, to curb her neighbours proud, 40

Would want both ball and powder ;

Must want both sword and gun to kill :

For why ? the gen'ral's at Quadrille, &c.

The

A BALLAD ON QUADRILLE. 165

VIII.

The king of late drew forth his sword,
(Thank God 'twas not in wrath,) 45
And made of many a 'squire and lord
An unwash'd knight of Bath :
What are their feats of arms and skill ?
They're but nine parties at Quadrille, &c.

IX.

A party late at Cambray met, 50
Which drew all Europe's eyes ;
'Twas call'd in Postboy and Gazette
The *quadruple allies* :
But somebody took something ill,
So broke this party at Quadrille, &c. 55

X.

And now, God save this noble realm,
And God save eke Hanover ;
And God save those who hold the helm,
When as the king goes over :
But let the king go where he will, 60
His subjects must play at Quadrille, &c.

* M O L L Y M O G ;

O R,

The FAIR MAID of the INN. †

SAYS my uncle, I pray you discover
What hath been the cause of your woes,
Why you pine, and you whine, like a lover ?
I've seen Molly Mog of the Rose. ■

O nephew !

† The Rose-inn at Ockingham in Berkshire.

O nephew! your grief is but folly ; 5
 In town you may find better prog ;
 Half a crown there will get you a Molly,
 A Molly much better than Mog.

I know that by wits 'tis recited,
 That women at best are a clog : 10
 But I'm not so easily frightened
 From loving my sweet Molly Mog.

The schoolboy's desire is a play-day ;
 The schoolmaster's joy is to flog ;
 The milkmaid's delight is on May-day ; 15
 But mine is on sweet Molly Mog.

Will-o'-wisp leads the trav'ler a-gadding
 Through ditch, and through quagmire and bog :
 But no light can set me a-madding,
 Like the eyes of my sweet Molly Mog. 20

For guineas in other mens breeches
 Your gamesters will palm and will cog :
 But I envy them none of their riches,
 So I may win sweet Molly Mog.

The heart, when half wounded, is changing, 25
 It here and there leaps like a frog :
 But my heart can never be ranging,
 'Tis so fixt upon sweet Molly Mog.

Who follows all ladies of pleasure,
 In pleasure is thought but a hog : 30
 All the sex cannot give so good measure
 Of joys, as my sweet Molly Mog.

I feel

I feel I'm in love to distraction,
My senses all lost in a fog ;
And nothing can give satisfaction 35
But thinking on sweet Molly Mog.

A letter when I am inditing,
Comes Cupid and gives me a jog ;
And I fill all the paper with writing
Of nothing but sweet Molly Mog. 40

If I would not give up the three Graces,
I wish I were hang'd like a dog,
And at court all the drawing-room faces,
For a glance of my sweet Molly Mog.

Those faces want nature and spirit, 45
And seem as cut out of a log :
Juno, Venus, and Pallas's merit
Unite in my sweet Molly Mog.

Those who toast all the family royal
In bumpers of *bogan* and *nog*, 50
Have hearts not more true or more loyal
Than mine to my sweet Molly Mog.

Were Virgil alive with his Phillis,
And writing another eclogue ;
Both his Phillis and fair Amaryllis 55
He'd give up for sweet Molly Mog.

When she smiles on each guest, like her liquor,
Then jealousy sets me agog ;
To be sure she's a bit for the *vicar*,
And so I shall lose Molly Mog. 60

* A New SONG of New SIMILES.

MY passion is as mustard strong ;
 I sit all sober sad,
 Drunk as a piper all day long,
 Or like a March hare mad.

Round as a hoop the bumpers flow ; 5
 I drink, yet can't forget her ;
 For, tho' as drunk as David's sow,
 I love her still the better.

Pert as a pear-monger I'd be,
 If Molly were but kind ; 10
 Cool as a cucumber could see
 The rest of womankind.

Like a stuck pig I gaping stare,
 And eye her o'er and o'er ;
 Lean as a rake with sighs and care, 15
 Sleek as a mouse before.

Plump as a partridge was I known,
 And soft as silk my skin ;
 My cheeks as fat as butter grown ;
 But as a groat now thin ! 20

I melancholy as a cat
 Am kept awake to weep ;
 But she, insensible of that,
 Sound as a top can sleep.

Hard is her heart as flint or stone ; 25
 She laughs to see me pale,
 And

A SONG OF SIMILES. 169

And merry as a grig is grown,
And brisk as bottled ale.

The god of love at her approach
Is busy as a bee ! 30
Hearts sound as any bell or roach
Are smit, and sigh like me.

Ah me ! as thick as hops or hail,
The fine men croud about her :
But soon as dead as a door-nail 35
Shall I be, if without her.

Strait as my leg her shape appears ;
O were we join'd together !
My heart would be scot-free from cares,
And lighter than a feather. 40

As fine as five-pence is her mien ;
No drum was ever tighter ;
Her glance is as the razor keen,
And not the sun is brighter.

As soft as pap her kisses are ; 45
Methinks I taste them yet ;
Brown as a berry is her hair,
Her eyes as black as jet.

As smooth as glass, as white as curds,
Her pretty hand invites : 50
Sharp as a needle are her words ;
Her wit like pepper bites.

Brisk as a body-louse she trips,
Clean as a penny drest ;
VOL. VIII. P Sweet

Sweet as a rose her breath and lips, 55
Round as the globe her breast.

Full as an egg was I with glee,
And happy as a king :
Good Lord ! how all men envy'd me !
She lov'd like any thing. 60

But false as hell, she, like the wind,
Chang'd, as her sex must do ;
Tho' seeming as the turtle kind,
And like the gospel true.

If I and Molly could agree, 65
Let who would take Peru !
Great as an emp'ror should I be,
And richer than a Jew.

Till you grow tender as a chick,
I'm dull as any post : 70
Let us like burs together stick,
And warm as any toast.

You'll know me truer than a dye
And wish me better sped,
Flat as a flounder when I lie, 75
And as a herring dead.

Sure as a gun, she'll drop a tear,
And sigh, perhaps, and wish,
When I am rotten as a pear,
And mute as any fish. 80

* NEWGATE'S

To the tune of the *Cut-purse.*

YE gallants of Newgate, whose fingers are nice
In diving in pockets, or cogging of dice;
Ye sharpers so rich, who can buy off the noose;
Ye honefter poor rogues, who die in your shoes,
Attend and draw near, 5
Good news ye shall hear,

How Jonathan's throat was cut from ear to ear,
How Bluekin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease,
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

When to the Old Bailey this Blue-skin was led, 10
He held up his hand, his indictment was read :
Loud rattled his chains ; near him Jonathan stood ;
For full forty pounds was the price of his blood.

Then, hopeless of life,
He drew his penknife, 15
And made a sad widow of Jonathan's wife.
But forty pounds paid her, her grief shall appease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

III.

Some say there are courtiers of highest renown,
Who steal the king's gold, and leave him but a
crown : 20

Somesay there are peers, and some parliament-men,
Who meet once a year to rob courtiers agen.

Let them all take their swing
To pillage the king,
And get a blue ribbon, instead of a string. 25
Now Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

IV.

Knaves of old, to hide guilt by their cunning in-
ventions,

Call'd briberies grants, and plain robberies pensions;
Physicians and lawyers (who take their degrees 30
To be learned rogues) call'd their pilfering fees.

Since this happy day

Now ev'ry man may

Rob (as safe as in office) upon the highway.
For Blueskin's sharp penknife hath set you at
ease; 35

And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

V.

Some cheat in the customs, some rob the excise;
But he who robs both is esteemed most wise.

Churchwardens, too prudent to hazard the halter,
As yet only venture to steal from the altar. 40

But now to get gold,

They may be more bold,

And rob on the highway, since Jonathan's cold :
For

NEWGATE'S GARLAND. 173

For Bluekin's sharp penknife hath set you at ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please. 45

VI.

Some by public revenues, which pass'd through
their hands,

Have purchas'd clean houses, and bought dirty
lands:

Some to steal from a charity think it no sin,
Which at home (says the proverb) does always
begin.

But, if ever you be 50
Affign'd the trustee,

Treat not orphans like masters of the chancery;
But take the highway, and more honestly seize;
For ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

VII.

What a pother has here been with Wood and his
brass, 55

Who would modestly make a few halfpennies
pass!

The patent is good, and the precedent's old,
For Diomed changed his copper for gold:

But if Ireland despise
The new halfpennies, 60

With more safety to rob on the road I advise:
For Bluekin's sharp penknife hath set thee at ease;
And ev'ry man round me may rob, if he please.

P R O M E T H E U S.

On Wood * the patentee's *Irish* Halfpence.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

AS When the 'squire and tinker, Wood,
 Gravely consulting Ireland's good,
 Together mingled in a mass
 Smith's dust, and copper, lead and brass;
 The mixture thus by chymic art 5
 United close in ev'ry part,
 In fillets roll'd, or cut in pieces,
 Appear'd like one continu'd species;
 And by the forming engine struck,
 On all the same impression stuck. 10
 So, to confound this hated coin,
 All *parties* and *religions* join;
 Whigs, Tories, Trimmers, Hanoverians,
 Quakers, Conformists, Presbyterians,
 Scotch, Irish, English, French unite, 15
 With *equal int'rest, equal spite*;
 Together mingled in a lump,
 Do all in *one opinion* jump;
 And ev'ry one begins to find
 The same impression on his mind. 20
 A strange event! whom *gold* incites
 To blood and quarrels, *brass* unites:
 So,

* See an account of Wood's project in the Drapier's letters, vol. 3. and 4.

So, goldsmiths say, the coarsest stuff
 Will serve for *solder* well enough :
 So by the *kettle's* loud alarm 25
 The *bees* are gather'd to a *swarm* :
 So by the *brazen* trumpet's bluster
 Troops of all tongues and nations muster :
 And so the *harp* of Ireland brings
 Whole crouds about its *brazen strings*. 30

II.

There is a chain let down from Jovē,
 But fasten'd to his throne above,
 So strong that from the lower end,
 They say, all human things depend.
 This chain, as ancient poets hold, 35
 When Jove was young, was made of *gold*.
 Prometheus once this chain purloin'd,
 Dissolv'd, and into *money* coin'd ;
 Then whips me on a chain of brass :—
 (Venus was brib'd to let it pass. *) 40

Now, while this brazen chain prevail'd,
 Jove saw that all devotion fail'd ;
 No temple to his godship rais'd ;
 No sacrifice on altars blaz'd ;
 In short, such dire confusion follow'd, 45
 Earth must have been in chaos swallow'd.
 Jove stood amaz'd ; and looking round,
 With much ado the cheat he found ;
 'Twas plain he could no longer hold
 The world in any chain but gold ; 50
 And to the god of wealth, his brother,
 Sent Mercury to get another.

Prometheus

* A great lady was said to have been bribed by Wood.

176 STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

Prometheus on a rock is laid,
Ty'd with the chain himself had made,
On icy Caucasus to fliver, 55
Where vultures eat his growing liver.

III.

Ye pow'rs of Grubstreet, make me able
Discreetly to apply this fable;
Say, who is to be understood
By that old thief Prometheus? WOOD. 60
For Jove, it is not hard to guess him;
I mean his Majesty, *God bless him*.
This thief and blacksmith was so bold,
He strove to steal that chain of gold,
Which links the subject to the king, 65
And change it for a brazen string.
But sure, if nothing else must pass
Between the king and us, but brass,
Although the chain will never crack,
Yet our devotion may grow slack. 70

But Jove will soon convert, I hope,
This brazen chain into a rope;
With which Prometheus shall be ty'd,
And high in air for ever ride:
Where, if we find his liver grows, 75
For want of vultures, we have crows.

* STREPHON AND FLAVIA.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft Strephon kept a pother;
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.

Yet:

Yet when his love the shepherd told
 To Flavia fair and coy,
 Reserv'd, demure, than snow more cold,
 She scorn'd the gentle boy.
 Late at a ball he own'd his pain;
 She blush'd, and frown'd, and swore,
 With all the marks of high disdain,
 She'd never hear him more.
 The swain persisted still to pray,
 The nymph still to deny;
 At last she vow'd she would not stay;
 He swore she should not fly.
 Enrag'd, she call'd her footman straight,
 And rush'd from out the room,
 Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate,
 And lay with Ralph at home.

C O R I N N A

Written in the year 1712.

THIS day (the year I dare not tell)
 Apollo play'd the midwife's part;
 Into the World Corinna fell,
 And he endow'd her with his art.
 But Cupid with a Satyr comes;
 Both softly to the cradle creep;
 Both stroke her hands, and rub her gums
 While the poor child lay fast asleep.
 Then Cupid thus: This little maid
 Of love shall always speak and write:

10
And

And I pronounce (the Satyr said)
 The world shall feel her scratch and bite.
 Her talent she display'd betimes ;
 For in twice twelve revolving moons
 She seem'd to laugh and squall in ryhmes, 15
 And all her gestures were lampoons.
 At sixty years old the subtle jade
 Stole to the pantry-door, and found
 The butler with my lady's maid :
 And you may swear the tale went round. 20
 She made a song, how little Miss
 Was kiss'd and flobber'd by a lad ;
 And how when Master went to p——,
 Miss came, and peep'd at all he had.
 At twelve a wit and a coquette ; 25
 Marries for love, half whore, half wife ;
 Cuckolds, elopes, and runs in debt ;
 Turns auth'ress, and is Curll's for life.
 Her common-place book all gallant is,
 Of scandal now a *cornucopia* ; 30
 She pours it out in Atalantis, †
 Or memoirs of the new Utopia.

THE

† The Atalantis was written by Mrs. Manley ; and may be
 considered as a pander for the stews, who gains admittance into
 good company by a genteel appearance and good address. *Hawkes.*

* THE QUIDNUNCKI'S!

A tale occasioned by the death of the Duke Regent of FRANCE.

HOW vain are mortal man's endeavours!
(Said at Dame Elleot's, * Master Tr—s;)

Good Orleans dead! in truth 'tis hard:

Oh! may all statesmen die prepar'd!

I do foresee (and for foreseeing 5

He equals any man in being)

The army ne'er can be disbanded.

——I wish the king were safely landed.

Ah friends! great changes threat the land!

All France and England at a stand! 10

There's Meroweis——mark! strange work!

And there's the Czar, and there's the Turk——

The Pope——An India merchant by

Cut short the speech with this reply.

All at a stand? you see great changes? 15

Ah, Sir! you never saw the Ganges:

There dwells the nation of Quidnuncki's,

(So Monomotapa calls monkies:)

On either bank, from bough to bough,

They meet and chat (as we may now :) 20

Whispers go round, they grin, they shrug,

They bow, they snarl, they scratch, they hug;

And, just as chance or whim provoke them,

They either bite their friends, or stroke them.

There have I seen some active prig, 25

To shew his parts, bestride a twig:

Lord!

† A coffeehouse near St. James's.

Lord ! how the chatt'ring tribe admire !
 Not that he's wiser, but he's higher :
 All long to try the vent'rous thing,
 (For pow'r is but to have one's swing.) 30
 From side to side he springs, he spurns,
 And bangs his foes and friends by turns.
 Thus as in giddy freaks he bounces,
Crack goes the twig, and in he flounces !
 Down the swift stream the wretch is borne ; 35
 Never, ah never, to return !

Z——ds ! what a fall had our dear brother !
 Morblieu ! cries one ; and Damme, t'other.
 The nation gives a gen'ral screech ;
 None cocks his tail, none claws his breech ; 40
 Each trembles for the public weal,
 And for a while forgets to steal.

A while all eyes intent and steddly
 Pursue him whirling down the eddy :
 But, out of mind when out of view, 45
 Some other mounts the twig anew ;
 And bus'ness, on each monkey shore,
 Runs the same track it run before.

A Y and N O : A F A B L E.

IN fable all things hold discourse ;
 Then words, no doubt, must talk of course.
 Once on a time, near Channel-row, *
 Two hostile adverbs, *Ay* and *No*,
 Were hast'ning to the field of fight, 5
 And front to front stood opposite.

Before

* Channel-row is a dirty-street near the parliament house, Westminster.

Before each gen'ral join'd the van,
Ay, the more courteous knight, began :

Stop, peevish particle, beware !
 I'm told you are not such a bear,
 But sometimes *yield*, when *offer'd fair*.
 Suffer yon folks a while to tattle ;
 'Tis *we* who must decide the battle.

Whene'er we war on yonder stage
 With various fate and equal rage,

The nation trembles at each blow,
 That *No* gives *Ay*, and *Ay* gives *No* :

Yet in expensive long contention
 We gain nor office, grant or pension :

Why then should *kinsfolks* quarrel thus ?

(For *two* of *you* make one of *us*. †)

To some wise statesman let us go,

Where each his *proper use* may know :

He may admit two such commanders,

And make those wait who serv'd in Flanders.

Let's quarter on a great man's tongue,

A treas'ry-lord, not Master Y——g.

Obsequious at his high command

Ay shall march forth to tax the land.

Impeachments *No* can best resist,

And *Ay* support the civil list :

Ay quick as Cæsar wins the day ;

And *No*, like Fabius, by delay.

Sometimes in mutual sly disguise,

Let *Ay's* seem *No's*, and *No's* seem *Ay's* ;

Ay's be in court's denials meant,

And *No's* in bishops give consent.

† In English, two negatives make an affirmative.

182 THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Thus *Ay* propos'd——and for reply
No for the first time answer'd *Ay*.
 They parted with a thousand kisses, 40
 And fight e'er since for pay, like *Swisses*.

P H I L L I S;

O R,

THE PROGRESS OF LOVE.

Written in the year 1716.

DEsponding *Phillis* was endu'd
 With ev'ry talent of a prude :
 She trembled when a man drew near ;
 Salute her, and she turn'd her ear ;
 If o'er against her you were plac'd, 5
 She durst not look above your waist :
 She'd rather take you to her bed,
 Than let you see her dress her head :
 In church you hear her, through the croud,
 Repeat the *absolution* loud : 10
 In church, secure behind her fan.
 She durst behold that monster *man* ;
 There practis'd how to place her head,
 And bit her lips to make them red ;
 Or, on the mat devoutly kneeling, 15
 Would lift her eyes up to the cieling,
 And heave her bosom unaware,
 For neighb'ring beaux to see it bare.
 At length a lucky lover came,
 And found admittance to the dame. 20
 Suppose all parties now agreed,
 The writings drawn, the lawyer fee'd,

The

The vicar and the ring bespoke :
 Guess, how could such a match be broke ?
 See then what mortals place their bliss in ! 25
 Next morn betimes the bride was missing :
 The mother scream'd, the father chid ;
 Where can this idle wench be hid ?
 No news of Phil ! the bridegroom came,
 And thought his bride had skulk'd for shame ; 30
 Because her father us'd to say,
 The girl *had such a bashful way*.

Now John the butler must be sent
 To learn the road that Phillis went.
 The groom was wish'd to saddle Crop ; 35
 For John must neither light nor stop,
 But find her, wheresoe'er she fled,
 And bring her back, alive or dead.

See here again the devil to do ;
 For truly John was missing too : 40
 The horse and pillion both were gone !
 Phillis, it seems, was fled with John.

Old Madam, who went up to find
 What papers Phil had left behind,
 A letter on the toilet sees, 45
To my much honour'd father——these,
 ('Tis always done, romances tell us,
 When daughters run away with fellows,)
 Fill'd with the choicest common places,
 By others us'd in the like cases : 50

“ That, long ago, a *fortune-teller*
 “ Exactly said what now befel her ;
 “ And in a *glass* had made her see
 “ A *serving-man of low degree*.

" It was *her fate*, must be forgiven; 55
 " For *marriages were made in heaven* :
 " His pardon begg'd ; but, to be plain,
 " She'd *do't, if 'twere to do again* :
 " Thank'd God, 'twas neither shame nor sin ;
 " For John was come of honest kin. 60
 " Love never thinks of rich and poor :
 " *She'd beg with John from door to door*.
 " Forgive her, if it be a crime ;
 " She'll never do't *another time*.
 " She ne'er before in all her life 65
 " Once disobey'd him, *maid nor wife*.
 " One argument she summ'd up all in,
 " *The thing was done, and past recalling* ;
 " And therefore hop'd she should recover
 " His favour, when his *passion's over*. 70
 " She valu'd not what others thought her,
 " And was——his *most obedient daughter*."

Fair maidens, all attend the muse,
 Who now the wand'ring pair pursues :
 Away they rode in homely fort, 75
 Their journey long, their money short ;
 The loving couple well bemir'd ;
 The horse and both the riders tir'd :
 Their victuals bad, their lodging worse ;
 Phil cry'd, and John began to curse : 80
 Phil wish'd that she had strain'd a limb,
 When first she ventur'd out with him ;
 John wish'd that he had broke a leg,
 When first for her he quitted Peg.

But what adventures more beset 'em, 85
 The muse hath now no time to tell 'em :
 How

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY. 185

How Johnny wheedled, threaten'd, fawn'd,
Till Phillis all her trinkets pawn'd :
How oft she broke her marriage-vows
In kindness to maintain her spouse. 90
Till swains unwholesome spoil'd the trade ;
For now the surgeons must be paid,
To whom those perquisites are gone,
In Christian justice due to John.
When food and raiment now grew scarce, 95
Fate put a period to the farce ;
And with exact poetic justice ;
For John is landlord, Phillis hostess :
They keep at Staines the old Blue Boar,
Are cat and dog, and rogue and whore. 100

THE PROGRESS OF POETRY.

Written in the year 1720.

THE farmer's goose, who in the stubble
Has fed without restraint or trouble,
Grown fat with corn, and sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the barn-door fill ;
And hardly waddles forth to cool 5
Her belly in the neighb'ring pool ;
Nor loudly cackles at the door ;
For cackling shews the goose is poor.

But, when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren common strays, 10
Hard exercise and harder fare
Soon make my dame grow lank and spare :
Her body light, she tries her wings,
And scorns the ground, and upward springs ;

Q3

While

While all the parish, as she flies, 15
Hear sounds harmonious from the skies.

Such is the poet fresh in pay,
(The third night's profits of his play;) 20
His morning-draughts till noon can swill
Among his brethren of the quill;
With good roast beef his belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull,
Deep sunk in plenty and delight,
What poet e'er could take his flight?
Or, stuff'd with phlegm up to the throat, 25
What poet e'er could sing a note?
Nor Pegasus could bear the load
Along the high celestial road;
The steed, oppress'd, would break his girth
To raise the lumber from the earth. 30

But view him in another scene,
When all his drink is Hippocrene,
His money spent, his patrons fail,
His credit out for cheese and ale;
His two-years coat so smooth and bare, 35
Through ev'ry thread it lets in air;
With hungry meals his body pin'd,
His guts and belly full of wind;
And, like a jockey for a race,
His flesh brought down to flying case: 40
Now his exalted spirit loathes
Incumbrances of food and cloaths;
And up he rises like a vapour,
Supported high on wings of paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings, 45
While from below all Grubstreet rings.

THE

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

Written in the year 1720.

WHEN first Diana leaves her bed,
 Vapours and steams her look disgrace,
 A frowzy dirty-colour'd red
 Sits on her cloudy wrinkled face :

But by degrees, when mounted high, 5
 Her artificial face appears
 Down from her window in the sky,
 Her spots are gone, her visage clears.

'Twixt earthly females and the moon
 All parallels exactly run : 10
 If Celia should appear too soon,
 Alas, the nymph would be undone !

To see her from her pillow rise,
 All reeking in a cloudy steam,
 Crack'd lips, foul teeth, and gummy eyes, 15
 Poor Strephon, how would he blaspheme !

Three colours, black, and red, and white,
 So graceful in their proper place,
 Remove them to a diff'rent site,
 They form a frightful hideous face : 20

For instance, when the lily skips
 Into the precincts of the rose,
 And takes possession of the lips,
 Leaving the purple to the nose.

So

So Celia went entire to bed, 25
 All her complexion safe and sound ;
 But when the rose, white, black, and red,
 Though still in sight, had chang'd their ground.

The black, which would not be confin'd,
 A more inferior station seeks, 30
 Leaving the fiery red behind,
 And mingles in her muddy cheeks.

But Celia can with ease reduce,
 By help of pencil, paint, and brush,
 Each colour to its place and use, 35
 And teach her cheeks again to blush.

She knows her *early* self no more ;
 But fill'd with admiration stands,
 As other painters oft adore
 The workmanship of their own hands. 40

Thus, after four important hours,
 Celia's the wonder of her sex :
 Say, which among the heav'nly pow'rs
 Could cause such marvellous effects ?

Venus, indulgent to her kind, 45
 Gave women all their hearts could wish,
 When first she taught them where to find
 White lead and Lusitanian * dish.

Love with white lead cements his wings :
 White lead was sent us to repair 50
 Two brightest, brittlest, earthly things,
 A lady's face, and China ware.

She

* Portugal.

THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY. 189

She ventures now to lift the fash ;
The window is her proper sphere.
Ah, lovely nymph ! be not too rash, 55
Nor let the beaux approach too near :

Take pattern by your *sister* star ;
Delude at once, and bless our sight ;
When you are seen, be seen from far,
And chiefly choose to shine by night. 60

But art no longer can prevail,
When the materials all are gone ;
The best mechanic hand must fail,
Where nothing's left to work upon.

Matter, as wise logicians say, 65
Cannot without a *form* subsist ;
And *form*, say I, as well as they,
Must fail, if *matter* brings no grist.

And this is fair Diana's case ;
For all astrologers maintain, 70
Each night a bit drops off her face,
When mortals say she's in her wane.

While * Partridge wisely shews the cause
Efficient of the moon's decay,
That Cancer with his pois'nous claws 75
Attacks her in the *milky way* :

But * Gadbury, in art profound,
From her pale cheeks pretends to show,
That

* Partridge and Gadbury wrote each an ephemeris. Hawkes.

190 THE PROGRESS OF BEAUTY.

'That swain Endymion* is not found,
Or else that Mercury's her foe. 80

But, let the cause be what it will,
In half a month she looks so thin,
That Flamstead can, with all his skill,
See but her forehead and her chin.

Yet, as she wastes, she grows discreet, 85
Till midnight never shews her head :
So rotting Celia strolls the street,
When sober folks are all a-bed.

For sure, if this be Luna's fate,
Poor Celia, but of mortal race, 90
In vain expects a longer date
To the materials of *her* face.

When Mercury her tresses mows,
To think of black-lead combs is vain :
No painting can restore a *nose*, 95
Nor will her *teeth* return again.

Ye pow'rs who over love preside !
Since mortal beauties drop so soon,
If you would have us well supply'd,
Send us *new* nymphs with each *new* moon. 100

PETHOX

* Endymion, a young shepherd, of whom Diana was feigned to be enamoured. *Hawkes.*

PETHOX THE GREAT.

Written in the year 1723.

FROM Venus born, thy beauty shows;
 But who thy father, no man knows:
 Nor can the skilful herald trace
 The founder of thy ancient race:
 Whether thy temper, full of fire, 5
 Discovers Vulcan for thy fire;
 The god who made Scamander boil,
 And round his margin sing'd the foil,
 From whence, philosophers agree,
 An equal pow'r descends to thee: 10
 Whether from dreadful Mars you claim
 The high descent from whence you came;
 And, as a proof, shew num'rous scars
 By fierce encounters made in wars,
 Those honourable wounds you bore 15
 From head to foot, and *all before*;
 And still the bloody field frequent,
 Familiar in each leader's tent:
 Or whether, as the learn'd contend,
 You from the neighb'ring Gaul descend; 20
 Or from Parthenope * the proud,
 Where numberless thy vot'ries croud:
 Whether thy great forefathers came
 From realms that bear Vesputio's name;
 For so conject'ers would obtrude, 25
 And from thy painted skin conclude:
 Whether,

* Naples.

Whether, as Epicurus shows,
 The world from justling feeds arose,
 Which, mingling with prolific strife
 In chaos, kindled into life ; 30
 So your production was the same,
 And from contending atoms came.

Thy fair indulgent mother crown'd
 Thy head with sparkling rubies round :
 Beneath thy decent steps the road 35
 Is all with precious jewels strow'd.
 The bird of Pallas * knows his post,
 Thee to attend, where-e'er thou go'st.

Byzantians boast, that on the clod
 Where once their *Sultan's* horse hath trod, 40
 Grows neither grass, nor shrub, nor tree :
 The same thy subjects boast of thee.

The greatest lord, when you appear,
 Will deign your livery to wear,
 In all the various colours seen 45
 Of red, and yellow, blue, and green.

With half a word, when you require,
 The man of bus'ness must retire.

The haughty minister of state
 With trembling must thy leisure wait ; 50
 And, while his fate is in thy hands,
 The bus'ness of the nation stands.

Thou dar'st the greatest prince attack,
 Canst hourly set him on the rack,
 And, as an instance of thy pow'r, 55
 Inclose him in a wooden tow'r :

With

* Bubo, the owl.

With pungent pains on ev'ry side,
So Regulus in torments dy'd.

From thee our youth all virtues learn,
Dangers with prudence to discern; 60
And well thy scholars are endu'd
With temp'rance, and with fortitude;
With patience, which all ills supports;
And secrecy, the art of courts.

The glitt'ring beau could hardly tell, 65
Without your aid, to read or spell.
But, having long convers'd with you,
Knows how to write a billet-doux.

With what delight, methinks, I trace
Your blood in ev'ry noble race! 70
In whom thy features, shape, and mien,
Are to the life distinctly seen.

The Britons, once a savage kind,
By you were brighten'd and refin'd,
Descendants of the barb'rous Huns, 75
With limbs robust, and voice that stuns:
But you have moulded them afresh,
Remov'd the tough superfluous flesh,
Taught them to modulate their tongues,
And speak without the help of lungs. 80

Proteus on you bestow'd the boon
To change your visage like the moon;
You sometimes half a face produce,
Keep t'other half for private use.

How fam'd thy conduct in the fight 85
With * Hermes, son of Pleias bright!

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Out-

* Mercury.

Out-number'd, half encompass'd round,
 You strove for ev'ry inch of ground;
 Then, by a soldierly retreat,
 Retir'd to your imperial feat. 90
 The victor, when your steps he trac'd,
 Found all the realms before him waste:
 You, o'er the high triumphal arch
 Pontific, made your glorious march;
 The wondrous arch behind you fell, 95
 And left a chasm profound as hell:
 You, in your capitol secur'd,
 A siege as long as Troy endur'd.

N E W S O N G S.

Sung at the CLUB at Mr. *Taplin's*, the sign of
 the DRAPIER'S HEAD in *Truck-street*.

—*Exegi Monumentum Ære perennius.*

HORAT.

I.

WITH brisk merry lays,
 We'll sing to the praise
 Of that honest patriot, the Drapier;
 Who, all the world knows,
 Confounded our foes, 5
 With nothing but pen, ink, and paper.

II.

A spirit divine,
 Ran through ev'ry line,

And

And made all our hearts for to caper :

He sav'd us our goods, 10

And dumfounder'd Woods ;

Then long life and health to the Drapier.

III.

We ne'er shall forget,

His judgment, or wit ;

But life, you must know, is a vapour ; 15

In ages to come,

We well may presume,

They'll monuments raise to the Drapier.

IV.

When senators meet,

They'll surely think fit 20

To honour and praise the good Drapier ;

Nay, juries shall join,

And sheriffs combine,

To thank him in well-written paper.

V.

You men of the Comb, 25

Come lay by your loom,

And go to the sign of the Drapier ;

To TAPLIN declare,

You one and all are

Kind loving good friends to his paper. 30

VI.

Then join hand in hand,

T' each other firm stand,

All health to the club and the Drapier ;

Who merrily meet,

And sing in Truck-street, 35

In praise of the well-written paper.

S O N G II.

SINCE the Drapier's set up, and Wood is cry'd
down,

Let ballads be made by the bards of this town;
To thank the brave Drapier for what he has done.
*Which no body can deny, brave boys, which no body
can deny.*

When a project to ruin this nation was laid, 5
To drain all our gold, and give brags in its stead;
The Drapier he writ, and knock'd all on the head.
Which no body can deny, &c.

His advice he address'd to men of all ranks,
Which timely supported our trade and our
banks; 10
And no doubt the next session he'll have public
thanks. *Which no body can deny, &c.*

But who could imagine that some men in place,
Were for bringing this Drapier to shame and dis-
grace;
Because he had writ upon too nice a case, 15
Which no body can deny, &c.
That a J—— of this country should use all his
skill,

To prevail on a J—y for finding a bill;
And dissolve them because they thwarted his will.
Which no body can deny, &c.

In vain are all offers the Drapier to take, 21
This kingdom ne'er cherish'd a poisonous snake,
And informers are wretches, all men will forsake.
Which no body can deny, &c.

And

And for the good things he has brought to pass,
We here for a sign have set up his face; 25
And with we cou'd set up his statue in brass.

Which no body can deny, &c.

Then, Taplin, fill out a glass of the best,
And let the king's health be drank by each guest,
Let it shine in his face and glow in his breast. 30

Which no body can deny, &c.

For Carteret's merit a bumper prepare,
Whose faithful report of our loyalty here,
Has baffled our foes and remov'd all our fear. 34

Which no body can deny, &c.

The protestant interest abroad and at home,
Our friends in this city, and those on the Comb,
Shall be pledg'd by all members in this club and
room.

Which no body can deny, &c.

Make haste, honest Taplin, and bring t'other
pot, 40

The Drapier's good friends must not be forgot,
While you have good liquor, or we have a groat.
*Which no body can deny, brave boys, which no body
can deny.*

SONG III.

I.

OF a worthy *Dublin* Drapier,
My purpose is to speak,
Who for no private interest,
But for his country's sake,

R 3

By

By virtuous honour led, 5
 Egregious hazards run;
 And, so he fet his country free,
 Could more have undergone.

II.

Twice was he persecuted,
 By traitors to the state; 10
 And twice, by virtue guarded,
 He did their wiles defeat:
 Seek all the world about,
 And you will hardly find
 A man for honour to excel 15
 Our gallant Drapier's mind.

III.

For he was bred in *Dublin*,
 The chief of men was he;
 From thence, sent o'er to *London*,
 A 'prentice for to be: 20
 A banker near the court,
 Did like his service so,
 That a warm farm in his own land,
 He did on him bestow.

IV.

When back again to *Ireland* 25
 This worthy Drapier came,
 He cast about most nobly,
 To advance its wealth and fame:
 And had the simple natives
 Observ'd his sage advice, 30
 Their wealth and fame, some years ago,
 Had reach'd above the skies.

For

V.

For oft he them admonish'd
 To mind the draping-trade,
 And wear no manufactures 35
 But what themselves had made :
 But whilst by thoughtless mortals
 His schemes neglected lay,
 Some foes unto their country's weal
 His person would betray. 40

VI.

When thus her sons turn enemies,
 What nation free can last ?
 And now, to quite enslave us,
 A champion over pass'd,
 In copper armour clad, 45
 A wooden tool of might,
 Who, by his boast of power, did
 All *Ireland* affright.

VII.

With just disdain, the Drapier
 Beheld his brazen pride, 50
 He could not hear with patience,
 How he our laws defy'd :
 Forgetting former wrongs,
 Unto our aid he flew,
 And, with resistless courage, he 55
 This giant overthrew.

VIII.

But, oh ! the curs'd ingratitude
 Of some ! (no matter where)
 Let all their names in history
 With infamy appear. 60
 For,

For, to reward his love,
 In saving of their land,
 They plotted to deliver him
 Into the traitor's hand.

IX.

The Drapier, at this treatment 65
 Was not a whit dismay'd;
 But, for his country's safety,
 More than his own afraid,
 He bravely sent 'em word,
 He'd stand the brunt of all, 70
 If they wou'd but secure the land,
 From Wood's sad brazen thrall.

X.

Thus doth our gallant Drapier
 His trade, and all, expose,
 To save the land from foreign, 75
 And from domestic foes:
 Who, their own turn to serve,
 Most basely would agree
 To bring us in *dependence*,
 Who are by nature free. 80

XI.

For he hath shewn, most clearly,
 We can't be free by halves;
 And those to subjects subject,
 Can be no less than slaves.
 As yet, no acts we've made, 85
 And grant we never may,
 To give our brethren title
 To their pretended sway.

Then,

XII.

Then, with your constant praises
 The Drapier's name adorn, 90
 Whilst those who wou'd betray him,
 Deserve the utmost scorn:
 In honouring his worth,
 Let grateful friends be found;
 And with his health, next to the king's, 95
 Let glasses go all round.

SONG IV.

NOW we're free by nature,
 Let us all our power exert;
 Since each human creature
 May his right assert.
 (Chorus.) *Fill bumpers to the Drapier,* 5
Whose convincing paper
Set us, gloriously,
From brazen fetters free.
 His warm zeal inspir'd us
 To withstand our country's fate, 10
 Whilst his writings fir'd us,
 Ere it was too late. *Fill bumpers, &c.*
 A true Roman spirit
 Fir'd our mighty hero's breast:
 By him, we inherit 15
 What can make us blest. *Fill bumpers, &c.*
 Thus he bright in story,
 Like great Nassau once before,
 Freed us all with glory; 19
 What could mortal more? *Fill bumpers, &c.*
 All

All friends to the DRAPIER,
 Who revere his worthy name,
 In honour to his PAPER,
 Sing his lasting fame. *Fill bumpers, &c.*
 Thus, ye sons of pleasure, 25
 Who at Taplin's weekly sing,
 In alternate measure
 Loudly let him ring. *Fill bumpers, &c.*

S O N G V.

WHEN Wood had like t' have taken root,
 And canker'd all the nation.
 The DRAPIER soon oppos'd his suit,
 And stemm'd his innovation.
 As when by winter's hoary chains 5
 The meadows are involv'd;
 When Phœbus shines upon the plains,
 They're by his rays dissolv'd.
 So, when the Drapier did maintain
 Our cause, to whom we're debtors, 10
 The fire of his heroic vein
 Destroy'd our brazen fetters.
 Our liberty by him's restor'd;
 Wood's foil'd by his own rapier;
 Nor owe we more to Nassau's sword, 15
 Than to his pen and paper.
 Amidst his foes, the hero (full——
 Of rage) out-brav'd the danger;
 And hence, the brazen-footed bull
 Was sent to rack and manger. 20
Toss

Toss off your bumpers, raise a song,
 He ne'er shall be forgotten;
 His name shall charm each list'ning throng,
 When Wood is dead and rotten.
 Let health's go round: cheer up, my boys, 25
 And, whilst the spirit moves ye,
 Devote the present time to joys——
 And music, as behoves ye.
 Here, honest Taplin, spare no man,
 Go, fetch us t'other bottle; 30
 We'll dance like Phœbus, sing like Pan,
 And drink like Aristotle.

* A GENTLE ECHO ON WOMEN.

In the Doric manner.

Shepherd, **E**Cho, I ween, will in the woods re-
 ply,

And quaintly answer questions: shall I
 try? *Echo, Try.*

Shepherd, What must we do our passion to ex-
 press? *Echo, Press.*

Shepherd, How shall I please her who ne'er lov'd
 before? *Echo, Before.*

Shepherd, What most moves women, when we
 them address? *Echo, A dress.*

Shepherd, Say, what can keep her chaste, whom
 I adore? *Echo, A door.*

Shepherd, If music softens rocks, love tunes my
 lyre. *Echo, Lyar.*

Shepherd,

204 EPILOGUE TO A PLAY.

Shepherd, Then teach me, *Echo*, how shall I
come by her? *Echo*, *Buy her*.

Shepherd, When bought, no question, I shall be
her dear? *Echo*, *Her deer*.

Shepherd, But deer have horns; how must I keep
her under? *Echo*, *Keep her under*.

Shepherd, How shall I hold her ne'er to part a-
funder? *Echo*, *A—se under*.

Shepherd, But what can glad me, when she's laid
on bier? *Echo*, *Beer*.

Shepherd, What must I do, when woman will be
kind? *Echo*, *Be kind*.

Shepherd, What must I do, when woman will be
cross? *Echo*, *Be cross*.

Shepherd, Lord! what is she that can so turn and
wind? *Echo*, *Wind*.

Shepherd, If she be wind, what stills her when
she blows? *Echo*, *Blows*.

Shepherd, But if she bang again, still should I
bang her? *Echo*, *Bang her*.

Shepherd, Is there no way to moderate her anger?
Echo, *Hang her*.

Shepherd, Thanks, gentle *Echo*! right thy answers
tell,

What woman is, and how to guard her
well. *Echo*, *Guard her well*.

EPILOGUE to a PLAY for the Benefit of the
Weavers in Ireland. 1721.

WHO dares affirm this is no pious age,
When charity begins to tread the stage?
When

EPILOGUE TO A PLAY. 205

When actors, who at best are hardly saviors,
 Will give a night of benefit to weavers?
 Stay,——let me see, how finely will it sound! 5
Imprimis, from his Grace * a hundred pound:
 Peers, clergy, gentry, all are benefactors;
 And then comes in the *item* of the actors:
Item, the actors freely give a day,——
 The poet had no more who made the play! 10
 But whence this wondrous charity in play'rs?
 They learn'd it not at sermons, or at pray'rs.
 Under the rose, since here are none but friends,
 To own the truth, we have some private ends:
 Since waiting-women, like exacting jades, 15
 Hold up the prices of their old *brocades*,
 We'll dress in *manufactures* made at home,
 Equip our *kings* and *gen'als* at the Comb: †
 We'll riggin Meath-street Ægypt's haughty queen;
 And Anthony shall court her in *rateen*. 20
 In *blue shalloon* shall Hannibal be clad,
 And Scipio trail an Irish *purple plaid*.
 In drugget dress'd, of thirteen-pence a-yard,
 See Philip's son amidst his Persian guard;
 And proud Roxana, fir'd with jealous rage, 25
 With fifty yards of crape shall sweep the stage.
 In short, our kings and princesses within
 Are all resolv'd the project to begin;
 And you, our subjects, when you here resort,
 Must imitate the fashions of the court. 30
 Oh! could I see this audience clad in *stuff*,
 Tho' money's scarce, we should have trade enough.

* Dr. William King, Archbishop of Dublin.

† A street in Dublin famous for woollen manufactures.

206 EPITAPH ON A MISER.

But *chints*, *brocades*, and *lace* take all away,
 And scarce a crown is left to see a play.
 Perhaps you wonder whence this friendship
 springs 35
 Between the *weavers*, and us playhouse-kings.
 But wit and weaving had the same beginning;
 Pallas first taught us poetry and spinning.
 And next observe how this alliance fits,
 For *weavers* now are just as poor as *wits*: 40
 Their brother quill-men, workers for the stage,
 For sorry *stuff* can get a crown a page;
 But *weavers* will be kinder to the *play'rs*,
 And sell for twenty-pence a yard of theirs:
 And, to your knowledge, there is often less in 45
 The *poet's* wit, than in the *player's* dressing.

EPITAPH ON A MISER.

Beneath this verdant *hillock* lies,
 Demar, the *wealthy* and the *wise*.
 His *heirs*, that he might safely rest,
 Have put his *carcase* in a *chest*;
 The very *chest*, in which, they say, 5
 His *other self*, his *money*, lay.
 And, if his *heirs* continue kind
 To that dear *self* he left behind,
 I dare believe, that four in five
 Will think his *better half* alive. 10

To

To STELLA, who collected and transcribed his
POEMS.

Written in the year 1720.

AS, when a lofty pile is rais'd,
We never hear the workmen prais'd,
Who bring the lime, or place the stones;
But all admire Inigo Jones:
So if this pile of scatter'd rhymes
Should be approv'd in after times,
If it both pleases and endures,
The merit and the praise are yours.

Thou, Stella, wert no longer young,
When first for thee my harp I strung,
Without one word of Cupid's darts,
Of killing eyes, or bleeding hearts:
With friendship and esteem possess'd,
I ne'er admitted love a guest.

In all the habitudes of life,
The friend, the mistress, and the wife,
Variety we still pursue,
In pleasure seek for something new;
Or else, comparing with the rest,
Take comfort, that our own is best;
The best we value by the worst,
(As tradesmen shew their trash at first:)
But his pursuits are at an end,
Whom Stella chooses for a friend.

A poet starving in a garret,
Conning old topics like a parrot,

Invokes his mistress and his muse,
 And stays at home for want of shoes:
 Should but his muse, descending, drop
 A slice of bread and mutton-chop; 30
 Or kindly, when his credit's out,
 Surprise him with a pint of stout; *
 Or patch his broken stocking-foals,
 Or send him in a peck of coals;
 Exalted in his mighty mind, 35
 He flies, and leaves the stars behind;
 Counts all his labours amply paid,
 Adores her for the timely aid.

Or, should a porter make enquiries
 For Chloe, Sylvia, Phillis, Iris, 40
 Be told the lodging, lane, and sign,
 The bow'rs that hold those nymphs divine;
 Fair Chloe would perhaps be found
 With footmen tippling under ground;
 The charming Sylvia beating flax, 45
 Her shoulders mark'd with bloody tracks;
 Bright Phillis mending ragged smocks;
 And radiant Iris in the pox.

These are the goddesses inroll'd
 In Curll's collection †, new and old, 50
 Whose scoundrel fathers would not know 'em,
 If they should meet them in a poem.

True poets can depress and raise,
 Are lords of infamy and praise;
 They are not scurrilous in satire, 55
 Nor will in panegyric flatter.

Unjustly

* A cant word for strong beer.

† See an account of Curll, in vol. 7.

Unjustly poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter clad in verse;
And all the fictions they pursue,
Do but insinuate what is true. 60

Now, should my praises owe their truth
To beauty, dress, or paint, or youth,
What Stoics call *without our pow'r*,
They could not be insur'd an hour:
'Twere grafting on an annual stock, 65
That must our expectation mock,
And, making one luxuriant shoot,
Die the next year for want of root:
Before I could my verses bring,
Perhaps you're quite another thing. 70

So Mævius, when he drain'd his scull
To celebrate some suburb-trull,
His similes in order set,
And ev'ry crambo he could get;
Had gone thro' all the common places 75
Worn out by wits, who rhyme on faces:
Before he could his poem close,
The lovely nymph had lost her nose.

Your virtues safely I commend;
They on no accidents depend: 80
Let Malice look with all her eyes,
She dares not say the poet lies.

Stella, when you these lines transcribe,
Left you should take them for a bribe,
Resolv'd to mortify your pride, 85
I'll here expose your weaker side.

Your spirits kindle to a flame,
Mov'd with the lightest touch of blame;

And when a friend in kindness tries
 To shew you where your error lies, 90
 Conviction does but more incense;
 Perverseness is your whole defence;
 Truth, judgment, wit, give place to spite,
 Regardless both of wrong and right;
 Your virtues all suspended wait 95
 Till Time hath open'd Reason's gate;
 And, what is worse, your passion bends
 Its force against your nearest friends,
 Which manners, decency, and pride,
 Have taught you from the world to hide: 100
 In vain; for see, your friend hath brought
 To public light your only fault;
 And yet a fault we often find
 Mix'd in a noble gen'rous mind;
 And may compare to *Ætna's* fire, 105
 Which, tho' with trembling, all admire;
 The heat that makes the summit glow,
 Enriching all the vales below.
 Those who in warmer climes complain
 From *Phœbus'* rays they suffer pain, 110
 Must own, that pain is largely paid
 By gen'rous wines beneath a shade.

Yet, when I find your passions rise,
 And anger sparkling in your eyes,
 I grieve those spirits should be spent, 115
 For nobler ends by nature meant.
 One passion with a diff'rent turn
 Makes wit inflame, or anger burn.
 So the sun's heat with diff'rent pow'rs
 Ripens the grape, the liquor sours. 120

Thus

Thus Ajax, when with rage possess'd,
 By Pallas breath'd into his breast,
 His valour would no more employ,
 Which might alone have conquer'd Troy;
 But, blinded by resentment, seeks
 For vengeance on his friends, the Greeks. 125

You think this turbulence of blood
 From stagnating preserves the flood,
 Which thus fermenting, by degrees
 Exalts the spirits, sinks the lees. 130

Stella, for once you reason wrong;
 For, should this ferment last too long,
 By time subsiding, you may find
 Nothing but acid left behind:
 From passion you may then be freed,
 When peevishness and spleen succeed. 135

Say, Stella, when you copy next,
 Will you keep strictly to the text?
 Dare you let these reproaches stand,
 And to your failing set your hand? 140
 Or, if these lines your anger fire,
 Shall they in baser flames expire?
 Whene'er they burn, if burn they must,
 They'll prove my accusation just.

* STELLA

* STELLA to Dr. SWIFT, on his Birth-Day, Nov. 30, 1721 †.

S T. Patrick's Dean, your country's pride,
 My early and my only guide,
 Let me among the rest attend,
 Your pupil and your humble friend,
 To celebrate, in female strains, 5
 The day that paid your mother's pains;
 Descend to take that tribute due
 In gratitude alone to you.

When men began to call me fair
 You interpos'd your timely care; 10
 You early taught me to despise
 The ogling of a coxcomb's eyes;
 Shew'd where my judgment was misplac'd;
 Refin'd my fancy and my taste.

Behold that beauty just decay'd, 15
 Invoking art to nature's aid;
 Forsook by her admiring train,
 She spreads her tatter'd nets in vain;
 Short was her part upon the stage;
 Went smoothly on for half a page; 20
 Her

† This poem shews the delicacy of Stella's taste. It is the only remaining performance of that improved and lovely woman that I know of in the poetic strain. It was given by Dr. Swift to a lady of his acquaintance, who had a great esteem for the virtues and accomplishments of the amiable Stella, although she never had the least intimacy with her. The Doctor assured this lady, that it was a piece entirely genuine from the hands of Stella, without any sort of correction whatsoever. *Swift.*—
 See *Bons mots de Stella*, in Vol. II. and her character in Dr. Swift's life, prefixed to Vol. I.

Her bloom was gone, she wanted art;
 As the scene chang'd, to change her part:
 She, whom no lover could resist,
 Before the second act was his'd.
 Such is the fate of female race
 With no endowments but a face;
 Before the thirti'th year of life
 A maid forlorn, or hated wife.

Stella to you, her tutor, owes
 That she has ne'er resembled those;
 Nor was a burden to mankind
 With half her course of years behind.
 You taught how I might youth prolong,
 By knowing what was right and wrong:
 How from my heart to bring supplies
 Of lustre to my fading eyes;
 How soon a beauteous mind repairs
 The loss of chang'd or falling hairs:
 How wit and virtue from within
 Send out a smoothness o'er the skin:
 Your lectures could my fancy fix,
 And I can please at thirty-six.
 The sight of Chloe at fifteen,
 Coquetting, gives not me the spleen;
 The idol now of every fool
 Till time shall make their passions cool;
 Then tumbling down time's steepy hill,
 While Stella holds her station still.
 Oh! turn your precepts into laws,
 Redeem the womens ruin'd cause,
 Retrieve lost empire to our sex,
 That men may bow their rebel necks.

Long

Long be the day that gave you birth,
 Sacred to friendship, wit, and mirth;
 Late dying may you cast a shred 55
 Of your rich mantle o'er my head;
 To bear with dignity my sorrow,
 One day alone, then die to-morrow.

THE JOURNAL OF A MODERN LADY.

Written in 1728.

IT was a most unfriendly part
 In you, who ought to know my heart,
 So well acquainted with my zeal
 For all the female commonweal——
 How could it come into your mind 5
 To pitch on me, of all mankind,
 Against the sex to write a satire,
 And brand me for a woman-hater?
 On me, who think them all so fair,
 They rival Venus to a hair; 10
 Their virtues never ceas'd to sing,
 Since first I learn'd to tune a string?
 Methinks, I hear the ladies cry,
 Will he his character belie?
 Must never our misfortunes end? 15
 And have we lost our only friend?
 Ah, lovely nymphs, remove your fears,
 No more let fall those precious tears.
 Sooner shall, &c.

[Here several verses are omitted.]

The

The hound be hunted by the hare, 20
Than I turn rebel to the fair.

'Twas you engag'd me first to write,
'Then gave the subject out of spite :
'The *journal of a modern dame*
Is by my promise what you claim. 25
My word is past, I must submit ;
And yet perhaps you may be bit.
I but transcribe ; for not a line
Of all the satire shall be mine.
Compell'd by you to tag in rhymes 30
The common slanders of the times,
Of modern times, the guilt is yours,
And me my innocence secures.
Unwilling muse, begin thy lay,
The annals of a female day. 35

By nature turn'd to play the rake well,
(As we shall shew you in the sequel,)
'The modern dame is wak'd by noon,
(Some authors say, not quite so soon,)
Because, though sore against her will, 40
She sat all night up at *Quadrille*.
She stretches, gapes, unglues her eyes,
And asks if it be time to rise ;
Of headach and the spleen complains ;
And then to cool her brains, 45
Her night-gown and her slippers brought her,
Takes a large dram of citron water.
Then to her glass ; and, " Betty, pray
" Don't I look frightfully to-day ?

" But,

" But, was it not confounded hard? 50

" Well, if I ever touch a card!

" Four *mattadores*, and lose *codille*!

" Depend upon't, I never will.

" But run to Tom, and bid him fix

" The ladies here to-night by fix." 55

Madam, the goldsmith waits below;

He says, his business is to know

If you'll redeem the silver cup

He keeps in pawn?—" Why, flew him up."

Your dressing-plate he'll be content 60

To take, for int'rest *cent. per cent.*

And, Madam, there's my Lady Spade

Hath sent this letter by her maid.

" Well, I remember what she won;

" And hath she sent so soon to dun? 65

" Here, carry down those ten pistoles

" My husband left to pay for coals:

" I thank my stars, they all are light;

" And I may have revenge to-night."

Now loit'ring o'er her tea and cream, 70

She enters on her usual theme;

Her last night's ill success repeats,

Calls Lady Spade a hundred cheats:

" She flipt Spadillo in her breast,

" Then thought to turn it to a jest: 75

" There's Mrs. Cut and she combine,

" And to each other give the sign."

Through ev'ry game pursues her tale,

Like hunters o'er their ev'ning-ale.

Now

Now to another scene give place : 80
 Enter the folks with filks and lace :
 Fresh matter for a world of chat,
 Right Indian this, right Mechlin that :
 Observe this pattern ; there's a stuff ;
 I can have customers enough. 85
 Dear madam, you are grown so hard——
 This lace is worth twelve pounds a yard :
 Madam, if there be any truth in man,
 I never sold so cheap a fan.

This bus'ness of importance o'er, 90
 And madam almost dress'd by four,
 The footman, in his usual phrase,
 Comes up with, "Madam, dinner stays."
 She answers in her usual style,
 "The cook must keep it back a while : 95
 "I never can have time to dress ;
 "No woman breathing takes up less ;
 "I'm hurried so, it makes me sick ;
 "I wish the dinner at Old Nick."
 At table now she acts her part, 100
 Has all the dinner-cant by heart :
 "I thought we were to dine alone,
 "My dear ; for sure, if I had known
 "This company would come to day—
 "But really 'tis my spouse's way ; 105
 "He's so unkind, he never sends
 "To tell when he invites his friends :
 "I wish ye may but have enough."
 And while with all this paltry stuff

She sits tormenting ev'ry guest, 110
 Nor gives her tongue one moment's rest,
 In phrases batter'd, stale and trite,
 Which modern ladies call polite;
 You see the booby husband sit
 In admiration at her wit! 115

But let me now a while survey
 Our madam o'er her ev'ning-tea;
 Surrounded with her noisy clans
 Of prudes, coquets, and harridans;
 When, frighted at the clam'rous crew, 120
 Away the god of *Silence* flew,
 And fair *Discretion* left the place,
 And *Modesty* with blushing face:
 Now enters overweening *Pride*,
 And *Scandal* ever gaping wide; 125
Hypocrisy with frown severe,
Scurrility with gibing air;
 Rude *Laughter* seeming like to burst,
 And *Malice* always judging worst;
 And *Vanity* with pocket-glass, 130
 And *Impudence* with front of brass;
 And study'd *Affectation* came,
 Each limb and feature out of frame;
 While *Ignorance*, with brain of lead,
 Flew hov'ring o'er each female head. 135

Why should I ask of thee, my muse,
 An hundred tongues, as poets use,
 When, to give ev'ry dame her due,
 An hundred thousand were too few?

Or,

Or, how should I, alas! relate 140
The sum of all their senseless prate,
Their innuendos, hints, and flanders,
Their meanings lewd, and double entendres?
Now comes the gen'ral scandal-charge;
What some invent, the rest enlarge; 145
And, "Madam, if it be a lie,
"You have the tale as cheap as I:
"I must conceal my author's name;
"But now 'tis known to common fame."

Say, foolish females, bold and blind, 150
Say, by what fatal turn of mind,
Are you on vices most severe,
Wherein yourselves have greatest share?
Thus ev'ry fool herself deludes;
The prude condemns the absent prudes: 155
Mopsa, who stinks her spouse to death,
Accuses Chloe's tainted breath;
Hircina, rank with sweat, presumes
To censure Phillis for perfumes;
While crooked Cynthia sneering says, 160
That Florimel wears iron stays:
Chloe, of every coxcomb jealous,
Admires how girls can talk with fellows,
And, full of indignation, frets,
That women should be such coquets: 165
Iris, for scandal most notorious,
Cries, "Lord, the world is so censorious!"
And Rufa, with her combs of lead,
Whispers that Sappho's hair is red:

Aura, whose tongue you hear a mile hence, 170
 Talks half a day in praise of silence :
 And Sylvia, full of inward guilt,
 Calls Amoret an arrant jilt.

Now voices over voices rise,
 While each to be the loudest vies ; 175
 They contradict, affirm, dispute,
 No single tongue one moment mute ;
 All mad to speak, and none to hearken,
 They set the very lap-dog barking ;
 Their chatt'ring makes a louder din 180
 Than fishwives o'er a cup of gin :
 Not schoolboys at a barring-out
 Rais'd ever such incessant rout :
 The jumbling particles of matter
 In chaos made not such a clatter ; 185
 Far less the rabble roar and rail,
 When drunk with four election-ale.

Nor do they trust their tongue alone,
 But speak a language of their own ;
 Can read a nod, a shrug, a look, 190
 Far better than a printed book ;
 Convey a libel in a frown,
 And wink a reputation down ;
 Or, by the tossing of a fan,
 Describe the lady and the man. 195

But see, the female club disbands,
 Each twenty visits on her hands.
 Now all alone poor Madam sits
 In vapours and hysteric fits :

“ And

"And was not Tom this morning sent?" 200

"I'd lay my life he never went :

"Past six, and not a living soul !

"I might by this have won a vole."

A dreadful interval of spleen !

How shall we pass the time between ? 205

"Here, Betty, let me take my drops :

"And feel my pulse, I know it stops :

"This head of mine, Lord, how it swims !

"And such a pain in all my limbs !"

Dear Madam, try to take a nap—— 210

But now they hear a footman's rap :

"Go run, and light the ladies up :

"It must be one before we sup."

The table, cards, and counters set,

And all the gamester-ladies met, 215

Her spleen and fits recover'd quite,

Our Madam can sit up all night ;

"Whoever comes, I'm not within"——

Quadrille's the word, and so begin.

How can the muse her aid impart, 220

Unskill'd in all the terms of art ?

Or in harmonious numbers put

The deal, the shuffle, and the cut ?

The superstitious whims relate,

That fill a female gamester's pate ? 225

What agony of soul she feels

To see a *knave's* inverted heels ?

She draws up card by card, to find

Good fortune peeping from behind ;

With panting heart, and earnest eyes, 230
 In hope to see *Spadillo* rise :
 In vain, alas ! her hope is fed ;
 She draws an ace, and sees it red.
 In ready counters never pays,
 But pawns her snuff-box, rings and keys ; 235
 Ever with some new fancy struck,
 Tries twenty charms to mend her luck.
 " This morning, when the *parson* came,
 " I said I should not win a game.
 " This odious chair, how came I stuck in't ? 240
 " I think I never had good luck in't.
 " I'm so uneasy in my stays ;
 " Your fan, a moment, if you please.
 " Stand further, girl, or get you gone ;
 " I always lose when you look on." 245
 Lord ! Madam, you have lost codille :
 I never saw you play so ill.
 " Nay, Madam, give me leave to say,
 " 'Twas you that threw the game away ;
 " When Lady Tricksey play'd a four, 250
 " You took it with a mattadore ;
 " I saw you touch your wedding-ring
 " Before my Lady call'd a king :
 " You spoke a word began with H,
 " And I know whom you meant to teach, 255
 " Because you held the king of hearts ;
 " Fie, Madam, leave these little arts."
 That's not so bad as one that rubs
 Her chair to call the king of clubs,
 And makes her partner understand 260
 A mattadore is in her hand.

" Madam,

"Madam, you have no cause to flounce,
 "I swear I saw you thrice renounce."
 And, truly, Madam, I know when
 Instead of five you scor'd me ten. 265
 Spadillo here has got a mark;
 A child may know it in the dark:
 I guess the hand; it seldom fails:
 I wish some folks would pair their nails.

While thus they rail, and scold, and storm, 270
 It passes but for common form;
 And conscious that they all speak true,
 They give each other but their due,
 It never interrupts the game,
 Or makes them sensible of shame. 275

The time too precious now to waste,
 And supper gobbled up in haste,
 Again afresh to cards they run,
 As if they had but just begun.
 But I shall not again repeat, 280
 How oft they squabble, snarl, and cheat.
 At last they hear the watchman knock,
A frosty morn——past four o'clock.
 The chairmen are not to be found,
 "Come, let us play the other round." 285

Now, all in haste they huddle on
 Their hoods and cloaks, and get them gone;
 But first the winner must invite
 The company to-morrow night.

Unlucky

Unlucky Madam, left in tears, 290
 (Who now again Quadrille forswears)
 With empty purse and aching head,
 Steals to her sleeping spouse to bed.

THE COUNTRY-LIFE.

Part of a Summer spent at the House of GEORGE
 ROCHFORD, Esq;

Written in the year 1723.

THalia, tell in sober lays,
 How George, Nim, Dan, Dean, pass their
 days.

Begin, my muse. First from our bow'rs
 We fall forth at diff'rent hours;
 At seven the Dean, in night-gown dress'd, 5
 Goes round the house to wake the rest;
 At nine, grave Nim and George facetious
 Go to the dean to read Lucretius;
 At ten, my Lady comes and hectors,
 And kisses George, and ends our lectures; 10
 And when she has him by the neck fast,
 Hauls him, and scolds us down to breakfast.
 We squander there an hour or more,
 And then all hands, boys, to the oar,
 All, heteroclite Dan except, 15
 Who neither time nor order kept,
 But, by particular whimsies drawn,
 Peeps in the ponds to look for spawn;

O'ersees:

O'ersees the work, or Dragon * rows,
 Or mars a text, or mends his hose; 20
 Or—but proceed we in our journal——
 At two, or after, we return all:
 From the four elements assembling,
 Warn'd by the bell, all folks come trembling:
 From airy garrets some descend, 25
 Some from the lake's remotest end:
 My Lord and Dean the fire forsake,
 Dan leaves the earthly spade and rake:
 The loit'ers quake, no corner hides them,
 And Lady Betty soundly chides them. 30
 Now water's brought, and dinner's done:
 With church and king the Lady's gone;
 (Not reck'ning half an hour we pass
 In talking o'er a mod'rate glass,)
 Dan, growing drowsy, like a thief 35
 Steals off to dose away his beef;
 And this must pass for reading Hammond——
 While George and Dean go to backgammon.
 George, Nim, and Dean set out at four,
 And then again, boys, to the oar. 40
 But when the sun goes to the deep,
 (Not to disturb him in his sleep,
 Or make a rumbling o'er his head,
 His candle out, and he a-bed,)
 We watch his motions to a minute, 45
 And leave the flood, when he goes in it.
 Now stinted in the short'ning day,
 We go to pray'rs, and then to play,

Till

* My Lord Chief Baron's smaller boat.

Till supper comes; and after that
 We sit an hour to drink and chat. 50
 'Tis late——the old and younger pairs,
 By Adam † lighted, walk up stairs.
 The weary Dean goes to his chamber;
 And Nim and Dan to garret clamber,
 So when the circle we have run, 55
 The curtain falls, and all is done.

I might have mention'd sev'ral facts,
 Like episodes between the acts;
 And tell who loses, and who wins,
 Who gets a cold, who breaks his shins; 60
 How Dan caught nothing in his net,
 And how the boat was overset.
 For brevity I have retrench'd
 How in the lake the Dean was drench'd:
 It would be an exploit to brag on, 65
 How valiant George rode o'er the Dragon,
 How steady in the storm he sat,
 And sav'd his oar, but lost his hat:
 How Nim (no hunter e'er could match him)
 Still brings us hares, when he can catch 'em: 70
 How skilfully Dan mends his nets;
 How fortune fails him when he sets:
 Or how the Dean delights to vex
 The ladies, and lampoon the sex:
 Or how our neighbour lifts his nose, 75
 To tell what ev'ry schoolboy knows;
 Then with his finger on his thumb
 Explaining, strikes opposers dumb:
 Or how his wife, that female pedant,
 (But now there need no more be said on't,) 80
 Shews

† The butler.

Shews all her secrets of housekeeping ;
 For candles how she trucks her dripping ;
 Was forc'd to send three miles for yeast,
 To brew her ale, and raise her paste ;
 Tells every thing that you can think of, 85
 How she cur'd Tommy of the chincough ;
 What gave her brats and pigs the measles,
 And how her doves were kill'd by weasels ;
 How Jowler howl'd, and what a fright
 She had with dreams the other night. 90

But now, since I have gone so far on,
 A word or two of Lord Chief Baron ; †
 And tell how little weight he sets
 On all Whig papers, and gazettes ;
 But for the politics of Pue, * 95
 Thinks ev'ry syllable is true.

And since he owns the King of Sweden
 Is dead at last, without evading,
 Now all his hopes are in the Czar :
 " Why, Muscovy is not so far : 100
 " Down the Black Sea, and up the Streights,
 " And in a month he's at your gates ;
 " Perhaps, from what the packet brings,
 " By Christmas we shall see strange things."

Why should I tell of ponds and drains, 105
 What carps we met with for our pains ;
 Of sparrows tam'd, and nuts innumerable
 To choak the girls, and to consume a rabble ?
 But you, who are a scholar, know
 How transient all things are below, 110

How

† Mr. Rochfort's father.

* A tory news-writer.

How prone to change is human life !
 Last night arriv'd Clem. || and his wife——
 This grand event hath broke our measures ;
 Their reign began with cruel seizures :
 The Dean must with his quilt supply 115
 The bed in which those tyrants lie.
 Nim lost his wig-block, Dan his *jordan*,
 (My Lady says, she can't afford one ;)
 George is half scar'd out of his wits,
 For Clem. gets all the dainty bits. 120
 Henceforth expect a diff'rent survey,
 This house will soon turn topsy-turvy,
 They talk of further alterations,
 Which causes many speculations.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Written in the year 1728.

DERMOT, SHEELAH.

A Nymph and swain, *Sheelah* and *Dermot* hight,
 Who went to weed the court of Gosford
*Knight, **
 While each with stubbed knife remov'd the roots
 That rais'd between the stones their daily shoots ;
 As at their work they sat in counter view, 5
 With mutual beauty smit, their passion grew :
 Sing, heavenly muse ! in sweetly-flowing strain,
 The soft endearments of the nymph and swain.

Der.

|| Mr. Clement Barry.

* Sir Arthur Acheson, whose great grandfather was Sir Archibald of Gosford in Scotland.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 229

Der. My love to Sheelah is more firmly fixt,
Than strongest weeds that grow these stones betwixt:
My spud these nettles from the stones can part, 11
No knife so keen to weed thee from my heart.

She. My love for gentle Dermot faster grows,
Than yon tall dock that rises to thy nose.
Cut down the dock, 'twill sprout again; but oh! 15
Love rooted out, again will never grow.

Der. No more that bri'r thy tender legs shall rake;
(I spare the thistle for Sir Arthur's † sake.
Sharp are the stones; take thou this rushy mat;
The hardest bum will bruise with sitting squat. 20

She. Thy breeches torn behind stand gaping wide;
This petticoat shall save thy dear backside;
Nor need I blush, although you feel it wet;
Dermot, I vow, 'tis nothing else but sweat.

Der. At an old stubborn root I chanc'd to tug, 25
When the Dean threw me this tobacco plug;
A longer ha'-p'orth never did I see;
This, dearest Sheelah, thou shalt share with me.

She. In at the pantry-door this morn I slipt,
And from the shelf a charming crust I whipt; 30
Dennis ‡ was out, and I got hither safe;
And thou, my dear, shalt have the bigger half.

Der. When you saw Tady at long-bullets play,
You sat and lous'd him all the sun-shine day.
How could you, Sheelah, listen to his tales, 35
Or crack such lice as his between your nails?

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U

She.

† Who is a great lover of Scotland.

‡ Sir Arthur's butler.

230 A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

She. When you with Oonah stood behind a ditch,
I peep'd, and saw you kiss the dirty bitch,
Dermot, how could you touch those nesty fluts !
I almost wish'd this spud were in your guts. 40

Der. If Oonah once I kiss'd, forbear to chide :
Her aunt's my gossip by my father's side :
But if I ever touch her lips again,
May I be doom'd for life to weed in rain.

She. Dermot, I swear though Tady's locks could
hold 45
Ten thousand lice, and ev'ry louse was gold,
Him on my lap you never more should see ;
Or may I lose my weeding-knife——and thee.

Der. Oh ! could I earn for thee, my lovely lass,
I pair of brogues to bear thee dry to mafs ! 50
But see, where Norah with the fowins comes——
Then let us rise, and rest our weary bums.

MARY the COOK-MAID'S LETTER to
Dr. SHERIDAN.

Written in the year 1723.

WELL, if ever I saw such another man
since my mother bound my head !
You a gentleman ! marry come up, I wonder
where you were bred.
I am sure such words does not become a man of
your cloth ;
I would not give such language to a dog, faith
and troth.

Yes,

THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER. 231

Yes, you call'd my master a knave: fie, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis a shame 5

For a parson, who should know better things, to come out with such a name:

Knave in your teeth, Mr. Sheridan! 'tis both a shame and a sin;

And the Dean my master is an honest man than you and all your kin:

He has more goodness in his little finger than you have in your whole body:

My master is a personable man, and not a spindle-shank'd hoddy-doddy. 10

And now, whereby I find you would fain make an excuse,

Because my master one day, in anger, call'd you goose;

Which, and I am sure, I have been his servant four years since October,

And he never call'd me worse than *sweet heart*, drunk or sober:

Not that I know his Reverence was ever concern'd to my knowledge, 15

Though you and your come-rogues keep him out so late in your wicked college.

You say you will eat grass on his grave: A Christian eat grass!

Whereby you now confess yourself to be a goose or an ass:

But that's as much as to say, that my master should die before ye;

Well, well, that's as God pleases; and I don't believe that's a true story: 20

232 THE COOK-MAID'S LETTER.

And so say I told you so, and you may go tell
my master; what care I?

And I don't care who knows it; 'tis all one to
Mary.

Every body knows, that I love to tell truth, and
shame the devil.

I am but a poor servant; but I think gentlefolks
should be civil.

Besides, you found fault with our victuals one
day that you was here; 25

I remember it was on a Tuesday, of all days in
the year.

And Saunders the man says you are always jest-
ing and mocking:

Mary, said he, (one day, as I was mending my
master's stocking,)

My master is so fond of that minister that keeps
the school——

I thought my master a wise man, but that man
makes him a fool. 30

Saunders, said I, I would rather than a quart of
ale

He would come into our kitchen, and I would
pin a dishclout to his tail.

And now I must go, and get Saunders to direct
this letter;

For I write but a sad scrawl; but my sister Mar-
get she writes better.

Well, but I must run and make the bed, before
my master comes from pray'rs; 35

And see now, it strikes ten, and I hear him com-
ing up stairs:

Whereof

Whereof I could say more to your verses, if I
 could write written hand :
 And so I remain, in a civil way, your servant to
 command, MARY.

A DIALOGUE between MAD MULLINIX
 and TIMOTHY. †

Written in the year 1728.

M. I Own, 'tis not my bread and butter ;
 But pry'thee, Tim, why all this clutter ?
 Why ever in these raging fits,
 Damning to hell the Jacobites ?
 When, if you search the kingdom round, 5
 There's hardly twenty to be found ;
 No, not among the *priests* and *friars*——

T. 'Twixt you and me, G—— damn the liars.

M. The Tories are gone ev'ry man over
 To our illustrious house of Hanover ; 10
 From all their conduct this is plain ;
 And then——

T. —— G—— damn the liars again.
 Did not an Earl but lately vote,
 To bring in (I could cut his throat)
 Our whole accounts of public debts ? 15

M. Lord ! how this frothy coxcomb frets ! [*aside*.

T. Did not an able statesman-bishop
 This dang'rous horrid motion dish up
 As Popish craft ? did he not rail on't ?
 Shew fire and faggot in the tail on't ? 20

U 3

Proving

† See Tim and the fables, in vol. 9.

234 A DIALOGUE BETWEEN

Proving the Earl a grand offender,
And in a plot for the *pretender*.
Whose fleet, 'tis all our friends opinion,
Was then embarking at Avignon.

M. These brangling jars of Whig and Tory 25
Are stale, and worn as Troy-town story.
The wrong, tis certain, you were both in,
And now you find you fought for nothing.
Your faction, when their game was new,
Might want such noisy fools as you; 30
But you, when all the show is past,
Resolve to stand it out at last;
Like Martin Marall, gaping on, *
Nor minding when the song is done.
When all the *bees* are gone to settle, 35
You clatter still your brazen kettle.
The leaders whom you listed under,
Have dropt their arms, and seiz'd the plunder;
And when the war is past, you come
To rattle in their ears your drum: 40
And as that hateful hideous Grecian
Thersites (he was your relation)
Was more abhorr'd and scorn'd by those
With whom he serv'd, than by his foes;
So thou art grown the detestation 45
Of all thy party through the nation:

Thy

* Sir Martin Marall is a character in one of Dryden's comedies. Sir Martin was to serenade his mistress; but as he could not play, his man undertook to conceal himself, and do it for him, while he should thrum the instrument; but this ingenious project miscarried, by the knight's continuing his exercise when the music was at an end. *Hawkes*.

Thy peevish and perpetual teasing
 With plots, and Jacobites, and treason:
 Thy busy, never-meaning face,
 Thy screw'd-up front, thy state-grimace, 50
 Thy formal nods, important sneers,
 Thy whisp'rings foisted in all ears,
 (Which are, whatever you may think,
 But nonsense wrapt up in a stink,)
 Have made thy presence, in a true sense, 55
 To thy own side so damn'd a nuisance,
 That when they have you in their eye,
 As if the devil drove, they fly.

T. My good friend Mullinix, forbear;
 I vow to G—, you're too severe: 60
 If it could ever yet be known
 I took advice, except my own,
 It should be yours: but d—— my blood,
 I must pursue the public good:
 The faction (is it not notorious?) 65
 Keck at the memory of *glorious*:
 'Tis true; nor need I to be told,
 My *quondam* friends are grown so cold,
 That scarce a creature can be found
 To prance with me his statue round. 70
 The public safety, I foresee,
 Henceforth depends alone on me;
 And while this vital breath I blow,
 Or from above, or from below,
 I'll sputter, swagger, curse, and rail, 75
 The Tories terror, scourge, and flail.

M. Tim, you mistake the matter quite;
 The Tories! you are their *delight*;

And

And should you act a diff'rent part,
 Be grave and wise, 'twould break their heart. 80
 Why, Tim, you have a taste I know,
 And often see a *puppet-show* :
 Observe, the audience is in pain,
 While Punch is hid behind the scene :
 But when they hear his rusty voice, 85
 With what impatience they rejoice !
 And then they value not two straws,
 How Solomon decides the cause,
 Which the true mother, which *pretender* ;
 Nor listen to the witch of Endor. 90
 Should Faustus, with the devil behind him,
 Enter the stage, they never mind him :
 If Punch, to spur their fancy, shows
 In at the door his monstrous nose,
 Then sudden draws it back again : 95
 O what a pleasure mix'd with pain !
 You ev'ry moment think an age,
 Till he appears upon the stage :
 And first his bum you see him clap
 Upon the Queen of Sheba's lap : 100
 The Duke of Lorrain drew his sword ;
 Punch roaring run, and running roar'd,
 Revil'd all people, in his jargon,
 And sold the King of Spain a bargain ;
 St. George himself he plays the wag on, 105
 And mounts astride upon the *dragon* ;
 He gets a thousand thumps and kicks,
 Yet cannot leave his roguish tricks :
 In ev'ry action thrusts his nose ;
 The reason why, no mortal knows : 110
 In

In doleful scenes that break our heart,
 Punch comes, like you, and let's a f—t.
 There's not a puppet made of wood,
 But what would hang him, if they could ;
 While, teasing all, by all he's teaz'd, 115
 How well are the spectators pleas'd !

Who in the motion have no share,
 But purely come to hear and stare ;
 Have no concern for Sabra's sake,
 Which gets the better, faint or snake, 120
 Provided Punch (for there's the jest)
 Be soundly maul'd, and plague the rest.

Thus, Tim, philosophers suppose,
The world consists of puppet-shows ;
 Where petulant conceited fellows 125
 Perform the part of Punchinelloes :
 So at this booth, which we call Dublin,
 Tim, thou'rt the Punch to stir up troubl' in ;
 You wriggle, fidge, and make a rout,
 Put all your brother-puppets out, 130
 Run on in a perpetual round
 To teaze, perplex, disturb, confound,
 Intrude with monkey grin and clatter
 To interrupt all serious matter,
 Are grown the nuisance of your *clan*, 135
 Who hate and scorn you to a man :
 But then the lookers-on, the Tories,
 You still divert with merry stories ;
 They would consent that all the crew
 Were hang'd, before they'd part with you. 140

But tell me, Tim, upon the spot,
 By all this coil what hast thou got ?
 If

If Tories must have all the sport,
I fear you'd be disgrac'd at *court*.

T. Got? D—— my blood, *I frank my letters*, 145
Walk to my place before my betters,
And, simple as I now stand here,
Expect in time to be a peer——

Got? D—— me, why, I got my will!
Ne'er hold my peace, and ne'er stand still: 150
I f—t with twenty ladies by;
They call me beast; and what care I?
I bravely call the Tories Jacks,
And sons of whores——behind their backs.

But could you bring me once to think, 155
That when I strut, and stare, and stink,
Revile and slander, fume and storm,
Betray, make oath, impeach, inform,
With such a constant loyal zeal
To serve myself and commonweal, 160
And fret the Tories souls to death,
I did but lose my precious breath,
And when I damn my soul to plague 'em,
Am, as you tell me, but their may-game:
Consume my vitals! they should know, 165
I am not to be treated so;
I'd rather hang myself by half,
Than give those rascals cause to laugh.

But how, my friend, can I endure,
Once so renown'd, to live obscure? 170
No little boys and girls to cry,
There's nimble Tim a-passing by?
No more my dear delightful way tread
Of keeping up a *party-hatred?*

Will

Will none the Tory *dogs* pursue, 175
 When thro' the streets I cry *Halloo*?
 Must all my d——me's, bloods, and wounds,
 Pass only now for empty sounds?
 Shall Tory rascals be elected,
 Altho' I swear them disaffected? 180

And when I roar, *A plot, a plot*,
 Will our own party mind me not?
 So qualified to swear and lie,
 Will they not trust me for a *spy*?

Dear Mullinix, your good advice 185
 I beg; you see the case is nice:

O! were I equal in renown,
 Like thee to please this thankless town!
 Or bless'd with such engaging parts
 To win the truant schoolboys hearts! 190

Thy virtues meet their just reward,
 Attended by the *fable guard*.
 Charm'd by thy voice, the 'prentice drops
 The snow-ball destin'd at thy chops:
 Thy graceful steps, and col'nel's air, 195
 Allure the *cinder-picking fair*.

M. No more——in mark of true affection,
 I take thee under my protection:
 Thy parts are good, 'tis not deny'd;
 I wish they had been well apply'd. 200
 But now observe my counsel, (*viz.*)
 Adapt your habit to your phiz;
 You must no longer thus equip ye,
 As Horace says, *optat ephippia*;
 (There's Latin too, that you may see 205
 How much improv'd by Doctor ——)

I have

I have a coat at home, that you may try;
 'Tis just like this, which hangs by geometry.
 My hat has much the nicer air;
 Your block will fit it to a hair. 210
 That wig, I would not for the world
 Have it so formal, and so curl'd;
 'Twill be so oily and so sleek,
 When I have lain in it a week,
 You'll find it well prepar'd to take 215
 The figure of *toupee* or *snake*.
 Thus dress'd alike from top to toe,
 'That which is which 'tis hard to know,
 When first in public we appear,
 I'll lead the van, keep you the rear; 220
 Be careful, as you walk behind;
 Use all the talents of your mind;
 Be studious well to imitate
 My portly motion, mien, and gait;
 Mark my address, and learn my style, 225
 When to look scornful, when to smile;
 Nor sputter out your oaths so fast,
 But keep your swearing to the last.
 Then at our leisure we'll be witty,
 And in the streets divert the city; 230
 The ladies from the windows gaping,
 The children all our motions aping.
 Your conversation to refine,
 I'll take you to some friends of mine,
Choice spirits, who employ their parts 235
 To mend the world by useful arts;
 Some cleansing hollow tubes to spy
 Direct the zenith of the sky,

Some

MAD MULLINIX AND TIMOTHY. 241

Some have the city in their care,
 From noxious steams to purge the air ; 240
 Some teach us in these dangerous days
 How to walk upright in our ways ;
 Some whose reforming hands engage
 To lash the lewdness of the age ;
 Some for the public service go 245
 Perpetual envoys to and fro ;
 Whose able heads support the weight
 Of twenty ministers of state.
 We scorn, for want of talk, to jabber
 Of parties o'er our *bonny-clabber* : 250
 Nor are we studious to enquire,
 Who votes for manors, who for hire :
 Our care is to improve the mind
 With what concerns all human kind ;
 The various scenes of mortal life, 255
 Who beats her husband, who his wife ;
 Or how the bully at a stroke
 Knock'd down the boy, the lantern broke.
 One tells the rise of cheese and oat-meal ;
 Another when he got a hot meal ; 260
 One gives advice in proverbs old,
 Instructs us how to tame a scold ;
 Or how by *almanacks* 'tis clear,
 That herrings will be cheap this year.

T. Dear Mullinix, I now lament 265
 My precious time so long mispent,
 By nature meant for nobler ends :
 O, introduce me to your friends !
 For whom by birth I was design'd,
 Till politics debas'd my mind : 270

I give myself entire to you ;
G—— d—— the Whigs, and Tories too.

Extempore VERSES written at *Chester*, 1726.

YOUR mould'ring Walls are mending still,
Your Churches in neglect ly ;
But yet the scripture you fulfil,
By † walking circumspectly.

The Church and Clergy, here, no doubt, 5
Are very much a-kin ;
Both weather-beaten are without,
Both empty are within.

EPIGRAM, on seeing a worthy Prelate go
out of *St. Anne's Church*, in the Time of
Divine Service, to wait on his Grace the D. of
D——— on his Arrival.

LORD Pam in the church (could you think
it?) kneel'd down ;
But when told the Lieutenant was just come to
town,
His *station* despising, unaw'd by the *place*,
He flies from his *God* to attend on his *Grace* :
To the *court* it was fitter to pay his *devotion*, 5
Since *God* had no hand in his Lordship's *promotion*.

* EPIGRAM

† Round the walls.

* EPIGRAM from the FRENCH.

SIR, I admit your gen'ral rule,
 That ev'ry poet is a fool :
 But you yourself may serve to show it,
 That ev'ry fool is not a poet.

* EPITAPH on FRANCIS CHARTRES †.

Here continueth to rot
 The body of FRANCIS CHARTRES;
 Who, with an INFLEXIBLE CONSTANCY
 And INIMITABLE UNIFORMITY of life,
 PERSISTED,
 In spite of AGE and INFIRMITIES,
 In the practice of EVERY HUMAN VICE;
 Excepting *Prodigality* and *Hypocrisy* :
 His insatiable AVARICE exempted him from the
 first,
 His matchless IMPUDENCE from the second.

X 2

Nor

† FRANCIS CHARTRES was a man infamous for all manner of vices. When he was an ensign in the army, he was drummed out of the regiment for a cheat; he was next banished Brussels, and drummed out of Ghent, on the same account. After an hundred tricks at the gaming-tables, he took to lending of money at exorbitant interest, and on great penalties, accumulating premium, interest, and capital into a new capital, and seizing to a minute when the payments became due. In a word, by a constant attention to the vices, wants, and follies of mankind, he acquired

Nor was he more singular
In the undeviating *pravity* of his *manners*,
Than successful

In *accumulating* WEALTH:

For, without TRADE OR PROFESSION,
Without TRUST of PUBLIC MONEY,
And without BRIBE-WORTHY service,
He acquired, or, more properly, created,
A MINISTERIAL ESTATE.

He was the only person of his time,
Whocould CHEAT without the mask of HONESTY,
Retain his primeval MEANNESS
When possessed of TEN THOUSAND a-year;
And having daily deserved the GIBBET for what
he *did*,
Was at last condemned to it for what he *could*
not *do*.

O indignant reader!

Think not his life useless to mankind!

PROVIDENCE conniv'd † at his execrable designs,
To

quired an immense fortune. His house was a perpetual bawdy-house. He was twice condemned for rapes, and pardoned; but the last time not without imprisonment in Newgate, and large confiscations. He died in Scotland in 1731, aged 72. The populace, at his funeral, raised a great riot, almost tore the body out of the coffin, and cast dead dogs, &c. into the grave along with it. This epitaph contains his character, very justly drawn by Dr. Arbuthnot.—This gentleman was *worth seven thousand pounds a-year* estate in land, and about *one hundred thousand* in money. *Pope.*

† See vol. 9th.

To give to after-ages
 A conspicuous PROOF and EXAMPLE,
 Of how small estimation is EXORBITANT
 WEALTH
 In the sight of GOD,
 By his bestowing it on the most UNWORTHY of
 ALL MORTALS.

* *Joannes jacet hic Mirandula——cætera norunt
 Et Tagus et Ganges——forsan et Antipodes.*

Applied to FRANCIS CHARTRES.

HERE Francis Chartres lies——be civil !
 The rest God knows——perhaps the devil.

* E P I G R A M.

PETER complains, that God has given
 To his poor babe a life so short :
 Consider, Peter, he's in heaven ;
 'Tis good to have a friend at court.

* A N O T H E R.

YOU beat your pate, and fancy wit will come :
 Knock as you please, there's no body at home.

* E P I T A P H.

WELL, then, poor G—— lies under ground !
 So there's an end of honest Jack.
 So little justice here he found,
 'Tis ten to one he'll ne'er come back.

* EPIGRAM on the Toasts of the *Kit-Kat Club*.

Anno 1716.

WHence deathless *kit-kat* took its name,
 Few critics can unriddle;
 Some say from *pastry-cook* it came,
 And some from *cat* and *fiddle*.
 From no trim beaux its name it boasts, 5
 Grey statesmen, or green wits;
 But from this pell-mell pack of toasts
 Of old *cats* and young *kits*.

* To a LADY, with the *Temple of Fame*.

WHAT's fame with men, by custom of the
 nation,
 Is call'd in women only reputation:
 About them both why keep we such a pother?
 Part you with one, and I'll renounce the other.

* VERSES to be placed under the Picture of
 ENGLAND'S ARCH-POET; containing a com-
 plete catalogue of his Works.

SEE who ne'er was nor will be half-read!
 Who first sung Arthur §, then sung Alfred; †
 Prais'd great Eliza ‡ in God's anger,
 Till all true Englishmen cry'd, Hang her!

Made

§ Two heroic poems in folio, twenty books.

† Heroic poems, in twelve books.

‡ Heroic poems in folio, ten books.

Made William's virtues wipe the bare a—, 5
 And hang'd up Marlborough in *arras*: ||
 Then hiss'd from earth, grew heav'nly quite;
 Made ev'ry reader curse the *light*; §
 Maul'd human *wit* in one thick satire; ¶
 Next, in three books, sunk human *nature*; †† 10
 Undid *creation* ** at a jerk,
 And of *redemption* ‡‡ made damn'd work.
 Then took his muse at once, and dipt her
 Full in the middle of the scripture:
 What wonders there the man grown old did! 15
 Sternhold himself he *out-Sternholded*:
 Made David ||| seem so mad and freakish,
 All thought him just what thought King Achish.
 No mortal read his Solomon, §§
 But judg'd R'oboam his own son. 20
 Moses ¶¶ he serv'd as Moses Pharaoh,
 And Deborah as she Siferah;
 Made * Jeremy full fore to cry,
 And Job † himself curse God and die.
 What punishment all this must follow? 25
 Shall Arthur use him like King Tollo?
 Shall David as Uriah slay him?
 Or dext'rous Deb'rah Siferah him?

Or

|| Instructions to Vanderbank, a tapestry weaver.

§ Hymn to the light.

¶ Satire against wit.

†† Of the nature of man.

** Creation, a poem, in seven books.

‡‡ The Redeemer, another heroic poem, in six books.

||| Translation of all the Psalms.

§§ Canticles and Ecclesiastes.

¶¶ Paraphrase of the canticles of Moses and Deborah, &c.

* The Lamentations.

† The whole book of Job, a poem, in folio.

Or shall Eliza lay a plot
 To treat him like her sister Scot? 30
 Shall William dub his better end? §
 Or Marlborough serve him like a friend?
 No, none of these—Heav'n spare his life!
 But send him, honest Job, thy *wife*.

DR. SWIFT TO MR. POPE,

While he was writing the DUNCIAD.

POPE has the talent well to speak,
 But not to reach the ear;
 His loudest voice is low and weak,
 The *Dean* too deaf to hear.

A while they on each other look, 5
 Then different studies chuse;
 The *Dean* sits plodding on a book,
 Pope walks, and courts the muse.

Now backs of letters though design'd
 For those who more will need 'em, 10
 Are fill'd with hints, and interlin'd,
 Himself can hardly read 'em.

Each atom by some other struck,
 All turns and motions tries:
 Till in a lump together stuck, 15
 Behold a *poem* rise!

Yet

§ Kick him on the breech, not knight him on the shoulder.

Yet to the *Dean* his share allot,
 He claims it by a canon;
That without which a thing is not,
Is causa sine qua non. 20

Thus, Pope, † in vain you boast your wit;
 For, had our deaf divine
 Been for your conversation fit,
 You had not writ a line.

Of prelate thus for preaching fam'd 25
 'The sexton reason'd well;
 And justly half the merit claim'd,
 Because he *rang the bell.*

* B O U N C E TO F O P.

An EPISTLE from a Dog at TWICKENHAM
 to a Dog at Court.

TO thee, sweet Fop, these lines I send,
 Who, though no spaniel, am a friend.
 Though once my tail in wanton play
 Now frisking this and then that way,
 Chanc'd with a touch of just the tip 5
 To hurt your lady-lap-dog-ship:
 Yet thence to think I'd bite your head off!
 Sure Bounce is one you never read of.

Fop! you can dance, and make a leg,
 Can fetch and carry, cringe and beg, 10
 And

† A polite turn is given to this incident by Mr. Pope, in his letter to Dr. Sheridan.

And (what's the top of all your tricks)
 Can stoop to pick up *strings* and *sticks*.
 We country dogs love nobler sport,
 And scorn the pranks of dogs at court.
 Fie, naughty Fop! where-e'er you come, 15
 To fart and piss about the room,
 To lay your head in ev'ry lap,
 And, when they think not of you—snap!
 The worst that envy or that spite
 E'er said of me, is, I can bite; 20
 That idle gypsies, rogues in rags,
 Who poke at me, can make no brags;
 And that to towze such things as *flutter*,
 To honest Bounce is bread and butter.

While you, and ev'ry courtly fop, 25
 Fawn on the devil for a chop,
 I've the humanity to hate
 A butcher, though he brings me meat;
 And, let me tell you, have a nose,
 (Whatever stinking fops suppose,) 30
 That, under cloth of gold or tissue,
 Can smell a plaister or an issue.

Your pilf'ring lord with simple pride
 May wear a pick-lock at his side;
 My master wants no key of state, 35
 For Bounce can keep his house and gate.

When all such dogs have had their days,
 As knavish Pams, and fawning Trays;
 When pamper'd Cupids, beastly Venis,
 And motley, squinting Harlequinis, * 40
 Shall

* *Alii legunt Harvequinis.*

Shall lick no more their ladies br—, And O hna
 But die of looseness, claps or itch ; To mine (s d) pain oT
 Fair Thames from either echoing shore That two ind T
 Shall hear and dread my manly roar. Attending

See Bounce, like Berecynthia crown'd 45
 With thund'ring offspring all around ;
 Beneath, beside me, and at top,
 An hundred sons, and not one *fop* ! To let our

Before my children fet your beef,
 Not one true Bounce will be a thief ; 50
 Not one without permission feed,
 (Though some of J——n's hungry breed :)
 But whatsoe'er the father's race,
 From me they suck a little grace :
 While your fine whelps learn all to steal, 55
 Bred up by hand on chick and veal.

My eldest-born resides not far,
 Where shines great Strafford's glitt'ring star :
 My second (child of fortune !) waits
 At Burlington's Palladian gates : 60
 A third majestically stalks
 (Happiest of dogs !) in Cobham's walks :
 One ushers friends to Bathurst's door ;
 One fawns at Oxford's on the poor.

Nobles, whom arms or arts adorn, 65
 Wait for my infants yet unborn.
 None but a peer of wit and grace
 Can hope a puppy of my race.

And

252 ON THE LADY BURLINGTON.

And O! would fate the blifs decree
 To mine, (a blifs too great for me!) 70
 That two my tallest fons might grace,
 Attending each with ftately pace,
 Iulus' fide, as erft Evander's, †
 To keep off flatterers, spies, and panders,
 To let no noble flave come near, 75
 And fcare Lord Fannys from his ear :
 Then might a royal youth, and true,
 Enjoy at leaft a friend——or two ;
 A treasure, which of royal kind
 Few but himfelf deferve to find. 80

Then Bounce ('tis all that Bounce can crave)
 Shall wag her tail within the grave.

On the Countefs of BURLINGTON cutting
 PAPER.

Pallas grew vap'rifh once and odd ;
 She would not do the leaft right thing
 Either for goddeffs or for god,
 Nor work, nor play, nor paint, nor fmg.
 Jove frown'd, and "Ufe" (he cry'd) "thofe eyes 5
 "So fkilful, and thofe hands fo taper ;
 "Do fomethmg exquisite and wife"——
 She bow'd, obey'd him, and cut paper.
 This vexing him who gave her birth,
 Thought by all heav'n a burning fhame, 10
 What does fhe next, but bids on earth
 Her Burlington do juft the fame?

Pallas,

† Virg. Æn. 8.

Pallas, you give yourself strange airs;
 But sure you'll find it hard to spoil
 The sense and taste of one that bears 15
 The name of Savile and of Boyle.

Alas! one bad example shown,
 How quickly all the sex pursue!
 See, Madam! see, the arts o'erthrown
 Between John Overton and you. 20

* On a certain LADY at Court.

I Know the thing that's most uncommon,
 (Envy, be silent, and attend!)
 I know a reasonable woman,
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warp'd by passion, aw'd by rumour! 5
 Not grave through pride, or gay through folly;
 An equal mixture of good humour,
 And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then" (Envy says) "Sir?"
 Yes, she has one, I must aver: 10
 When all the world conspires to praise her,
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

To Dr. DELANY, on the LIBELS written against him.

—*Tanti tibi non sit opaci
Omnis arena Tagi.*

JUV.

Written in the year 1729.

AS some raw youth in country bred,
To arms by thirst of honour led,
When at a skirmish first he hears
The bullets whistling round his ears,
Will duck his head aside, will start, 5
And feel a trembling at his heart;
Till 'scaping oft without a wound
Lessens the terror of the sound:
Fly bullets now as thick as hops,
He runs into a cannon's chops. 10
An author thus who pants for fame,
Begins the World with fear and shame:
When first in print you see him dread
Each pop-gun levell'd at his head:
The lead yon critic's quill contains, 15
Is destin'd to beat out his brains.
As if he heard loud thunders roll,
Cries, Lord have mercy on his soul!
Concluding, that another shot
Will strike him dead upon the spot. 20
But, when with squibbing, flashing, popping,
He cannot see one creature dropping;
That, missing fire, or missing aim,
His life is safe, I mean his fame;

The

The danger past, takes heart of grace, 25
And looks a critic in the face.

Though splendor gives the fairest mark
To poison'd arrows from the dark,
Yet, *in yourself when smooth and round,* *
They glance aside without a wound. 30

'Tis said, the gods try'd all their art,
How Pain they might from Pleasure part;
But little could their strength avail;
Both still are fasten'd by the tail.
Thus Fame and Censure with a tether 35
By fate are always link'd together.

Why will you aim to be preferr'd
In wit before the common herd?
And yet grow mortify'd and vex'd
To pay the penalty annex'd? 40

'Tis eminence makes envy rise;
As fairest fruits attract the flies.
Should stupid libels grieve your mind,
You soon a remedy may find;
Lie down obscure like other folks 45
Below the lash of snarlers jokes.
Their faction is five hundred odds;
For every coxcomb lends them rods;
And sneers as learnedly as they;
Like females o'er their morning-tea. 50

You say, the muse will not contain,
And write you must, or break a vein.

Y 2

Then,

* *In seipso totus teres atque rotundus.*

Then, if you find the terms too hard,
 No longer my advice regard :
 But raise your fancy on the wing ; 55
 The Irish *senate's* praises sing ;
 How jealous of the nation's freedom,
 And for corruptions, how they weed 'em ;
 How each the public good pursues,
 How far their hearts from private views ; 60
 Make all true patriots up to shoe-boys
 Huzza their brethren at the Blue-boys ; *
 Thus grown a member of the club,
 No longer dread the rage of Grub.

How oft am I for rhyme to seek ! 65
 To dress a thought, I toil a week :
 And then how thankful to the town,
 If all my pains will earn a crown !
 Whilst every critic can devour
 My work and me in half an hour. 70
 Would men of genius cease to write,
 The rogues must die for want and spite ;
 Must die for want of food and raiment,
 If scandal did not find them payment.
 How cheerfully the hawkers cry 75
 A satire, and the gentry buy !
 While my hard-labour'd poem pines
 Unfold upon the printer's lines.

A *genius* in the rev'rend gown
 Must ever keep its owner down ; 80
 'Tis

* The Irish parliament sat at the Blue-boys hospital, while the new parliament-house was building.

'Tis an unnatural conjunction,
 And spoils the credit of the function.
 Round all your brethren cast your eyes;
 Point out the surest men to rise;
 That club of candidates in black, 85
 The least deserving of the pack,
 Aspiring, factious, fierce, and loud,
 With grace and learning unendow'd,
 Can turn their hands to ev'ry job,
 The fittest tools to work for Bob; * 90
 Will sooner coin a thousand lies,
 Than suffer men of parts to rise;
 They croud about preferment's gate,
 And press you down with all their weight.
 For, as of old, mathematicians 95
 Were by the vulgar thought magicians;
 So academic dull ale-drinkers
 Pronounce all men of wit *freethinkers*..

Wit, as the chief of virtue's friends,
 Disdains to serve ignoble ends. 100
 Observe what loads of stupid rhymes
 Oppress us in corrupted times:
 What pamphlets in a court's defence
 Shew reason, grammar, truth, or sense?
 For though the muse delights in fiction, 105
 She ne'er inspires against conviction.
 Then keep your virtue still unmix'd,
 And let not faction come betwixt:
 By party-steps no grandeur climb at,
 Tho' it would make you England's primate: 110

Y 3

First

* Sir Robert Walpole, afterwards Earl of Orford.

First learn the science to be dull,
 You then may soon your conscience lull;
 If not, however seated high,
 Your genius in your face will fly.

When Jove was from his teeming head 115
 Of wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
 There follow'd at his lying-in
 For after-birth a Sooterkin;
 Which, as the nurse pursu'd to kill,
 Attain'd by flight the muses hill; 120
 There in the soil began to root,
 And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
 From hence the critic vermin sprung
 With harpy claws and pois'nous tongue,
 Who fatten on poetic scraps, 125
 Too cunning to be caught in trapé.
 Dame Nature, as the learned shew,
 Provides each animal its foe:
 Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
 Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks: 130
 Thus envy pleads a nat'ral claim
 To persecute the muses fame;
 On poets in all times abusive,
 From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

Yet what avails it to complain? 135
 You try to take revenge in vain.
 A rat your utmost rage defies,
 That safe behind the wainscot lies:
 Say, did you ever know by sight
 In cheese an individual mite? 140

Shew

Shew me the same numeric flea,
 That bit your neck but yesterday :
 You then may boldly go in quest
 To find the Grub-street poets nest :
 What spunging-house in dread of jail 145
 Receives them, while they wait for bail ;
 What alley they are nestled in,
 To flourish o'er a cup of gin :
 Find the last garret where they lay,
 Or cellar where they starve to-day. 150
 Suppose you had them all trepann'd,
 With each a libel in his hand,
 What punishment would you inflict ?
 Or call 'em rogues, or get 'em kick'd ?
 These they have often try'd before ; 155
 You but oblige 'em so much more :
 Themselves would be the first to tell,
 To make their trash the better sell.

You have been libell'd——Let us know,
 What fool officious told you so ? 160
 Will you regard the hawker's cries,
 Who in his titles always lies ?
 Whate'er the noisy scoundrel says,
 It might be something in your praise :
 And praise bestow'd on Grub-street rhymes 165
 Would vex one more a thousand times.
 Till critics blame, and judges praise,
 The poet cannot claim his bays.
 On me, when dunces are satyric,
 I take it for a panegyric. 170
Hated by fools, and fools to hate,
Be that my motto, and my fate.
 On

ON D R E A M S.

An imitation of PETRONIUS.

Written in the year 1724.

Somnia quæ mentes ludunt volitantibus umbris, &c.

Those dreams, that on the silent night intrude,
 And with false flitting shades our minds delude,
 Jove never sends us downward from the skies;
 Nor can they from infernal mansions rise;
 But all are mere productions of the brain, 5
 And fools consult interpreters in vain.

For, when in bed we rest our weary limbs,
 The mind unburden'd sports in various whims;
 The busy head with mimic art runs o'er
 The scenes and actions of the day before. 10

The drowsy tyrant, by his minions led,
 To regal rage devotes some patriot's head.
 With equal terrors, not with equal guilt,
 The murd'rer dreams of all the blood he spilt.

The foldier smiling hears the widow's cries, 15
 And stabs the son before the mother's eyes.
 With like remorse his brother of the trade,
 The butcher, fells the lamb beneath his blade.

The statesman rakes the town to find a plot,
 And dreams of forfeitures by treason got. 20
 Nor less Tom-t—d-man, of true statesman mold,
 Collects the city-filth in search of gold.

Orphans.

Orphans around his bed the lawyer fees,
And takes the plaintiff's and defendant's fees.
His fellow pick-purse, watching for a job, 25
Fancies his fingers in the cully's fob.

The kind physician grants the husband's pray'rs,
Or gives relief to long expecting heirs.
The sleeping hangman ties the fatal noose,
Nor unsuccessful waits for deadmen's shoes. 30

The grave divine with knotty points perplex'd,
As if he was awake, nods o'er his text :
While the fly mountebank attends his trade,
Harangues the rabble, and is better paid.

The hireling senator of modern days 35
Bedaubs the guilty great with nauseous praise :
And Dick the scavenger with equal grace
Flirts from his cart the mud in W—l—le's face.

TO STELLA, visiting me in my sickness.
October 1727.

PALLAS, observing Stella's wit
Was more than for her sex was fit,
And that her beauty, soon or late,
Might breed confusion in the state,
In high concern for human-kind, 5
Fix'd *honour* in her infant mind.

But, (not in wranglings to engage
With such a stupid vicious age,)
If honour I would here define,
It answers faith in things divine, 10
As

As nat'ral life the body warms,
 And, scholars teach, the soul informs;
 So honour animates the whole,
 And is the spirit of the soul.
 Those num'rous virtues which the tribe 15
 Of tedious moralists describe,
 And by such various titles call,
 True honour comprehends them all.
 Let melancholy rule supreme,
 Choler preside, or blood, or phlegm. 20
 It makes no diff'rence in the case,
 Nor is complexion honour's place.

But, lest we should for honour take
 The drunken quarrels of a rake;
 Or think it seated in a scar, 25
 Or on a prood triumphal car,
 Or in the payment of a debt
 We lose with sharpeners at Picquet;
 Or when a whore in her vocation
 Keeps punctual to an assignation; 30
 Or that on which his Lordship swears,
 When vulgar knaves would lose their ears;
 Let Stella's fair example preach
 A lesson she alone can teach.

In points of honour to be try'd, 35
 All passions must be laid aside:
 Ask no advice, but think alone;
 Suppose the question not your own:
 How shall I act? is not the case;
 But how would Brutus in my place? 40
 In

In such a case would Cato bleed?
And how would Socrates proceed?

Drive all objections from your mind,
Else you relapse to human-kind;
Ambition, avarice, and lust, 45
And factious rage, and breach of trust,
And flattery tipt with nauseous floor,
And guilty shame, and servile fear,
Envy, and cruelty, and pride,
Will in your tainted heart preside. 50

Heroes and heroines of old
By honour only were enroll'd
Among their brethren in the skies,
To which (though late) shall Stella rise.
Ten thousand oaths upon record 55
Are not so sacred as her word:
The world shall in its atoms end,
Ere Stella can deceive a friend.
By honour seated in her breast
She still determines what is best: 60
What indignation in her mind
Against enslavers of mankind!
Base kings, and ministers of state,
Eternal objects of her hate.

She thinks that nature ne'er design'd 65
Courage to man alone confin'd:
Can cowardice her sex adorn,
Which most exposes ours to scorn?
She wonders where the charm appears
In Florimel's affected fears; 70
For Stella never learn'd the art
At proper times to scream and start;

Nor

Nor calls up all the house at night,
 And swears she saw a thing in white.
 Doll never flies to cut her lace, 75
 Or throw cold water in her face,
 Because she heard a sudden drum,
 Or found an earwig in a plum.

Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
 Proceeds that fund of wit and sense; 80
 Which, though her modesty would shroud,
 Breaks like the sun behind a cloud;
 While gracefulness its art conceals,
 And yet through ev'ry motion steals.

Say, Stella, was Prometheus blind, 85
 And, forming you, mistook your kind?
 No; 'twas for you alone he stole
 The fire that forms a manly soul;
 Then, to complete it ev'ry way,
 He moulded it with female clay: 90
 To that you owe the nobler flame,
 To this the beauty of your frame.

How would Ingratitude delight,
 And how would Censure glut her spite,
 If I should Stella's kindness hide 95
 In silence, or forget with pride?
 When on my sickly couch I lay,
 Impatient both of night and day,
 Lamenting in unmanly strains,
 Call'd ev'ry pow'r to ease my pains; 100
 Then Stella ran to my relief
 With chearful face, and inward grief;
 And, though by heav'n's severe decree
 She suffers hourly more than me,

No

No cruel master could require 105
 From slaves employ'd for daily hire,
 What Stella, by her friendship warm'd,
 With vigour and delight perform'd;
 My sinking spirits now supplies
 With cordials in her hands and eyes; 110
 Now with a soft and silent tread
 Unheard she moves about my bed.
 I see her taste each nauseous draught,
 And so obligingly am caught:
 I bless the hand from whence they came, 115
 Nor dare distort my face for shame.

Best pattern of true friends, beware:
 You pay too dearly for your care,
 If, while your tenderness secures
 My life, it must endanger yours; 120
 For such a fool was never found,
 Who pull'd a palace to the ground,
 Only to have the ruins made
 Materials for an house decay'd.

VERSES on the Death of Dr. SWIFT, occasioned by reading the following Maxim in ROCHEFOUCAULT.

*Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons
toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaist pas.*

In the adversity of our best friends we always find
something that doth not displease us.

Written in Nov. 1731.

AS Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.

This maxim more than all the rest 5
Is thought too base for human breast:
“ In all distresses of our friends
“ We first consult our private ends:
“ While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
“ Points out some circumstance to please us.” 10

If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.

We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal rais'd above our size.

Who

Who would not at a crouded show 15
 Stand high himself, keep others low?
 I love my friend as well as you:
 But why should he obstruct my view?
 Then let me have the higher post;
 Suppose it but an inch at most. 20
 If in a battle you should find
 One, whom you love of all mankind,
 Had some heroic action done,
 A champion kill'd, or trophy won;
 Rather than thus be overtopp'd, 25
 Would you not wish his laurels cropp'd?
 Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
 Lies rack'd with pain, and you without:
 How patiently you hear him groan!
 How glad, the case is not your own! 30

What poet would not grieve to see
 His brother write as well as he?
 But, rather than they should excel,
 Would with his rivals all in hell?

Her end when emulation misses, 35
 She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
 The strongest friendship yields to pride,
 Unless the odds be on our side.

Vain human-kind! fantastic race!
 Thy various follies who can trace? 40
 Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
 Their empire in our hearts divide.
 Give others riches, power, and station;
 'Tis all on me an usurpation.

I have no title to aspire ; 45
 Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
 In Pope I cannot read a line,
 But with a sigh I wish it mine :
 When he can in one couplet fix
 More sense than I can do in six, 50
 It gives me such a jealous fit,
 I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
 I grieve to be outdone by Gay,
 In my own hum'rous biting way.
 Arbuthnot is no more my friend, 55
 Who dares to irony pretend,
 Which I was born to introduce,
 Refin'd it first, and shew'd its use.
 St. John, * as well as Pultney, † knows
 That I had some repute for prose ; 60
 And, till they drove me out of date,
 Could maul a minister of state.
 If they have mortify'd my pride,
 And made me throw my pen aside ;
 If with such talents heav'n hath bless'd 'em, 65
 Have I not reason to detest 'em ?

To all my foes, dear Fortune, send
 Thy gifts, but never to my friend :
 I tamely can endure the first ;
 But this with envy makes me burst. 70

Thus much may serve by way of proem ;
 Proceed we therefore to our poem.

The

* Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

† William Pultney, Esq; created Earl of Bath in 1742.

The time is not remote, when I
Must, by the course of nature, die;
When, I foresee, my special friends 75
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good;
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the Dean begins to break! 80
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead!
Besides, his memory decays: 85
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he din'd;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before. 90
How does he fancy, we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
'Faith he must make his stories shorter, 95
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round:
There must another set be found.

For poetry, he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme: 100
His fire is out, his wit decay'd,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen;—
But there's no talking to some men.

And then their tenderness appears 105
 By adding largely to my years :
 He's older than he would be reckon'd,
 And well remembers Charles the Second.
 He hardly drinks a pint of wine ;
 And that, I doubt, is no good sign. 110
 His stomach too begins to fail :
 Last year we thought him strong and hale ;
 But now he's quite another thing :
 I wish he may hold out till spring.
 They hug themselves, and reason thus ; 115
 It is not yet so bad with us.

In such a case they talk in tropes,
 And by their fears express their hopes.
 Some great misfortune to portend,
 No enemy can make a friend. 120
 With all the kindness they profess,
 The merit of a lucky guess
 (When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
 And servants answer, " Worse and worse !")
 Would please them better, than to tell, 125
 That, God be prais'd ! the Dean is well.
 Then he, who prophesy'd the best,
 Approves his foresight to the rest :
 " You know I always fear'd the worst,
 " And often told you so at first." 130
 He'd rather chuse that I should die,
 Than his prediction prove a lie.
 Not one foretels I shall recover ;
 But all agree to give me over.

Yet,

Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain 135:
 Just in the parts where I complain,
 How many a message would he send?
 What hearty pray'rs, that I should mend?
 Inquire what regimen I kept;
 What gave me ease, and how I slept? 140:
 And more lament when I was dead,
 Than all the sniv'lers round my bed.

My good companions, never fear;
 For tho' you may mistake a year,
 Tho' your prognostics run too fast, 145:
 They must be verifi'd at last.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 How is the Dean? He's just alive.
 Now the departing pray'r is read;
 He hardly breathes——The Dean is dead. 150:

Before the passing bell begun,
 The news thro' half the town is run.
 Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?
 I know no more than what the news is; 155:
 'Tis all bequeath'd to public uses.
 To public uses! there's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all——but first he dy'd. 160:
 And had the Dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?
 So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood?

Now

Now Grub-street wits are all employ'd; 165
 With elegies the town is cloy'd:
 Some paragraph in ev'ry paper
 To curse the *Dean*, or bless the *Drapier*. *
 The doctors, tender of their fame,
 Wisely on me lay all the blame. 170
 We must confess his case was nice;
 But he would never take advice.
 Had he been rul'd, for aught appears,
 He might have liv'd these twenty years;
 For when we open'd him, we found, 175
 That all his vital parts were sound.
 From Dublin soon to London spread,
 'Tis told at court, the *Dean* is dead, †
 And Lady Suffolk ‡ in the spleen
 Runs laughing up to tell—— 180
 The

* The author imagines, that the scribblers of the prevailing party, which he always opposed, will libel him after his death; but that others will remember him with gratitude, who consider the service he had done to Ireland, under the name of *M. B. Drapier*, by utterly defeating the destructive project of Wood's halfpence, in five letters to the people of Ireland, at that time read unversally, and convincing every reader. — See the letters, in vol. 3. & 4.

† The *Dean* supposed himself to die in Ireland, where he was born.

‡ Mrs. Howard, then Countess of Suffolk, and of the bed-chamber to the late Queen, professed much friendship for the *Dean*. The Queen, then Princess, sent a dozen times to the *Dean*, then in London, with her commands to attend her; which at last he did, by advice of all his friends. She often sent for him afterwards, and always treated him very graciously. He taxed her with a present worth ten pounds, which she promised before he should return to Ireland; but on his taking leave, the medals were not ready.

The *** so gracious mild and good,
 Cries, "Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
 "He's dead, you say; *** rot;
 "I'm glad the medals were forgot. *
 "I promis'd him, I own; but when? 185
 "I only was the *—* then,
 "But now as consort of the ***
 "You know 'tis quite a diff'rent thing."

Now Chartres, † at Sir Robert's ‡ levee,
 Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy: 190
 Why, if he dy'd without his shoes,
 (Cries Bob,) I'm sorry for the news:
 Oh, were the wretch but living still,
 And in his place my good friend Will! ||

Or

* The medals were to be sent to the Dean in four months;
 but——

† Col. Francis Chartres, though originally possessed of only a small paternal estate, amassed a prodigious fortune, both in England and Scotland. He had a way of insinuating himself into all ministers under every change, either as pimp, flatterer, or informer. He was tried at seventy for a rape, and came off by sacrificing a great part of his fortune.—See his character by Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope, above, p. 243.

‡ Sir Robert Walpole, then first minister of state, afterwards Earl of Orford. He treated the Dean, in 1726, with great distinction; invited him to dinner at Chelsea, with the Dean's friends, chosen on purpose; appointed an hour to talk with him of Ireland, to which kingdom and people the Dean found him no great friend; for he defended Wood's project of halfpence, &c. for which the Dean would see him no more: and upon his next year's return to England, Sir Robert, on an accidental meeting, made him a civil compliment; but the Dean never made him another visit.

|| William Pultney, Esq; since Earl of Bath. From being Sir Robert's

Or had a mitre on his head, 195
 Provided Bolingbroke were dead! *

Now Curll † his shop from rubbish drains :
 Three genuine tomes of Swift's remains !
 And then, to make them pass the glibber,
 Revis'd by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber. ‡ 200
 He'll treat me as he does my betters,
 Publish my will, my life, my letters ; ||

Revive

Robert's intimate friend, detesting his administration, he opposed his measures, and joined with Lord Bolingbroke to represent his conduct, in an excellent paper, called the Craftsman, which is still continued.

* Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke, Secretary of State to Queen Anne, of blessed memory. He was reckoned the most universal genius in Europe. Walpole, dreading his abilities, treated him most injuriously, working with King George I. who forgot his promise of restoring the said Lord, upon the restless importunity of Walpole.

† Curll hath been the most infamous bookseller of any age or country. His character in part may be found in Mr. Pope's Dunciad. He published three volumes all charged on the Dean, who never wrote three pages of them. He hath used many of the Dean's friends in almost as vile a manner.

‡ Three stupid verse-writers in London. The last, to the shame of the court, and the highest disgrace to wit and learning, was made Laureat. Moore, commonly called Jemmy Moore, son of Arthur Moore, whose father was jailor of Monaghan in Ireland. See the character of Jemmy Moore and Tibbalds [Theobald] in the Dunciad.

|| Curll was notoriously infamous for publishing the lives, letters, and last wills and testaments of the nobility and ministers of state, as well as of all the rogues who were hanged at Tyburn. He was in custody of the House of Lords, for publishing or forging the letters of many peers; which made the Lords enter a resolution in their journal-book, that no life or writings of any Lord should be published without the consent of the next heir at law, or licence from their House.

Revive the libels born to die ;
Which Pope must bear as well as I.

Here shift the scene to represent 205
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear. 210
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
" I'm sorry—but we all must die !"

Indiff'rence clad in wisdom's guise
All fortitude of mind supplies :
For how can stony bowels melt 215
In those who never pity felt ?
When we are lash'd, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.

The fools, my juniors by a year,
Are tortur'd with suspense and fear ; 220
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approach'd, to stand between :
The screen remov'd, their hearts are trembling ;
They mourn for me without dissembling.

My female friends, whose tender hearts 225
Have better learn'd to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps ;
" The Dean is dead, (pray what is trumps ?)
" Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul !
" (Ladies, I'll venture for the Vole.) 230

" Six

" Six deans, they say must bear the pall.
 " (I wish I knew what king to call.)
 " Madam, your husband will attend
 " The fun'ral of so good a friend:
 " No, Madam, 'tis a shocking sight; 235
 " And he's engag'd to-morrow night:
 " My Lady Club will take it ill,
 " If he should fail her at quadrille.
 " He lov'd the Dean—(I lead a heart)
 " But dearest friends, they say, must part. 240
 " His time was come; he ran his race;
 " We hope he's in a better place."

Why do we grieve that friends should die?
 No loss more easy to supply.
 One year is past: a diff'rent scene! 245
 No farther mention of the Dean,
 Who now, alas! is no more miss'd,
 Than if he never did exist.
 Where's now the fav'rite of Apollo?
 Departed:—*and his works must follow,* 250
 Must undergo the common fate;
 His kind of wit is out of date.

Some country-'squire to Lintot * goes,
 Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
 Says Lintot, " I have heard the name; 255
 " He dy'd a year ago." The same.
 He searches all the shop in vain.
 " Sir, you may find them in Duck-lane: †
 " I sent

* Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's Dunciad and letters.

† A place in London where old books are sold.

- " I sent them with a load of books,
 " Last Monday to the pastry-cook's. 260
 " To fancy they could live a year !
 " I find you're but a stranger here.
 " The Dean was famous in his time,
 " And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
 " His way of writing now is past : 265
 " The town has got a better taste.
 " I keep no antiquated stuff ;
 " But spick and span I have enough.
 " Pray, do but give me leave to shew 'em :
 " Here's Colley Cibber's birthday-poem. 270
 " This ode you never yet have seen,
 " By Stephen Duck upon the Queen.
 " Then here's a letter finely penn'd
 " Against the *Craftsman* and his friend :
 " It clearly shews that all reflection 275
 " On ministers is disaffection.
 " Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication, †
 " And Mr. Henley's ‡ last oration.
 " The hawkers have not got them yet :
 " Your honour please to have a set ?" 280

† Walpole had a set of party-scribblers, who did nothing else but write in his defence.

‡ Henley is a clergyman, who wanting both merit and luck to get preferment, or even to keep his curacy in the established church, formed a new conventicle, which he calls an *oratory*. There, at set times, he delivered strange speeches compiled by himself and his associates, who share the profit with him. Every hearer payeth a shilling each day for admittance. He is an absolute dunce, but generally reputed crazy.—He is commonly called *Orator Henley*, whose rhapsodies burlesque religion, and disgrace his country. *Hawkes*.

" Here's Woolston's* tracts, the twelfth edition;
 " 'Tis read by ev'ry politician.
 " The country-members, when in town,
 " To all their boroughs send them down;
 " You never met a thing so smart; 285
 " The courtiers have them all by heart:
 " Those maids of honour who can read,
 " Are taught to use them for their creed.
 " The Rev'rend author's good intention
 " Hath been rewarded with a pension: 290
 " He doth an honour to his gown,
 " By bravely running *priestcraft* down:
 " He shews, as sure as God's in Gloc'ster,
 " That — was a grand impostor;
 " That all his miracles were cheats, 295
 " Perform'd as jugglers do their feats:
 " The church had never such a writer:
 " A shame he hath not got a mitre.

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose. 300
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 And while they toss my name about,
 With favour some, and some without;
 One, quite indiff'rent in the cause, 305
 My character impartial draws.

The

* Woolston was a clergyman; but, for want of bread, did in several treatises, in the most blasphemous manner, attempt to turn our Saviour and his miracles into ridicule. He was much caressed by many courtiers, and by all the infidels: and his books were read generally by the court-ladies.

The Dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill receiv'd at court.
Although ironically grave,
He sham'd the fool, and lash'd the knave: 310
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.

" Sir, I have heard another story ;
" He was a most *confounded* Tory,
" And grew, or he is much bely'd, 315
" Extremely *dull*, before he dy'd."

Can we the Drapier then forget ?
Is not our nation in his debt ?
'Twas he that writ the *Drapier's letters*!—

" He should have left them for his *bettors* ; 320
" We had an hundred *abler men*,
" Nor need *depend* upon his *pen*.——
" Say what you will about his *reading*,
" You never can *defend* his *breeding* ;
" Who in his *satires* running riot, 325
" Could never leave the *world* in *quiet* ;
" Attacking, when he took the *whim*,
" *Court, city, camp*——all one to him.——

" But why would he, except he *slobber'd*,
" Offend our *patriot*, great Sir Robert, 330
" Whose *counsels* aid the sov'reign pow'r
" To save the nation ev'ry hour ?
" What *scenes* of evil he unravels
" In *satires, libels, lying travels* !
" Not sparing his own *clergy-cloth*, 335
" But *eats* into it, like a *moth* !"—

Perhaps I may allow, the Dean
 Had too much satire in his vein,
 And seem'd determin'd not to starve it,
 Because no age could more deserve it. 340
 Yet malice never was his aim;
 He lash'd the vice, but spar'd the name.
 No individual could resent,
 Where thousands equally were meant:
 His satire points at no defect, 345
 But what all mortals may correct;
 For he abhor'd that senseless tribe
 Who call it humour when they gibe:
 He spar'd a hump or crooked nose,
 Whose owners set not up for beaux. 350
 True genuine dulness mov'd his pity,
 Unless it offered to be witty.
 'Those, who their ignorance confess,
 He ne'er offended with a jest;
 But laugh'd to hear an idiot quote 355
 A verse from Horace learn'd by rote.
 Vice, if it e'er can be abash'd,
 Must be or *ridicul'd* or *lash'd*.
 If you *resent* it, who's to blame?
 He neither knew *you* nor your *name*. 360
 Should *vice* expect to 'scape rebuke,
 Because its *owner* is a *duke*?
 His friendships, still to few confin'd,
 Were always of the middling kind;
 No fools of rank or mongrel breed, 365
 Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
 Where titles give no right or power,
 And peerage is a wither'd flower.
 He

DEATH OF DR. SWIFT. 281

He would have deem'd it a disgrace,
 If such a wretch had known his face. 370
 On rural 'squires, that kingdom's bane,
 He vented oft his wrath in vain :
 ——'Squires to market brought ;
 Who sell their souls and —— for nought ;
 'The —— go joyful back, 375
 To —— the church, their tenants rack,
 Go snacks with * * * *
 And keep the peace, to pick up fees :
 In ev'ry job to have a share,
 A jail or t—np—e to repair ; 380
 And turn the —— for public roads
 Commodious to their own abodes.

He never thought an honour done him
 Because a peer was proud to own him ;
 Would rather slip aside, and chuse 385
 To talk with wits in dirty shoes ;
 And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
 So often seen caressing Chartres.
 He never courted men in station,
Nor persons held in admiration ; 390
 Of no man's greatness was afraid,
 Because he fought for no man's aid.
 Though trusted long in great affairs,
 He gave himself no haughty airs :
 Without regarding private ends, 395
 Spent all his credit for his friends :
 And only chose the wise and good ;
 No flatt'ers ; no allies in blood ;

But succour'd virtue in distress;
 And seldom fail'd of good success; 400
 As numbers in their hearts must own,
 Who, but for him, had been unknown.

He kept with princes due decorum;
 Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
 He follow'd David's lesson just; 405
 In princes never put his trust:
 And would you make him truly four,
 Provoke him with a slave in power.
 The I——sh f——te if you nam'd,
 With what impatience he declaim'd! 410
 Fair LIBERTY was all his cry;
 For her he stood prepar'd to die;
 For her he boldly stood alone;
 For her he oft expos'd his own.
 Two kingdoms, * just as faction led, 415
 Had set a price upon his head;
 But not a traitor could be found,
 To sell him for six hundred pound.

Had

* In the year 1713, the late Queen was prevailed with by an address from the house of Lords in England, to publish a proclamation, promising three hundred pounds to discover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public spirit of the Whigs*; and in Ireland, in the year 1724, the Lord Carteret, at his first coming into the government, was prevailed on to issue a proclamation, promising the like reward of three hundred pounds to any person who could discover the author of a pamphlet, called, *The Drapier's fourth letter, &c.* writ against that destructive project of coining halfpence for Ireland. But in neither kingdom was the Dean discovered.—See vol. ii. p. 286. and vol. iii. p. 411.

Had he but spar'd his tongue and pen,
 He might have rose like other men : 420
 But power was never in his thought,
 And wealth he valu'd not a groat :
 Ingratitude he often found,
 And pity'd those who meant the wound ;
 But kept the tenor of his mind, 425
 To merit well of human-kind :
 Nor made a sacrifice of those
 Who still were true, to please his foes.
 He labour'd many a fruitless hour, †
 To reconcile his friends in power ; 430
 Saw mischief by a faction brewing,
 While they pursued each others ruin.
 But finding vain was all his care,
 He left the court in mere despair.

And oh ! how short are human schemes ! 435
 Here ended all our golden dreams.
 What St. John's skill in state-affairs,
 What Ormond's *valour*, Oxford's cares,

To

† Queen Anne's ministry fell to variance from the first year after their ministry began. Harcourt the Chancellor, and Lord Bolingbroke the Secretary, were discontented with the treasurer Oxford, for his too much mildness to the Whig party. This quarrel grew higher every day till the Queen's death. The Dean, who was the only person that endeavoured to reconcile them, found it impossible; and thereupon retired to the country about ten weeks before that fatal event. Upon which he returned to his deanery in Dublin; where, for many years, he was worried by the new people in power, and had hundreds of libels written against him in England.

To save their sinking country lent,
 Was all destroy'd by one event. 440
 Too soon that precious life was ended, *
 On which alone our weal depended.
 When up a dangerous faction starts, †
 With wrath and vengeance in their hearts;
By solemn league and cov'nant bound 445
 To ruin, slaughter, and confound;
 To turn religion to a fable,
 And make the government a Babel:
 Pervert the laws, disgrace the gown,
 Corrupt the f——te, rob the c——: 450
 To sacrifice old E——d's glory,
 And make her infamous in story.
 When such a tempest shook the land,
 How could unguarded virtue stand?

With horror, grief, despair, the Dean 455
 Beheld the dire destructive scene:
 His friends in exile or the tower,
 Himself within the frown of power; ‡
 Pursued by base invenom'd pens,
 Far to the land of S——— and fens; * 460
 A ser-

* In the height of the quarrel between the ministers, the Queen died.

† Upon Queen Anne's death, the Whig faction was restored to power, which they exercised with the utmost rage and revenge; impeached and banished the chief leaders of the church-party, and stripped all their adherents of what employments they had, &c.

‡ Upon the Queen's death, the Dean returned to live in Dublin, at the Deanery-house. Numberless libels were writ against him in England as a Jacobite; he was insulted in the street, and at night he was forced to be attended by his servants armed.

* The land of S——— and fens, is Ireland.

A servile race in folly nurs'd,
Who truckle most, when treated worst.

By innocence and resolution,
He bore continual persecution ;
While numbers to preferment rose, 465
Whose merit were to be his foes.
When *ev'n his own familiar friends*,
Intent upon their private ends,
Like renegadoes now he feels,
Against him lifting up their heels. 470

The Dean did by his pen defeat
An infamous destructive cheat : †
Taught fools their int'rest how to know,
And gave them arms to ward the blow.
Envy hath own'd it was his doing, 475
To save that hapless land from ruin ;
While they who at the steerage stood,
And reap'd the profit, fought his blood.

To save them from their evil fate,
In him was held a crime of state. 480
A wicked monster on the bench, ‡
Whose fury blood could never quench ;

As

† One Wood, a hardwareman from England, had a patent for coining copper halfpence for Ireland, to the sum of 108,000l. which in the consequence must leave that kingdom without gold or silver.——See the Drapier's letters, vol. iii. & iv.

‡ One Whitshed was then Chief Justice. He had some years before prosecuted a printer for a pamphlet writ by the Dean, to persuade the people of Ireland to wear their own manufactures [vol. iii. p. 327.] Whitshed sent the jury down eleven times, and kept them nine hours, until they were forced to bring in a special verdict.

He

As vile and profligate a villain,
 As modern Scroggs, or old Tressilian ; *
 Who long all justice had discarded, 485
Nor fear'd he God, nor man regarded ;
 Vow'd on the Dean his rage to vent,
 And make him of his zeal repent :
 But heav'n his innocence defends ;
 The grateful people stand his friends ; 490
 Not strains of law, nor judges frown,
 Nor topics brought to please the c——,
 Nor witnesses hir'd, nor jury pick'd,
 Prevail to bring him in convict.

In exile with a steady heart, † 495
 He spent his life's declining part ;
 Where folly, pride, and faction sway,
 Remote from St. John, ‡ Pope, and Gay.

“ Alas, poor *Dean* ! his only scope
 “ Was to be held a *misanthrope*. 500
 “ This

He sat as judge afterwards on the trial of the printer of the Drapier's fourth letter [vol. iii. p. 411.] but the jury, against all he could say or swear, threw out the bill. All the kingdom took the Drapier's part, except the courtiers, or those who expected places. The Drapier was celebrated in many poems and pamphlets. His sign was set up in most of the streets of Dublin, (where many of them still continue,) and in several country towns.

* Scroggs was Chief Justice under King Charles II.; his judgment always varied in state-trials, according to directions from court. Tressilian was a wicked judge, hanged above three hundred years ago.

† In Ireland, which he had reason to call a place of exile; to which country nothing could have driven him, but the Queen's death, who had determined to fix him in England, in spite of the Duchess of Somerset, &c.

‡ Henry St. John, Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.

- " This into gen'ral *odium* drew him,
 " Which if he lik'd, *much good may't do him.*
 " His *zeal* was not to lash our *crimes*,
 " But *discontent* against the times :
 " For had we made him *timely* offers 505
 " To *raise* his *post*, or *fill* his *coffers*,
 " Perhaps he might have truckled down,
 " Like other *brethren* of his *gown*.
 " For *party* he would scarce have bled :——
 " I say no more——because he's *dead*—— 510
 " What *writings* has he left behind ?——
 " I hear, they're of a diff'rent kind :
 " A few in *verse* ; but most in *prose*——
 " Some *high-flown* pamphlets, I suppose :——
 " All scribbled in the *worst* of *times*, 515
 " To *palliate* his friend Oxford's crimes,
 " To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
 " As never fav'ring the *pretender* :——
 " Or *libels* yet conceal'd from sight,
 " Against the *court* to shew his *spite* : 520
 " Perhaps his *travels*, *part the third* ;
 " A *lie* at ev'ry *second* word——
 " Offensive to a *loyal* ear :——
 " But——*not one sermon*, you may *swear*."——

He knew an hundred pleasant stories, 525
 With all the turns of Whigs and Tories :
 Was cheerful to his dying day,
 And friends would let him have his way.

As for his works in verse or prose,
 I own myself no judge of those. 530
 Nor

Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em,
 But this I know, all people bought 'em,
 As with a moral view design'd,
 To *please*, and to *reform* mankind :
 And, if he often miss'd his aim, 535 }
 The *world* must own it, to their *shame*,
 The *praise* is *his*, and *theirs* the *blame*. }
 He gave the little wealth he had
 To build a house for fools and mad ;
 To shew, by one satiric touch, 540
 No nation wanted it so much.
 That kingdom he hath left his debtor,
 I wish it soon may have a better. *
 And, since you *dread* no farther *lashes*,
 Methinks you may *forgive* his *ashes*. 545

To the EARL of PETERBOROW, who commanded the British Forces in Spain. †

Written in the year 1706.

MOrdanto fills the trump of fame,
 The Christian world his deeds proclaim,
 And prints are crouded with his name.

In

* See p. 7.

† This noble Lord had made a most considerable figure in his day. His character was amiable and uncommon. His life was a continued series of variety. In his public and private conduct he differed from most men. He had visited all climates, but had staid in none. He was a citizen of the world. He conquered and maintained armies without money. His actions and expressions were peculiar to himself. He was of a vivacity superior to all fatigue, and his courage was beyond any conception of danger.

In journies he outrides the post,
Sits up till midnight with his host, 5
Talks politics, and gives the toast.

Knows ev'ry prince in Europe's face,
Flies like a squib from place to place,
And travels not, but runs a race.

From Paris gazette A-la-main: 10
"This day arriv'd, without his train,
"Mordanto in a week from Spain."

A messenger comes all a-reek
Mordantò at Madrid to seek:
He left the town above a week. 15

Next day the post-boy winds his horn,
And rides thro' Dover in the morn:
Mordanto's landed from Leghorn.

Mordanto gallops on alone,
The roads are with his foll'wers strown, 20
This breaks a girth, and that a bone:

danger. He verified, in many instances, whatever has been said of romantic heroes. He seems to have been fixed only in his friendships and moral principles. He had a most true regard and affection for Swift and Pope. The Dean has here described him in a very particular manner, but so justly, that the four last stanzas will give a most perfect and complete idea of Lord Peterborow's person and military virtue. His wit in the letter, No. 371. vol. xvi. is easy and unaffected. At the time when he wrote that letter, he had hung up his helmet and his buckler, and was retired to his plough and his wheelbarrow, wearied of courts, and disgusted with statesmen. *Orrery.*

290 THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

His body active as his mind,
Returning sound in limb and wind,
Except some leather lost behind.

A skeleton in outward figure, 25
His meagre corpse, tho' full of vigour,
Would halt behind him, were it bigger.

So wonderful his expedition,
When you have not the least suspicion,
He's with you like an apparition. 30

Shines in all climates like a star;
In senates bold, and fierce in war;
A land-commander, and a tar.

Heroic actions early bred in,
Ne'er to be match'd in modern reading, 35
But by his name-fake Charles of Sweden.

THE FABLE OF MIDAS.

Written in the year 1712.

* **M**idas, we are in story told,
Turn'd ev'ry thing he touch'd to gold:
He

* The Dean, though he did not much change the natural order of words, was yet very exact in his versification. But it may be remarked, that verses of eight syllables are never harmonious, if the accent be placed on the *first*, and not repeated till the *third* or *fourth*. The first, fourth, and eighth verses are, among others, examples of this rule; which will be illustrated by changing the structure, so as to remove the accent from the *first* syllable to the *second*. If instead of,

Glitter'd

He *chipp'd* his *bread*; the pieces round
 Glitter'd, like spangles on the ground:
 A codling ere it went his lip in, 5
 Would strait become a *golden* pippin:
 He call'd for drink; you saw him sup
Potable gold in *golden cup*:
 His empty paunch that he might fill,
 He suck'd his victuals through a quill; 10
 Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders,
 Or't had been happy for *gold-finders*:
 He cock'd his hat, you would have said
 Mambrino's helm adorn'd his head:
 Whene'er he chanc'd his hands to lay 15
 On *magazines* of *corn* or *hay*,
Gold ready coin'd appear'd, instead
 Of paltry *provender* and *bread*;
 Hence by wise farmers we are told,
Old hay is *equal* to *old gold*; 20
 And hence a critic deep maintains,
 We learn'd to weigh our *gold* by *grains*.

B b 2

This

Glitter'd like spangles on the ground,
 the fourth verse be read,

Like spangles glitter'd on the ground;

the ear will easily determine which should be preferred. It is,
 however, true, that when the accent is placed on the *first* syllable,
 and repeated at the *second*, the measure is not only harmonious,
 but acquires a peculiar force. The eleventh verse is of this
 kind,

Untouch'd it pass'd between his grinders;

which would be greatly enfeebled, by changing it to

It pass'd untouch'd between his grinders;

though the cadence would still be poetical, as the first accent
 would fall on the second syllable. *Hawkes*.

This *fool* had got a *lucky hit* ;
 And people fancy'd he had *wit*.
 Two gods their skill in music try'd, 25
 And both chose Midas to decide ;
 He against Phœbus' harp decreed,
 And gave it for Pan's oaten reed :
 The god of wit, to shew his grudge,
 Clapt *asses'* ears upon the judge ; 30
 A goodly pair erect and wide,
 Which he could neither *gild* nor hide.

And now the virtue of his *hands*
 Was lost among Pactolus' sands,
 Against whose torrent while he swims, 35
 The *golden scurf* peels off his limbs :
 Fame spreads the news, and people travel
 From far to gather *golden gravel* ;
 Midas, expos'd to all their jeers,
 Had lost his *art*, and kept his *ears*. 40

This tale inclines the gentle reader
 To think upon a certain *leader* ;
 To whom from Midas down descends
 That virtue in the fingers ends.
 What else by *perquisites* are meant, 45
 By *pensions*, *bribes*, and *three per cent.*
 By *places* and *commissions* sold,
 And turning *dung* itself to *gold* ?
 By starving in the midst of store,
 As t'other Midas did before ? 50

None e'er did modern Midas chuse
 Subject or patron of his muse,

But

But found him thus their merit scan,
 That Phœbus must give place to Pan :
 He values not the poet's praise, 55
 Nor will exchange his *plumbs* * for *days* :
 To Pan alone rich misers call ;
 And there's the jest, for Pan is ALL.
 Here English wits will be to seek,
 Howe'er, 'tis all one in the Greek. 60

Besides, it plainly now appears
 Our Midas too hath *asses*' ears ;
 Where ev'ry fool his mouth applies,
 And whispers in a thousand lies ;
 Such gross delusions could not pass. 65
 Through any ears but of an *ass*.

But *gold* defiles with frequent touch ;
 There's nothing *fouls* the hand so much :
 And scholars give it for the cause
 Of British Midas' dirty paws ; 70
 Which while the *senate* strove to scour,
 They wash'd away the *chymic* power.

While he his utmost strength apply'd,
 To swim against this *pop'lar* tide,
 The *golden* spoils flew off apace ; 75
 Here fell a *pension*, there a *place* :
 The *torrent* merciless imbibes
Commissions, *perquisites*, and *bribes* ;
 By their own weight sunk to the bottom ;
 Much good may't do 'em that have caught 'em. 80

B b 3

And

* A cant. word for 100,000 l.

And Midas now neglected stands
With *asses' ears* and *dirty hands*.

THE REV. DR. SHERIDAN TO DR. SWIFT.

Written in the year 1712.

DEar Dean, since in *cruxes* and *puns* you and
I deal,

Pray why is a woman a sieve and a riddle?

'Tis a thought that came into my noddle this
morning,

In bed as I lay, Sir, a tossing and turning.

You'll find, if you read but a few of your
histories, 5

All women as Eve, all women are mysteries.

To find out this riddle I know you'll be eager,

And make every one of the sex a *bel phegor*.

But that will not do, for I mean to commend 'em:

I swear, without jest, I an honour intend 'em. 10

In a sieve, Sir, their ancient extraction I quite tell,

In a riddle I give you their pow'r and their title.

This I told you before, do you know what I
mean, Sir?

* *Not I, by my troth, Sir.*—Then read it again, Sir.

The reason I send you these lines of rhymes
double, 15

Is purely through pity to save you the trouble

Of thinking two hours for a rhyme as you did last;

When your Pegasus canter'd in triple, and rid fast.

As

* The Dean's answer.

As for my little nag, which I keep at Parnassus,
With Phœbus's leave, to run with his asses, 20
He goes slow and sure, and he never is jaded;
While your fir'y steed is whipp'd, spurr'd, ba-
stinaded.

Dean S W I F T's Answer to Dr. S H E R I D A N.

S I R,

I N reading your letter alone in my hackney,
Your damnable riddle my poor brains did
rack nigh.

And when with much labour the matter I crackt,
I found you mistaken in matter of fact.

A woman's no sieve, (for with that you begin) 5
Because she lets out more than e'er she takes in.
And that she's a riddle, can never be right:
For a riddle is dark, but a woman is *light*.
But grant her a sieve, I can say something archer;
Pray what is a man? he's a fine linen *searcher*. 10

Now tell me a thing that wants interpretation,
What name for a maid†, was the first man's
damnation?

If your Worship will please to explain me this *rebus*,
I swear from henceforward you shall be my Phœbus.

From my hackney-coach, Sept. 11.

1712, past 12 at noon.

† Vir Gin, Man-Trap.

A LETTER to the Reverend Dr. SHERIDAN.
September 5, 1718.

S I R,

W^Hate'er your predecessors taught us,
I have a great esteem for Plautus;
And think your boys may gather there-hence
More wit and humour than from Terence:
But as to comic Aristophanes, 5
The rogue too bawdy and too profane is.
I went in vain to look for Eupolis,
Down in the Strand * just where the new pole is;
For I can tell you one thing, that I can,
You will not find it in the Vatican. 10
He and Cratinus used, as Horace says,
To take the greatest grandees for asses:
Poets, in those days, used to venture high;
But these are lost full many a century.

Thus you may see, dear friend, *ex pede* hence 15
My judgment of the old comedians.

Proceed to tragics, first Euripides
(An author, where I sometimes dip a-days)
Is rightly censur'd by the Stagirite,
Who says his numbers do not fadge aright. 20
A friend of mine that author despises
So much, he swears, the very best piece is,
For aught he knows, as bad as Theſpis's;
And that a woman, in those tragedies,
Commonly speaking, but a sad jade is. 25

At

* N. B. The Strand in London. The fact may be false, but the rhyme cost me some trouble.

At least, I'm well assur'd, that no folk lays
The weight on him they do on Sophocles.
But, above all, I prefer Æschylus,
Whose moving touches, when they please, kill us.

And now I find my muse but ill able 30
To hold out longer in trisyllable.
I chose these rhymes out, for their difficulty :
Will you return as hard ones if I call t'ye ?

THE ANSWER by DR. SHERIDAN.

S I R,

I Thank you for your comedies.
I'll stay and read 'em now at home a-days,
Because Pareus wrote but forrily
Thy notes, I'll read Lambinus thoroughly ;
And then I shall be stoutly set a-gog 5
To challenge ev'ry Irish Pædagogus.
I like your nice epistle critical,
Which does in threefold rhymes so witty fall ;
Upon the comick dram' and tragedy
Your notion's right, but verses maggotty ; 10
'Tis but an hour since I heard a man swear it,
The Dev'l himself could hardly answer it.
As for your friend the sage Euripides,
‡ I b'lieve you give him now the slip o'days ;
But mum for that——pray come a Saturday 15
And dine with me, you can't a better day :
I'll give you nothing but a mutton chop,
Some nappy mellow'd ale with rotten hop,

A pint

‡ N. B. You told me you forgot your Greek.

A pint of wine as good as Falern',
 Which we poor masters, God knows, all earn; 20
 We'll have a friend or two, Sir, at table,
 Right honest men, for few're comeatable;
 Then when our liquor makes us talkative,
 We'll to the fields, and take a walk at eve.

Because I'm troubled much with laziness, 25
 These rhymes I've chosen for their easiness.

THE FAGGOT.

Written in the year 1713, when the Queen's ministers were quarrelling among themselves. *

Observe the dying father speak:
 Try, lads, can you this bundle break;
 Then bids the youngest of the six
 Take up a well-bound heap of sticks.
 They thought it was an old man's maggot; 5
 And strove by turns to break the faggot:
 In vain: the complicated wands
 Were much too strong for all their hands.
 See, said the fire, how soon 'tis done:
 Then took and broke them one by one. 10
 So strong you'll be, in friendship ty'd;
 So quickly broke, if you divide.
 Keep close then, boys, and never quarrel,
 Here ends the fable and the moral.

This

* See more of the author's endeavours to procure a reconciliation among them, in a letter dated Oct. 10. 1710.

See also Free thoughts on the present state of affairs, in vol. vi.

This tale may be apply'd in few words 15
 To treasurers, comptrollers, stewards,
 And others, who in solemn fort
 Appear with slender wands at court :
 Not firmly join'd to keep their ground,
 But lashing one another round : 20
 While wise men think they ought to fight
 With *quarter* staves, instead of *white* ;
 Or constable with *staff* of peace,
 Should come and make the clatt'ring cease ;
 Which now disturbs the Queen and court, 25
 And gives the *Whigs* and rabble sport.

In history we never found,
 The Consul's *fascēs* * were unbound ;
 Those Romans were too wise to think on't,
 Except to lash some grand delinquent. 30
 How would they blush to hear it said,
 The Prætor broke the Consul's head ;
 Or Consul in his purple gown,
 Came up and knock'd the Prætor down ?

Come, courtiers: every man his stick : 35
 Lord Treasurer, † for once be quick ;
 And that they may the closer cling,
 Take your blue riband for a string,
 Come, trimming Harcourt, § bring your mace ;
 And squeeze it in, or quit your place : 40
 Dispatch ;

* *Fascēs*, a bundle of rods or small sticks carried before the consuls at Rome.

† Robert Harley, Earl of Oxford.

§ Lord Chancellor.

Dispatch; or else that rascal Northey †
 Will undertake to do it for thee :
 And be assur'd the court will find him
 Prepar'd to *leap o'er sticks*, or bind 'em.

To make the bundle strong and safe, 45
 Great Ormond, lend thy gen'ral's staff:
 And, if the *crozier* could be cramm'd in,
 A fig for Lechmere, King, and Hambden.
 You'll then defy the strongest *Whig*
 With both his hands to bend a twig. 50
 Though with united strength they all pull,
 From Somers down to Craiggs and Walpole.

THE AUTHOR UPON HIMSELF.

Written in the year 1713.

*A few of the first lines were wanting in the copy sent
 us by a friend of the author's.*

* * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

BY an old———pursu'd
 A crazy prelate, † and a royal prude; ||
 By dull divines, who look with envious eyes
 On ev'ry genius that attempts to rise;
 And pausing o'er a pipe with doubtful nod, 5
 Give hints, that poets ne'er believe in God;
 So

† Sir Edward Northey, Attorney-General, brought in by Lord Harcourt, yet very desirous of the great seal.

† Dr. Sharpe, Archbishop of York.

|| Her late Majesty Queen Anne.

So clowns on scholars as on wizards look,
And take a folio for a conj'ring book. *

Swift had the sin of wit, no venial crime;
Nay, 'tis affirm'd, he sometimes dealt in rhyme: 10
Humour and mirth had place in all he writ;
He reconcil'd divinity and wit:
He mov'd, and bow'd, and talk'd with too much
grace;

Nor shew'd the *parson* in his gait or face;
Despis'd luxurious wines, and costly meat; 15
Yet still was at the tables of the great;
Frequented lords; *saw those that saw the Queen*;
At Child's or Truby's † never once had been;
Where town and country vicars flock in tribes,
Secur'd by numbers from the laymens gibes, 20
And deal in vices of the graver sort,
'Tobacco, censure, coffee, pride, and port.

But after sage monitions from his friends
His talents to employ for nobler ends;
To better judgments willing to submit, 25
He turns to politics his dangerous wit.

And now the public int'rest to support,
By Harley Swift invited comes to court;
VOL. VIII. C c In

* Archbishop Sharpe, according to Dr. Swift's account, had represented him to the Queen, as a person that was not a Christian; a great lady had supported the aspersions; and the Queen, upon such assurances, had given away the bishopric contrary to her Majesty's first intentions, which were in favour of Dr. Swift.
Errery.

† A coffee-house and tavern near St. Paul's, at that time much frequented by the clergy.

In favour grows with ministers of state;
 Admitted private, when superiors wait: 30
 And Harley, not asham'd his choice to own,
 Takes him to Windsor in his coach alone.
 At Windsor Swift no sooner can appear,
 But St. John ‡ comes and whispers in his ear:
 The waiters stand in ranks; the yeomen cry, 35
Make room, as if a Duke were passing by.

Now Finch * alarms the Lords, he hears for
 certain,
 This dang'rous priest is got behind the curtain.
 Finch, fam'd for tedious elocution, proves
 That Swift oils many a spring which Harley
 moves. 40

Walpole and Aislabie, † to clear the doubt,
 Inform the Commons that the secret's out:
 " A certain doctor is observ'd of late
 " To haunt a certain minister of state:
 " From whence with half an eye we may discover 45
 " The peace is made, and Perkin must come over."

York is from Lambeth sent to shew the Queen
 A dangerous treatise writ against the spleen; ‡ .
 Which, by the style, the matter, and the drift,
 'Tis thought could be the work of none but Swift.
 Poor

‡ Then Secretary of State, afterwards Lord Bolingbroke.

* The late Earl of Nottingham, who made a speech in the house of Lords against the author.

† They both spoke against him in the house of Commons, although Aislabie professed much friendship for him.

‡ Tale of a Tub.

Poor York! the harmless tool of others hate; 51
He sues for pardon, § and repents too late.

Now — her vengeance vows
On Swift's reproaches for her —
From her red locks her mouth with venom fills; 55
And thence into the royal ear instils.

The Queen incens'd, his services forgot,
Leaves him a victim to the vengeful Scot.

Now through the realm a proclamation spread, ||
To fix a price on his devoted head. 60

While innocent, he scorns ignoble flight;
His watchful friends preserve him by a sleight.

By Harley's favour once again he shines;
Is now caress'd by candidate divines,
Who change opinions with the changing scene: 65
Lord! how were they mistaken in the Dean!
Now Delaware * again familiar grows;
And in Swift's ear thrusts half his powder'd nose.
The Scottish nation, whom he durst offend,
Again apply that Swift would be their friend. † 70

C c 2

By

§ His Grace was sorry for what he had said, and sent a message to the author to desire his pardon.

|| The proclamation was against the author of a pamphlet, called, *The public spirit of the Whigs*, against which the Scotch Lords complained. See it in vol. 2. p. 286.

* Delaware, then Lord Treasurer of the household, always caressed the author at court; but, during the trial of the printers before the house of Lords, and while the proclamation hung over the author, his Lordship would not seem to know him.

† The Scotch Lords treated and visited the author more after the proclamation than before, except the Duke of Argyle, who would never be reconciled.

By faction tir'd, with grief he waits a while
 His great contending friends to reconcile;
 Performs what friendship, justice, truth, require:
 What could he more but decently retire? ‡

IN SICKNESS.

Written soon after the Author's coming to live
 in Ireland, upon the Queen's death, October
 1714.

'TIS true,——then why should I repine
 To see my life so fast decline?
 But, why obscurely here alone,
 Where I am neither lov'd nor known?
 My state of health none care to learn;
 My life is here no soul's concern:
 And those with whom I now converse,
 Without a tear will tend my hearse.
 Remov'd from kind Arbuthnot's aid,
 Who knows his art, but not his trade,
 Preferring his regard for me
 Before his credit, or his fee.
 Some formal visits, looks, and words,
 What mere humanity affords,
 I meet perhaps from three or four,
 From whom I once expected more;
 Which those who tend the sick for pay,
 Can act as decently as they:

But

‡ About ten weeks before the Queen's death, I left the town upon occasion of that incurable breach among the great men at court, and went down to Berkshire. See letter from Swift to Pope, dated Jan. 10. 1721.

But no obliging tender friend
To help at my approaching end. 20
My life is now a burden grown
To others, ere it be my own.

Ye formal weepers for the sick,
In your last offices be quick :
And spare my absent friends the grief 25
To hear, yet give me no relief ;
Expir'd to-day, intomb'd to-morrow,
When known, will save a double sorrow.

To the Earl of OXFORD, late Lord Treasurer.
Sent to him when he was in the Tower, before his trial.

Out of HORACE.

Written in the year 1716.

HOW blest'd is he who for his country dies,
Since death pursues the coward as he flies !
The youth in vain would fly from fate's attack,
With trembling knees, and terror at his back ;
Tho' fear should lend him pinions like the wind, 5
Yet swifter fate will seize him from behind.

Virtue repuls'd, yet knows not to repine :
But shall with unattainted honour shine :
Nor stoops to take the *staff*, * nor lays it down,
Just as the rabble please to smile or frown. 10

C c 3 Virtue,

* A white *staff* is the ensign of the Lord Treasurer's office.

Virtue, to crown her fav'rites, loves to try
 Some new unbeaten passage to the sky;
 Where Jove a seat among the gods will give
 To those who die, for meriting to live.

Next, faithful silence hath a sure reward; 15
 Within our breast be ev'ry secret barr'd:
 He, who betrays his friend, shall never be
 Under one roof, or in one ship, with me.
 For who with traitors would his safety trust,
 Lest with the wicked heaven involve the just? 20
 And though the villain 'scape a while, he feels
 Slow vengeance, like a blood-hound, at his heels.

Ad amicum eruditum THOMAM SHERIDAN.

Scripsit Oct. ann. Dom. 1717.

Delicæ Sheridan musarum, dulcis amice,
 Sic tibi propitius Permessi ad flumen Apollo
 Occurrat, seu te mimum convivia rident,
 Æquivocosque sales spargis, seu ludere versu
 Malles; dic, Sheridan, quisnam fuit ille deorum, 5
 Quæ melior natura orto tibi tradidit artem
 Rimandi genium puerorum, atque ima cerebri
 Scrutandi? Tibi nascenti ad cunabula Pallas
 Astitit; et dixit, mentis præfaga futuræ,
 Heu, puer infelix! nostro sub fidere natus; 10
 Nam tu pectus eris sine corpore, corporis umbra;
 Sed levitate umbram superabis, voce cicadam:
 Musca femur, palmas tibi mus dedit, ardea crura.
 Corpore sed tenui tibi quod natura negavit,

Hoc

APOLLO TO THE DEAN. 307

Hoc animi dotes supplebunt; teque docente, 15
 Nec longum tempus, surget tibi docta juvenus,
 Artibus egregiis animas instructa novellas.
 Grex hinc Pœonius venit, ecce, *salutifer* orbi.
 Ast, illi causas orant; his insula visa est
 Divinam capiti nodo constringere mitram. 20

Natalis te horæ non fallunt signa, sed usque
 Consciùs, expeditas puero seu lætus Apollo
 Nascenti arrisit; five illum frigidus horror
 Saturni premit, aut septem inflavere triones.

Quin tu altè penitusque latentia semina cernis,
 Quæque diu obtundendo olim sub luminis auras 25
 Erumpent, promissis; quo ritu sæpe puella
 Sub cinere hesterno sopitos fuscitat ignes.

Te dominum agnoscit quocunque sub aëre natus;
 Quos indulgentis nimium custodia matris 30
 Pessundat: nam sæpe vides in stipite matrem.

Aureus at ramus, venerandæ dona Sibyllæ,
 Æneæ sedes tantùm patefecit Avernus;
 Sæpe puer, tua quem tetigit semel aurea virga,
 Cœlumque terrasque videt, noctemque profun-
 dam. 35

APOLLO TO THE DEAN.

Written in the year 1720.

Right Trusty, and so forth,——we let you to
 know
 We are very ill us'd by you mortals below.
 For,

For, first, I have often by chymists been told,
 Tho' I know nothing on't, it is I that make gold,
 Which when you have got, you so carefully hide it,
 That, since I was born, I hardly have spy'd it. 5

Then it must be allow'd, that whenever I shine,
 I forward the grass, and I ripen the vine;
 To me the good fellows apply for relief,
 Without whom they could get neither *claret* nor
beef: 10

Yet their wine and their victuals these cur-
 mudgeon * lubbards

Lock up from my sight, in cellars and cupboards.
 That I have an ill eye they wickedly think,

And taint all their meat, and sour all their drink.

But, thirdly and lastly, it must be allow'd, 15

I alone can inspire the poetical croud:

This is gratefully own'd by each boy in the
 college,

Whom if I inspire, it is not to my knowledge.

This ev'ry pretender to rhyme will admit,

Without troubling his head about judgment or
 wit. 20

These gentlemen use me with kindness and free-
 dom;

And as for their works, when I please I may
 read 'em:

They lie open on purpose on counters and stalls,
 And the titles I view, when I shine on the walls.

But

* *Curmudgeon*, a word here used as an adjective, now signifies a sordid niggardly fellow; but was perhaps in its original sense of more extensive import, being probably a corruption of *cœur méchant*, a wicked heart. *Hawkes*.

But a comrade of yours, that traitor Delany, 25
 Whom I, for your sake, love better than any,
 And of *my mere motion, and special good grace,*
 Intended in time to succeed in your place,
 On Tuesday the tenth seditiously came
 With a certain false traitress, one Stella by
 name, 30
 To the deanery-house, and on the north glass,
 Where, for fear of the cold, I never can pass,
 Then and there, *vi et armis*, with a certain
 utensil,
 Of value five shillings, in English a pencil,
 Did maliciously, falsely, and trait'rously write, 35
 Whilst Stella afore said stood by with a light. *
 My sister has lately depos'd upon oath,
 That she stopt in her course to look at them both :
 That Stella was helping, abetting, and aiding ;
 And still as he writ, stood smiling and reading : 40
 That her eyes were as bright as myself at noon-
 day,
 But her graceful black locks were mingled with
 grey ;
 And by the description I certainly know,
 'Tis the nymph that I courted some ten years ago ;
 Whom when I with the best of my talents en-
 du'd 45
 On her promise of yielding, she acted the prude :
 That some verses were writ with felonious intent,
 Direct to the north, where I never went ;
 That

* See verses said to be cut by two of the Dean's friends upon a pane of glass in one of his parlours, among the pieces, in vol. 9.

That the letters appear'd reverse through the
 pane,
 But in Stella's bright eyes they were plac'd right
 again ;
 Wherein she distinctly could read ev'ry line,
 And presently guess'd the fancy was mine. *
 Now you see, why his verses so seldom are
 shown ;
 The reason is plain, they're none of his own :
 And observe while you live, that no man is shy 55
 To discover the goods he came honestly by.
 If I light on a thought, he'll certainly steal it,
 And when he has got it, find ways to conceal it :
 Of all the fine things he keeps in the dark,
 There's scarce one in ten, but what has my
 mark ;
 And let them be seen by the world if he dare,
 I'll make it appear, they are all stolen ware.
 But as for the poem he writ on your sash,
 I think I have now got him under my lash ;
 My sister transcrib'd it last night to his sorrow, 65
 And the public shall see't, if I live till to-morrow ;
 Through the zodiac around, it shall quickly be
 spread
 In all parts of the globe, where your language is
 read.

He

* The mechanism of this poem is formed upon a mistake,
 which a very slight consideration of the laws of vision would
 have prevented. The whole depends upon Cynthia's reading in
 Stella's eyes the writing, which appeared inverted through the
 pane : but as the writing was not inverted on that side of the
 glass at which Stella looked, it must necessarily be inverted in
 her eyes. *Hawkes.*

He knows very well, I ne'er gave a refusal,
 When he ask'd for my aid in the forms that are
 usual: 70
 But the secret is this; I did lately intend
 To write a few verses on you, as my friend:
 I studied a fortnight before I could find,
 As I rode in my chariot, a thought to my mind;
 And resolv'd the next winter, (for that is my
 time, 75
 When the days are at shortest), to get it in
 rhyme;
 Till then it was lock'd in my box at Parnassus:
 When that subtle companion, in hopes to sur-
 pass us,
 Conveys out my paper of hints by a trick,
 (For I think in my conscience he deals with *old*
nick), 80
 And from my own stock provided with topics,
 He gets to a window beyond both the tropics;
 There out of my sight, just against the north zone,
 Writes down my conceits and calls them his own;
 And you, like a cully, the bubble can swal-
 low: 85
 Now, who but Delany, that writes like Apollo?
 High treason by statute! but here you object,
 He only stole hints, but the verse is correct;
 Though the thought be Apollo's, 'tis finely ex-
 press'd:
 So a thief steals my horse, and has him well
 dress'd. 90
 Now,

Now, whereas the said criminal seems past re-
 pentance,
 We Phœbus think fit to proceed to the sentence.
 Since Delany has dar'd, like Prometheus his fire,
 To climb to our region, and thence to steal fire;
 We order a vulture, in shape of the spleen, 95
 To prey on his liver, but not to be seen.
 And we order our subjects of ev'ry degree
 To believe all his verses were written by me;
 And, under the pain of our highest displeasure,
 To call nothing his but the rhyme and the measure.
 And lastly, for Stella just out of her prime, 101
 I'm too much reveng'd already by time.
 In return to her scorn, I sent her diseases;
 But will now be her friend, whenever she pleases:
 And the gifts I bestow'd her will find her a lover,
 Though she lives to be grey as a badger all over.

AN ELEGY on the much-lamented death of
 Mr. DEMAR, the famous rich usurer, who
 died the sixth of July 1720. *

Written in the year 1720.

K Now all men by these presents, Death the tamer]
 By mortgage hath secur'd the corpse of Demar;
 Nor can four hundred thousand Sterling pound
 Redeem him from his prison under ground.

His

* This elegy was a subject started and partly executed in company, consisting of Swift and Stella, and a few friends. Every one threw in a hint; and Stella's were the 31st, 32d, 33d, and 34th lines. Hawkes.

His heirs might well, of all his wealth possess, 5
 Bestow to bury him one iron chest.
 Plutus, the God of wealth, will joy to know
 His faithful steward in the shades below.
 He walk'd the streets, and wore a threadbare
 cloak;
 He din'd and supp'd at charge of other folk: 10
 And by his looks, had he held out his palms,
 He might be thought an object fit for alms;
 So, to the poor if he refus'd his pelf,
 He us'd them full as kindly as himself.

Where-e'er he went, he never saw his bet-
 ters; 15
 Lords, knights, and 'squires, were all his humble
 debtors;
 And under *hand* and *seal* the Irish nation
 Were forc'd to own to him their *obligation*.

He that could once have half a kingdom
 bought,
 In half a minute is not worth a groat. 20
 His *coffers* from the *coffin* could not save,
 Nor all his *int'rest* keep him from the grave.
 A golden monument would not be right,
 Because we wish the earth upon him light.

Oh London tavern! * thou hast lost a friend, 25
 Though in thy walls he ne'er did farthing spend:
 He *touch'd* the *pence* when others *touch'd* the *pot*;
 The hand that sign'd the mortgage paid the shot.

* A tavern in Dublin where Demar kept his office.

314 THE RUN UPON BANKERS.

Old as he was, no vulgar known disease
On him could ever boast a power to seize; 30
But as his gold he weigh'd, grim Death in spite
Cast in his dart, which made three moidores
light;

And as he saw his darling *money* fail,
Blew his last breath to sink the lighter scale.
He who so long was *current*, 'twould be strange, 35
If he should now be *cry'd down* since his *change*.

The *sexton* shall green fods on thee bestow :
Alas the *sexton* is thy *banker* now.
A dismal *banker* must that *banker* be,
Who gives no *bills* but of *mortality* †. 40

THE RUN UPON THE BANKERS.

Written in the year 1720.

I.

THE bold encroachers on the deep
Gain by degrees huge tracts of land,
Till Neptune with one gen'ral sweep
Turns all again to barren strand.

II.

The multitude's capricious pranks 5
Are said to represent the seas ;
Which, *breaking bankers* and the *banks*,
Resume *their own* whene'er they please.
Money,

† See an epitaph on this miser, p. 206.

III.

Money, the life-blood of the nation,
Corrupts and stagnates in the veins, 10-
Unless a proper *circulation*
Its motion and its heat maintains.

IV.

Because 'tis *lordly* not to pay,
Quakers and *aldermen* in state,
Like *peers*, have *levees* ev'ry day, 15
Of duns attending at their gate.

V.

We want our money on the nail;
The banker's ruin'd if he pays:
They seem to act an ancient tale;
The *birds* are met to strip the *jays*. 20

VI.

Riches, the wisest monarch * fings,
Make pinions for themselves to fly:
They fly like bats on *parchment wings*,
And geese their *silver* plumes supply.

VII.

No money left for squand'ring heirs! 25
Bills turn the lenders into debtors:
The wish of Nero now is theirs,
That they *had never known their letters* †.

VIII.

Conceive the works of midnight-hags,
Tormenting fools behind their backs: 30
D d 2 Thus

* Solomon.

† It is said of Nero, that when he first came to the imperial dignity from the tutorage of Seneca, being asked to sign a warrant for an execution, he wished he could not write. *Hawkef.*

Thus bankers o'er their bills and bags
 Sit squeezing *images of wax* †.

IX.

Conceive the whole enchantment broke;
 The witches left in open air,
 With pow'r no more than other folk, 35
 Expos'd with all their *magic* ware.

X.

So pow'rful are a banker's bills,
 Where creditors demand their due;
 They break up counters, doors, and tills,
 And leave the empty chests in view. 40

XI.

Thus, when an earthquake lets in light,
 Upon the god of *gold* and *hell*,
 Unable to endure the fight,
 He hides within his darkeſt cell.

XII.

As when a conj'rer takes a lease 45
 From Satan for a term of years,
 The tenant's in a diſmal caſe,
 Whene'er the *bloody bond* || appears.

XIII.

A *baited* banker thus deſponds,
 From his own hand foreſees his fall; 50
 They have his *soul* who have his *bonds*;
 'Tis like the *writing on the wall* §.

How

† Witches were fabled to torment the abſent, by roaſting or
 otherwiſe ill treating their images in wax. *Hawkeſ.*

|| Theſe contracts were always ſuppoſed to be ſigned with blood.
Hawkeſ.

§ *Mene mene tekel upharſin.*

XIV.

How will the caitiff wretch be scar'd,
When first he finds himself awake
At the last trumpet, unprepar'd, 55
And all his *grand account* to make?

XV.

For in that universal call
Few bankers will to heaven be mounters:
They'll cry, *ye shops upon us fall*,
Conceal and *cover us*, ye counters: 60

XVI.

When *other* hands the *scales* shall hold,
And they in *men and angels* fight
Produc'd with all their bills and gold,
Weigh'd in the balance, and found light.

THE DESCRIPTION of an IRISH FEAST,
translated almost literally out of the original
Irish.

Translated in the year 1720.

O ROURK's noble fare
Will ne'er be forgot,
By those who were there,
Or those who were not.
His revels to keep, 5
We sup and we dine,
On seven-score sheep,
Fat bullocks and fwine.

D d 3

Ufquebaugh

Ufquebaugh to our feast
 In pails was brought up, 10
 An hundred at least,
 And a madder * our cup.
 O there is the sport!
 We rise with the light
 In disorderly fort, 15
 From snoring all night.
 O how I was trick'd!
 My pipe it was broke,
 My pocket was pick'd,
 I lost my new cloak. 20
 I'm rifled, quoth Nell,
 Of mantle and kercher: †
 Why then fare them well,
 The de'il take the searcher.
 Come, harper, strike up; 25
 But, first, by your favour,
 Boy, give us a cup:
 Ah! this has some favour.
 O Rourk's jolly boys
 Ne'er dream'd of the matter, 30
 Till rous'd by the noise
 And musical clatter,
 They bounce from their nest,
 No longer will tarry,
 They rise ready drest, 35
 Without one *Ave Mary*.
 They dance in a round,
 Cutting capers and ramping;
 A mercy

* A wooden vessel.

† An handkerchief.

A mercy the ground
 Did not burst with their stamping. 40
 The floor is all wet
 With leaps and with jumps,
 While the water and sweat
 Splish splash in their pumps.
 Bless you late and early, 45
 Laughlin O Enagin,
 By my hand, * you dance rarely,
 Margery Grinagin †.
 Bring straw for our bed,
 Shake it down to the feet, 50
 Then over us spread
 The winnowing sheet:
 To shew I don't flinch,
 Fill the bowl up again;
 Then give us a pinch 55
 Of your sneezing, a yeau ‡.
 Good Lord, what a fight,
 After all their good cheer,
 For people to fight
 In the midst of their beer? 60
 They rise from their feast,
 And hot are their brains,
 A cubit at least
 The length of their skeans ||.
 What stabs and what cuts, 65
 What clatt'ring of sticks;

What

* An Irish oath.

† The name of an Irish woman.

‡ An Irish word for woman.

|| Daggers, or short swords.

What strokes on the guts,
 What bastings and kicks!
 With cudgels of oak
 Well harden'd in flame, 70
 An hundred heads broke,
 An hundred struck lame.
 You churl, I'll maintain
 My father built Lusk,
 The castle of Slain, 75
 And Carrick Drumrusk:
 The Earl of Kildare
 And Moynalta, his brother,
 As great as they are,
 I was nurs'd by their mother †. 80
 Ask that of old *Madam*,
 She'll tell you who's who,
 As far up as Adam,
 She knows it is true.
 Come down with that beam, 85
 If cudgels are scarce,
 A blow on the weam,
 Or a kick on the a—se.

A French

† It is the custom in Ireland, to call nurses foster-mothers, their husbands foster-fathers, and their children foster-brothers or foster-sisters; and thus the poorest claim kindred to the richest.

A French gentleman dining with some company
on a Fast-day, called for some bacon and eggs.
The rest were very angry, and reproved him
for so heinous a sin: whereupon he wrote the
following lines *extempore*, which are here trans-
lated.

*P*Eut on croire avec bon sens,
Qu' un lardon le mit en colere,
Ou, que manger un harang,
C'est un secret pour luy plaire ?
En sa gloire envelopé,
Songe t'il bien de nos soupé ?

IN ENGLISH.

WHO can believe, with common sense,
A bacon-slice gives God offence;
Or how a herring hath a charm
Almighty vengeance to disarm ?
Wrapt up in Majesty divine,
Does he regard on what we dine?

An

An Excellent New S O N G on a seditious Pam-
phlet *.

To the tune of Packington's Pound.

Written in the year 1720.

BROCADOS and damasks, and tabbies, and
gauzes,
Are by Robert Ballentine lately brought over,
With forty things more: now hear what the law
says,
Whoe'er will not wear them, is not the King's
lover.

Though a printer and dean 5
Seditiously mean

Our true Irish hearts from old England to wean;
We'll buy English silks for our wives and our
daughters,
In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

II.

In England the dead in woollen are clad, 10
The dean and his printer then let us cry fie on;
To be cloth'd like a carcase would make a Teague
mad,
Since a living dog better is than a dead lion.
Our

* Dr. Swift having wrote a treatise, advising the people of Ire-
land to wear their own manufactures, a prosecution was set on
foot against Waters the printer thereof; which was carried on
with so much violence, that the then Lord Chief Justice, one
Whitshed,

Our wives they grow fullen,
 At weàring of woollen, 15
 And all we poor shopkeepers must our horns
 pull in.
 Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and
 our daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

III.

Whoever our trading with England would hinder,
 To *inflame* both the nations do plainly con-
 spire; 20
 Because Irish linen will soon turn to tinder;
 And wool it is greasy, and quickly takes fire.
 Therefore I assure ye,
 Our noble grand jury,
 When they saw the Dean's book, they were in
 a great fury: 25
 They would buy English silks for their wives and
 their daughters,
 In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

IV.

This wicked rogue Waters, who always is finning,
 And before *Corum nobis* so oft has been call'd,
 Henceforward shall print neither pamphlets nor
 linen, 30
 And, if swearing can't do't, shall be swinging-
 ly maul'd:

And

Whitshed, thought proper, in a manner the most extraordinary,
 to keep the grand jury above twelve hours, and to send them e-
 leven times out of court, until he had wearied them into a spe-
 cial verdict. See vol. 3. p. 327.

And as for the Dean,
 You know whom I mean,
 If the printer will 'peach him, he'll scarce come
 off clean.
 Then we'll buy English silks for our wives and
 our daughters, 35
 In spite of his Deanship and journeyman Waters.

CARBERIÆ RUPE, in Comitatu CORGAGENSI,
 apud *Hibernicos*. *

Scriptit Jun. ann. Dom. 1723.

E Cce ingens fragmens scopuli, quod vertice
 fummo
 Desuper impendet, nullo fundamine nixum,
 Decidit in fluctus: maria undique et undique saxa
 Horrisono stridore tonant, et ad æthera murmur
 Erigitur; trepidatque suis Neptuntis in undis. 5
 Nam, longâ venti rabie, atque aspergine crebrâ
 Æquorei laticis, specus imâ rupe cavatur:
 Jam fultura ruit, jam summa cacumina nutant;
 Jam cadit in præceps moles, et verberat undas.
 Attonitus credas, hinc dejecisse tonantem 10
 Montibus impositos montes, et Pelion altum
 In capita anguipedum cœlo jaculâsse gigantum.

Sæpe etiam spelunca immani aperitur hiatu
 Excisa è scopulis, et utrinque foramina pandit,
 Hinc atque hinc à ponto ad pontum pervia
 Phœbo. 15

Cautibus

* See p. 6.

Cautibus enormè junctis laquearia tecti
Formantur ; moles olim ruitura superne.
Fornice sublimi nidos posuere palumbes,
Inque imo stagni posuere cubilia phocæ.

Sed, cum sævit hyems, et venti, carcere rupto, 20
Immenso volvunt fluctus ad culmina montis,
Non obsessæ arces, non fulmina vindice dextrâ
Missa Jovis, quoties inimicas sævit in urbes,
Exæquant sonitum undarum, veniente procellâ :
Littora littoribus reboant ; vicinia latè, 25
Gens assueta mari, et pedibus percurrere rupes,
Terretur tamen, et longè fugit, arva relinquens.

Gramina dum carpunt pendentes rupe capellæ,
Vi salientis aquæ de summo præcipitantur,
Et dulces animas imo sub gurgite linquunt. 30

Piscator terrâ non audet vellere funem :
Sed latet in portu tremebundus, et aëra sudum
Haud sperans, Nereum precibus votisque fatigat.

[We have added a translation of the preceding poem, for the benefit of our English readers. It is done by Mr. W. Dunkin, M. A. for whom our supposed author hath expressed a great regard, on account of his ingenious performances, although unacquainted with him.]

CARBERY ROCKS, in the County of
CORKE, *Ireland.*

LO! from the top of yonder cliff, that shrouds
Its airy head amidst the azure clouds,
Hangs a huge fragment ; destitute of props,
Prone on the waves the rocky ruin drops !

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E c

With

With hoarse rebuff the swelling seas rebound, 5
 From shore to shore the rocks return the sound :
 The dreadful murmur heav'n's high convex cleaves,
 And Neptune shrinks beneath his subject waves :
 For long the whirling winds and beating tides
 Had scoop'd a vault into its nether sides. 10
 Now yields the base, the summits nod, now urge
 Their headlong course, and lash the founding furge.
 Not louder noise could shake the guilty world,
 When Jove heap'd mountains upon mountains
 hurl'd;
 Retorting Pelion from his dread abode, 15
 To crush earth's rebel-sons beneath the load.

Oft, too, with hideous yawn the caverns wide
 Present an orifice on either side,
 A dismal orifice from sea to sea
 Extended, pervious to the god of day : 20
 Uncouthly join'd the rocks stupendous form
 An arch, the ruin of a future storm :
 High on the cliff their nests the *woodquests* make,
 And sea-calves stable in the oozy lake.

But when bleak Winter with his fullen train 25
 Awakes the winds to vex the wat'ry plain ;
 When o'er the craggy steep, without control,
 Big with the blast, the raging billows roll,
 Not towns beleaguer'd, not the flaming brand,
 Darted from heav'n by Jove's avenging hand, 30
 Oft as on impious men his wrath he pours,
 Humbles their pride, and blasts their gilded tow'rs,
 Equal

Equal the tumult of this wild uproar :
 Waves rush o'er waves, rebellows shore to shore.
 The neighb'ring race, though wont to brave the
 flocks 35

Of angry seas, and run along the rocks,
 Now pale with terror, while the ocean foams,
 Fly far and wide, nor trust their native homes.

The goats, while pendent from the mountain-
 top
 The wither'd herb improvident they crop, 40
 Wash'd down the precipice with sudden sweep,
 Leave their sweet lives beneath th' unfathom'd
 deep.

The frighted fisher, with desponding eyes,
 Though safe, yet trembling in the harbour lies,
 Nor hoping to behold the skies serene, 45
 Wearies with vows the monarch of the main.

Upon the HORRID PLOT discovered by HAR-
 LEQUIN, the BISHOP of ROCHESTER'S
 French Dog. *

In a Dialogue between a Whig and a Tory.

Written in the year 1723.

I Ask'd a Whig the other night,
 How came this wicked plot to light ?

E e 2

He

* See the proceedings in parliament against Dr. Atterbury the Bishop of Rochester, State-trials, vol. 6. — He was tried by the Lords for a plot against the government, deprived of his bishopric, and banished his native country.

He answer'd, that a *dog* of late
 Inform'd a minister of state.
 Said I, from thence I nothing know; 5
 For, are not all informers so?
 A villain who his friend betrays,
 We style him by no other phrase;
 And so a perjurd *dog* denotes
 Porter, and Prendergast, and Oates, 10
 And forty others I could name.

Whig. But you must know this dog was lame.

Tory. A weighty argument indeed!
 Your *evidence* was *lame* :—proceed :
 Come, help your *lame dog o'er the stile.* 15

Whig. Sir, you mistake me all this while :
 I mean a *dog* (without a joke)
 Can howl, and bark, but never spoke.

Tory. I'm still to seek, which *dog* you mean;
 Whether cur Plunket, or whelp Skean, 20
 An English, or an Irish hound;
 Or t'other puppy that was drown'd;
 Or Mason, that abandon'd bitch :
 Then pray be free, and tell me which :
 For ev'ry stander-by was marking, 25
 That all the noise they made was *barking*.
 You pay them well; the dogs have got
 Their dogs-heads in a porridge-pot :
 And 'twas but just; for wise men say,
 That *ev'ry dog must have his day.* 30
 Dog Walpole laid a quart of nog on't,
 He'd either *make a hog or dog on't*,
 And look'd since he has got his wish,
 As if he had *thrown down a dish.*

Yet

Yet this I dare foretel you from it, 35
He'll soon *return to his own vomit*.

Whig. Besides, this horrid plot was found
By Neynoe, after he was drown'd.

Tory. Why then the proverb is not right,
Since you can teach *dead dogs* to bite. 40

Whig. I prov'd my proposition full :
But Jacobites are strangely dull.
Now let me tell you plainly, Sir,
Our witness is a real *cur*,
A *dog* of spirit for his years, 45
Has twice two legs, two hanging ears ;
His name is *Harlequin*, I wot,
And that's a name in ev'ry *plot* :
Resolv'd to save the British nation,
Tho' French by birth and education ; 50
His correspondence plainly dated
Was all decypher'd and *translated* :
His answers were exceeding pretty
Before the secret wise committee :
Confess'd as plain as he could bark : 55
Then with his forefoot set his *mark*.

Tory. Then all this while have I been bubbled,
I thought it was a *dog* in *doublet* ;
The matter now no longer flicks ;
For statesmen never want *dog-tricks*. 60
But since it was a real *cur*,
And not a *dog* in metaphor,
I give you joy of the report,
That he's to have a place at court.

Whig. Yes, and a place he will grow rich in ; 65
A turnspit in the royal kitchen.

330 JOAN CUDGELS NED.

Sir, to be plain, I tell you what,
 We had occasion for a plot :
 And when we found the *dog* begin it,
 We guess'd the bishop's foot was in it. 70
Tory. I own it was a dang'rous project;
 And you have prov'd it by *dog-logic*.
 Sure such intelligence between
 A *dog* and bishop ne'er was seen,
 Till you began to change the breed : 75
 Your bishops all are *d—gs* indeed.

JOAN CUDGELS NED.

Written in the year 1723.

JOAN cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully ;
 Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
 Die Ned and Bess, give Will to Joan,
 She dares not say her life's her own.
 Die Joan and Will ; give Bess to Ned, 5
 And ev'ry day she *combs his head*.

STELLA AT WOOD-PARK.

A House of CHARLES FORD, Esq; eight Miles
 from Dublin.

—*Cuicumque nocere volebat*
Vestimenta dabat pretiosa.

Written in the year 1723.

DON Carlos in a merry spite
 Did Stella to his house invite :
 He

He entertain'd her half a year
 With gen'rous wines and costly cheer.
 Don Carlos made her chief director, 5
 That she might o'er the servants hector.
 In half a week the dame grew nice :
 Got all things at the highest price :
 Now at the table-head she sits,
 Presented with the nicest bits ; 10
 She look'd on partridges with scorn,
 Except they tasted of the corn :
 A haunch of ven'son made her sweat,
 Unless it had the right *fumette*.
 Don Carlos earnestly would beg, 15
 Dear madam, try this pigeon's leg ;
 Was happy, when he could prevail
 To make her only touch a quail.
 Thro' candle-light she view'd the wine,
 To see that ev'ry glass was fine. 20
 At last grown prouder than the devil
 With feeding high, and treatment civil,
 Don Carlos now began to find
 His malice work as he design'd.
 The winter-sky began to frown, 25
 Poor Stella must pack off to town ;
 From purling streams and fountains bubbling,
 To * Liffey's stinking tide at Dublin :
 From wholesome exercise and air,
 To fofling in an easy chair : 30
 From stomach sharp, and hearty feeding,
 To piddle like a lady breeding :

From

* The river that runs through Dublin.

332 STELLA AT WOOD-PARK.

From ruling there the household singly,
 To be directed here by Dingley : *
 From ev'ry day a lordly banquet, 35
 To half a joint, and *God be thanked* :
 From ev'ry meal, Pontack in plenty,
 To half a pint one day in twenty :
 From Ford attending at her call,
 To visits of ————— : 40
 From Ford who thinks of nothing mean,
 To the poor doings of the Dean :
 From growing richer with good cheer,
 To running out by starving here.
 But now arrives the dismal day ; 45
 She must return to Ormond-quay. †
 The coachman stopt ; she look'd, and swore
 The rascal had mistook the door.
 At coming in you saw her stoop ;
 The entry brush'd against her hoop : 50
 Each moment rising in her airs,
 She curs'd the narrow winding stairs
 Began a thousand faults to spy ;
 The cieling hardly six feet high ;
 The smutty wainscot full of cracks : 55
 And half the chairs with broken backs :
 Her quarter's out at Ladyday,
 She vows she will no longer stay
 In lodgings, like a poor Grizette,
 While there are lodgings to be let. 60
 Howe'er, to keep her spirits up,
 She sent for company to sup :

When:

* A lady. The two ladies lodged together.

† Where the two ladies lodged.

When all the while you might remark,
 She strove in vain to ape Wood-park.
 Two bottles call'd for (half her store, 65
 The cupboard could contain but four):
 A supper worthy of herself,
 Five nothings in five plates of *delf*.

Thus for a week the farce went on;
 When, all her country-savings gone, 70
 She fell into her former scene,
 Small beer, a herring, and the Dean.

Thus far in jest: tho' now, I fear,
 You think my jesting too severe;
 But poets, when a hint is new, 75
 Regard not whether false or true:
 Yet raillery gives no offence,
 Where truth has not the least pretence;
 Nor can be more securely plac'd,
 Than on a nymph of Stella's taste. 80

I must confess, your wine and vittles
 I was too hard upon a little:
 Your table neat, your linen fine;
 And, tho' in miniature, you shine:
 Yet when you sigh to leave Wood-park, 85
 The scene, the welcome, and the spark,
 To languish in this odious town,
 And pull your haughty stomach down;
 We think you quite mistake the case,
 The virtue lies not in the place: 90
 For, tho' my raillery were true,
 A cottage is Wood-park with you.

A Quibbling

A Quibbling ELEGY on the Worshipful
JUDGE BOAT.

Written in the year 1723.

TO mournful ditties, Clio, change thy note,
Since cruel fate hath *sunk* our Justice *Boat*.
Why should he *sink*, where nothing seem'd to press?
His *lading* little, and his *ballast* less.
Toft in the *waves* of this *tempestuous* world, 5
At length, his *anchor* fix'd, and *canvas* furl'd,
To Lazy-hill * retiring from his court,
At his Ring's-end * he *founders* in the port.
With *water* † fill'd he could no longer *float*,
The common death of many a stronger *boat*. 10

A post so fill'd, on nature's laws intrrenches:
Benches on *boats* are plac'd, not *boats* on *benches*.
And yet our *Boat*, how shall I reconcile it?
Was both a *boat*, and in one sense a *pilot*.
With ev'ry *wind* he *sail'd*, and well could *tack*: 15
Had many *pendents*, but abhorr'd a *Jack*. ‡
He's gone, altho' his friends began to hope,
That he might yet be lifted by a *rope*.

Behold the awful *bench* on which he sat;
He was as *hard* and pond'rous *wood* as that: 20
Yet, when his *sand* was out, we find at last,
That death has *overfet* him with a *blast*.
Our *Boat* is now *sail'd* to the Stygian ferry,
There to supply old Charon's leaky wherry:

Charon.

* Two villages near the sea where boatmen and seamen live.

† It was said he died of a dropsy.

‡ A cant word for a Jacobite.

ELEGY ON JUDGE BOAT. 335

Charon in him will ferry souls to hell ; 25
 A trade our *Boat* * hath practis'd here so well :
 And Cerberus hath ready in his paws
 Both *pitch* and *brimstone* to fill up his *flaws*.
 Yet, spite of death and fate, I here maintain
 We may place *Boat* in his old *post* again. 30
 The way is thus, and well deserves your thanks :
 Take the three strongest of his broken planks ;
 Fix them on high, conspicuous to be seen,
 Form'd like the triple tree near Stephen's † green ;
 And when we view it thus with thief at end
 on't, 35
 We'll cry, Look, here's our *Boat*, and there's the
pendant.

THE EPITAPH.

HERE lies Judge *Boat* within a coffin ;
 Pray gentle folks forbear your scoffing.
 A *Boat* a judge ! yes ; where's the blunder ?
 A *wooden* judge is no such wonder.
 And in his robes you must agree, 5
 No *Boat* was better *deck'd* than he.
 'Tis needless to describe him fuller,
 In short he was an able sculler. ‡

A RECEIPT

* In hanging people as a judge.
 † Where the Dublin gallows stands.
 ‡ Query, Whether the author meant *scholar*, and wilfully mis-
 took.

A RECEIPT to restore STELLA's Youth.

Written in the year 1724-5.

THE Scottish hinds, too poor to house
 In frosty nights their starving cows,
 While not a blade of grass or hay
 Appears from Michaelmas to May,
 Must let their cattle range in vain 5
 For food along the barren plain.
 Meagre and lank with fasting grown,
 And nothing left but skin and bone ;
 Expos'd to want, and wind, and weather,
 They just keep life and soul together, 10
 Till summer show'rs and evening's dew
 Again the verdant glebe renew ;
 And as the vegetables rise,
 The famish'd cow her want supplies :
 Without an ounce of last year's flesh ; 15
 Whate'er she gains is young and fresh ;
 Grows plump and round, and full of mettle,
 As rising from Medea's kettle,
 With youth and beauty to inchant
 Europa's counterfeit gallant. † 20
 Why, Stella, should you knit your brow,
 If I compare you to the cow ?
 'Tis just the case ; for you have fasted
 So long, till all your flesh is wasted,
 And must again the warmer days 25
 Be sent to Quilca ‡ down to graze ;

Where

† Jupiter is fabled to have stolen Europa, in the shape of a bull. *Hawkes.*

‡ Dr. Sheridan's house, forty miles from Dublin.

Where mirth, and exercise, and air,
 Will soon your appetite repair :
 The nutriment will from within,
 Round all your body, plump your skin ; 30
 Will agitate the lazy flood,
 And fill your veins with sprightly blood :
 Nor flesh nor blood will be the same,
 Nor aught of Stella but the name ;
 For what was ever understood 35
 By human kind, but flesh and blood ?
 And if your flesh and blood be new,
 You'll be no more the former *you* ;
 But for a blooming nymph will pass,
 Just fifteen, coming summer's grass, 40
 Your jetty locks with garlands crown'd :
 While all the 'squires for nine miles round,
 Attended by a brace of curs,
 With jocky boots and silver spurs,
 No less than justices o' *quorum*, 45
 Their cow-boys bearing cloaks before 'em,
 Shall leave deciding broken pates,
 To kiss your steps at Quilca gates.
 But, lest you should my skill disgrace,
 Come back before you're out of case : 50
 For if to Michaelmas you stay,
 The new-born flesh will melt away ;
 The 'squires, in scorn, will fly the house
 For better game, and look for grouse ;
 But here, before the frost can mar it, 55
 We'll make it firm with beef and claret.

WHITSHED's Motto on his COACH.*

LIBERTAS ET NATALE SOLUM.

Liberty and my native country.

Written in the year 1724.

*L*ibertas et natale solum :

Fine words ! I wonder where you stole 'em.

Could nothing, but thy chief reproach,

Serve for a motto on thy coach ?

But let me now the words translate :

3

Natale solum, my estate ;

My dear estate, how well I love it !

My tenants, if you doubt, will prove it :

They swear I am so kind and good,

I hug them, till I squeeze their blood.

10

Libertas bears a large import :

First, how to swagger in a court ;

And, secondly, to shew my fury

Against an uncomplying jury ;

And, thirdly, 'tis a new invention

15

To favour Wood, and keep my pension ;

And, fourthly, 'tis to play an odd trick,

Get the great seal, and turn out Brod'rick ;

And, fifthly, (you know whom I mean)

To humble that vexatious Dean ;

20

And,

* The noted Chief Justice, who twice prosecuted the Drapier, and dissolved the grand jury for not finding the bill against him. See his letters in vol. 3d and 4th.

And, sixthly, for my soul to barter it, †
For fifty times its worth, to Carteret. ‡

Now, since your motto thus you construe,
I must confess you've spoken once true.

Libertas et natale solum :

25

You had good reason, when you stole 'em.

Sent by Dr. DELANY to Dr. SWIFT, in order
to be admitted to speak to him, when he was
deaf.

Written in the year 1724.

DEar Sir, I think 'tis doubly hard,
Your ears and doors should both be barr'd.
Can any thing be more unkind ?
Must I not see, 'cause you are blind ?
Methinks, a friend at night should cheer you, 5
A friend that loves to see and hear you.
Why am I robb'd of that delight,
When you can be no loser by't ?
Nay, when 'tis plain (for, what is plainer ?)
That if you heard, you'd be no gainer. 10
For sure you are not yet to learn,
That hearing is not your concern ;
Then be your doors no longer barr'd :
Your business, Sir, is to be heard.

F f 2

THE

† (*i. e.*) Liberty to barter his soul. *Hawkes.*

‡ Lord Carteret, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

THE ANSWER.

THE wife pretend to make it clear,
 'Tis no great loss to lose an ear.
 Why are we then so fond of two,
 When, by experience, one would do?
 'Tis true, say they, cut off the head, 5
 And there's an end; the man is dead;
 Because among all human race,
 None e'er was known to have a brace:
 But confidently they maintain,
 That where we find the members twain, 10
 The loss of one is no such trouble,
 Since t'other will in strength be double.
 The limb surviving, you may swear,
 Becomes his brother's lawful heir.
 Thus, for a trial, let me beg of 15
 Your Rev'rence but to cut one leg off;
 And you shall find by this device,
 The other will be stronger twice;
 For ev'ry day you shall be gaining
 New vigour to the leg remaining: 20
 So, when an eye hath lost its brother,
 You see the better with the other:
 Cut off your hand, and you may do
 With t'other hand the work of two:
 Because the soul her power contracts, 25
 And on the brother-limb *re-acts*.

But yet the point is not so clear in
 Another case, the sense of hearing:

For

For though the place of either ear
 Be distant as one head can bear ; 30
 Yet Galen most acutely shews you,
 (Consult his book *de partium usu*)
 That from each ear, as he observes,
 There creep two auditory nerves,
 Not to be seen without a glass, 35
 Which near the *os petrosum* pass ;
 Thence to the neck : and moving thorough there
 One goes to this, and one to t'other ear,
 Which made my grand-dame always stuff her ears,
 Both right and left, as fellow-sufferers. 40
 You see my learning ; but, to shorten it,
 When my left ear was deaf a fortnight,
 To t'other ear I felt it coming on :
 And thus I solve this hard *phænomenon*.

'Tis true, a glass will bring supplies 45
 To weak, or old, or clouded eyes :
 Your arms, though both your eyes were lost,
 Would guard your nose against a post :
 Without your legs, two legs of wood
 Are stronger, and almost as good : 50
 And as for hands, there have been those,
 Who wanting both, have us'd their toes ; *
 But no contrivance yet appears
 To furnish artificial ears.

F f 3

A quiet

* There was about this time a man shewn, who wrote with his foot. *Hawkes*.

A quiet LIFE and a good NAME.

To a FRIEND who married a SHREW.

Written in the year 1724.

NELL scolded in so loud a din,
That Will durst hardly venture in :
He mark'd the conjugal dispute ;
Nell roar'd incessant, Dick sat mute ;
But when he saw his friend appear, 5
Cry'd bravely, Patience, good my dear.
At sight of Will she bawl'd no more,
But hurry'd out, and clapp'd the door.

Why, Dick ! the devil's in thy Nell,
(Quoth Will) thy house is worse than hell : 10
Why, what a peal the jade has rung !
Damn her, why don't you slit her tongue ?
For nothing else will make it cease.
Dear Will, I suffer this for peace :
I never quarrel with my wife ; 15
I bear it for a quiet life.
Scripture, you know, exhorts us to it ;
Bids us to *seek peace, and ensue it.*

Will went again to visit Dick ;
And, ent'ring in the very nick, 20
He saw virago Nell belabour,
With Dick's own staff, his peaceful neighbour :
Poor Will, who needs must interpose,
Receiv'd a brace or two of blows.

But

But now, to make my story short, 25
 Will drew out Dick to take a quart;
 Why, Dick, thy wife has dev'lish whims;
 Odsbuds, why don't you break her limbs?
 If she were mine, and had such tricks,
 I'd teach her how to handle sticks: 30
 Z——ds, I would ship her to Jamaica,
 Or truck the carrion for *tobacco*:
 I'd send her far enough away——
 Dear Will; but what would people say?
 Lord! I should get so ill a name, 35
 The neighbours round would cry out, shame.

Dick suffer'd for his peace and credit;
 But who believ'd him when he said it?
 Can he, who makes himself a slave,
 Consult his peace, or credit save? 40
 Dick found it by his ill success,
 His quiet small, his credit less.
 She serv'd him at the usual rate;
 She stunn'd, and then she broke his pate.
 And what he thought the hardest case, 45
 The parish jeer'd him to his face;
 Those men who wore the breeches least,
 Call'd him a cuckold, fool and beast.
 At home he was pursu'd with noise;
 Abroad was pester'd by the boys: 50
 Within, his wife would break his bones:
 Without, they pelted him with stones:
 The 'prentices procur'd a riding*
 To act his patience, and her chiding.

False

* A *riding*: a humorous cavalcade still practised in some parts

False patience and mistaken pride ! 55
 There are ten thousand Dicks beside ;
 Slaves to their quiet and good name
 Are us'd like Dick, and bear the blame.

[Some ingenious gentlemen, friends to the author, used to entertain themselves with writing riddles, and sending them to him and their other acquaintance ; copies of which ran about, and some of them were printed both in England and Ireland. The author, at his leisure-hours, fell into the same amusement ; although it be said, that he thought them of no great merit, entertainment, or use. However, by the advice of some persons, for whom the author had a great esteem, and who were pleased to send the copies, the few following have been published, (which are allowed to be genuine ;) because, we are informed that several good judges have a taste for such kind of compositions.]

A R I D D L E.

Written in the year 1724.

I.

IN youth exalted high in air,
 Or bathing in the waters fair,
 Nature to form me took delight,
 And clad my body all in white :
 My person tall, and slender waist, 5
 On either side with fringes grac'd ;
 Till me that tyrant man espy'd,
 And dragg'd me from my mother's side !

No

parts of England, to ridicule a scolding wife and henpecked husband. A woman bestrides the horse, and with a ladle chastises a man, who sits on a pillion behind her, with his face to the horse's tail. *Hawkes.*

No wonder now I look so thin ;
 The tyrant stripp'd me to the skin : 10
 My skin he flay'd, my hair he cropt ;
 At head and foot my body lopt :
 And then, with heart more hard than stone,
 He pick'd my marrow from the bone.
 To vex me more, he took a freak 15
 To slit my tongue, and make me speak :
 But that which wonderful appears,
 I speak to eyes, and not to ears.
 He oft employs me in disguise,
 And makes me tell a thousand lies : 20
 To me he chiefly gives in trust
 To please his malice, or his lust.
 From me no secret he can hide :
 I see his vanity and pride :
 And my delight is to expose 25
 His follies to his greatest foes.

All languages I can command,
 Yet not a word I understand.
 Without my aid, the best divine
 In learning would not know a line : 30
 The lawyer must forget his pleading ;
 The scholar could not shew his reading.

Nay, man, my master, is my slave :
 I give command to kill or save,
 Can grant ten thousand pounds a-year, 35
 And make a beggar's brat a peer.

But while I thus my life relate,
 I only hasten on my fate.

My

My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a word. 40
 I die unpitied and forgot,
 And on some dunghill left to rot.

II.

A N O T H E R.

ALL-ruling tyrant of the earth,
 To vilest slaves I owe my birth.
 How is the greatest monarch blest'd,
 When in my gaudy liv'ry dress'd!
 No haughty nymph has pow'r to run 5
 From me, or my embraces shun.
 Stabb'd to the heart, condemn'd to flame,
 My constancy is still the same.
 The fav'rite messenger of Jove, §
 And Lemnian god ||, consulting, strove 10
 To make me glorious to the fight
 Of mortals, and the gods delight.
 Soon would their altars flame expire,
 If I refus'd to lend them fire.

III.

A N O T H E R.

BY fate *exalted high* in place,
 Lo, here I stand with *double face*;

Superior

§ Mercury.

|| Vulcan.

Superior none on earth I find ;
 But see *below me* all mankind.
 Yet, as it oft attends the great, 5
 I almost *sink* with my own *weight*.
 At every *motion* undertook,
 The vulgar all consult my *look*.
 I sometimes give advice in *writing*,
 But never of my own *inditing*. 10

I am a courtier in my way,
 For those who *rais'd* me, I *betray*;
 And some give out that I entice
 To lust, and luxury, and dice ;
 Who punishments on me inflict, 15
 Because they find their pockets pick'd.

By riding *post* I lose my health ;
 And only to get others wealth.

IV.

A N O T H E R.

Because I am by nature *blind*,
 I wisely chuse to walk *behind* ;
 However, to avoid disgrace,
 I let no creature see my *face*.
 My *words* are few, but spoke with *sense* : 5
 And yet my *speaking* gives offence :
 Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
 The company will fly the room.
 By all the world I am *opprest*,
 And my *oppression* gives them *rest*. 10

Thought

My tongue is black, my mouth is furr'd,
 I hardly now can force a word. 40
 I die unpitied and forgot,
 And on some dunghill left to rot.

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 And yet my *speaking* gives offence :
 Or, if to *whisper* I presume,
 The company will fly the room.
 By all the world I am *opprest*,
 And my *oppression* gives them *rest*. 10

Thought

Through me, though sore against my will,
Instructors ev'ry art instil.
 By thousands I am *sold* and *bought*,
 Who neither get, nor lose a groat;
 For none, alas, by me can gain, 15
 But those who give me *greatest* pain.
 Shall man presume to be my master,
 Who's but my *caterer* and *taster*?
 Yet though I always have my will,
 I'm but a mere *depend*er still: 20
 An humble *hanger-on* at best;
 Of whom all people *make a jest*.
 In me detractors seek to find
 Two vices of a diff'rent kind:
 I'm too profuse, some cens'ers cry, 25
 And all I get, I *let it fly*:
 While others give me many a curse,
 Because too *close* I hold my *purse*.
 But this I know, in either case
 They dare not *charge* me to my *face*. 30
 'Tis true indeed, sometimes I *save*,
 Sometimes *run out* of all I have:
 But when the year is at an end,
 Computing what I *get* and *spend*,
 My *goings out* and *comings in*, 35
 I cannot find I lose or win:
 And therefore all that know me say,
 I justly keep the *middle way*.
 I'm always by my betters led;
 I last *get up*, am first *a-bed*; 40
 Though, if I rise *before my time*,
 The learn'd in sciences sublime

Consult

Consult the stars, and thence foretel
Good luck to those with whom I dwell.

V.

A N O T H E R.

THE joy of man, the pride of brutes,
 Domestic subject for disputes,
 Of plenty thou the emblem fair,
 Adorn'd by nymphs with all their care;
 I saw thee rais'd to high renown, 5
 Supporting half the British crown :
 And often have I seen thee grace
 The chaste Diana's infant face ;
 And whensoever you please to shine,
 Less useful is her light than thine : 10
 Thy num'rous fingers know their way,
 And oft in Celia's tresses play.

To place thee in another view,
 I'll shew the world strange things and true ;
 What lords and dames of high degree 15
 May justly claim their birth from thee.
 The soul of man with spleen you vex ;
 Of spleen you cure the female sex.
 Thee for a gift the courtier sends
 With pleasure to his special friends : 20
 He gives ; and, with a gen'rous pride
 Contrives all means the gift to hide :
 Nor oft can the receiver know,
 Whether he has the gift or no.

On airy wings you take your flight, 25
 And fly unseen both day and night;
 Conceal your form with various tricks;
 And few know how or where you fix.
 Yet some, who ne'er bestow'd thee, boast
 That they to others give thee most. 30
 Mean time, the wise a question start,
 If thou a real being art;
 Or but a creature of the brain,
 That gives imaginary pain:
 But the fly giver better knows thee; 35
 Who feels true joys, when he bestows thee.

VI.

A N O T H E R.

THOUGH I, alas! a pris'ner be
 My trade is pris'ners to set free.
 No slave his Lord's commands obeys
 With such *insinuating* ways.
 My genius *piercing, sharp, and bright,* 5
 Wherein the men of wit delight.
 The clergy keep me for their ease,
 And *turn* and *wind* me as they please.
 A new and wondrous art I show
 Of raising spirits from below; 10
 In *scarlet* some, and some in *white* :
 They rise, walk round, yet never fright.
 In at each *mouth* the spirits *pass,*
 Distinctly seen as through a glass:
 O'er

R I D D L E S.

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O'er *head* and *body* make a rout,
And drive at last all *secrets* out :
And still the more I show my art,
The more they *open ev'ry heart*. 15

A greater chymist none, than I ;
Who, from *materials hard and dry*, 20
Have taught men to *extract* with skill
More precious juice than from a still.

Although I'm often *out of case*,
I'm not ashamed to show my *face*.
Though at the tables of the great 25
I near the side-board take my seat ;
Yet the plain 'squire, when dinner's done,
Is never pleas'd till I make one :
He kindly bids me near him stand ;
And often takes me by the *hand* 30

I twice a-day a *hunting* go ;
Nor ever fail to *seize my foe* ;
And when I have him by the *pole*,
I drag him upwards from his *hole*,
'Though some are of so stubborn kind 35
I'm forc'd to leave a *limb* behind.

I hourly wait some fatal end ;
For I can *break*, but scorn to *bend*.

VII.

A N O T H E R.

The Gulf of all human Possessions.

Written in the year 1724.

C Ome hither and behold the fruits,
 Vain man, of all thy vain pursuits.
 Take wise advice, and *look behind*,
 Bring all *past* actions to thy mind.
 Here you may see, as in a glass, 5
 How soon all human pleasures pass.
 How will it mortify thy pride,
 To turn the true impartial side!
 How will your eyes contain their tears,
 When all the sad *reverse* appears! 10

This cave within its womb confines
 The last result of all designs:
 Here ly deposited the spoils
 Of busy mortals endless toils:
 Here, with an easy search we find 15
 The *foul corruptions* of mankind.
 The wretched purchase here behold
 Of traitors who their country sold.

This gulph insatiable imbibes
 The lawyer's fees, the statesman's bribes. 20
 Here, in their proper shape and mien,
 Fraud, perjury, and guilt are seen.

Necessity,

Necessity, the tyrant's law,
 All human race must hither draw;
 All prompted by the same *desire*, 25
 The vig'rous youth, and aged fire.
 Behold, the coward and the brave,
 The haughty prince, the humble slave,
 Physician, lawyer, and divine,
 All make *oblations* at this shrine. 30
 Some enter boldly, some by stealth,
 And leave behind their fruitless wealth.
 For while the bashful sylvan maid,
 As half ashamed, and half afraid,
 Approaching finds it hard to part 35
 With that which dwelt *so near her heart*;
 The courtly dame, unmoved by fear,
 Profusely pours her *off'rings* here.

A treasure here of *learning* lurks,
 Huge heaps of never-dying works: 40
 Labours of many an ancient sage,
 And millions of the present age.

In at this gulf all off'rings pass,
 And ly an undistinguish'd mass.
 Deucalion, to restore mankind, 45
 Was bid to throw the stones *behind*;
 So those who here their gifts convey,
 Are forc'd to *look another way*;
 For few, a chosen few, must know
 The mysteries that ly below. 50

Sad charnel-house! a dismal dome,
 For which all mortals leave their home;

The young, the beautiful, and brave,
 Here bury'd in one common grave;
 Where each supply of *dead* renews 55
 Unwholesome *damps*, *offensive dews* :
 And lo! *the writing on the walls*
 Points out where each new *victim* falls;
 The *food of worms*, and beasts obscene,
 Who round the vault luxuriant reign. 60

See where those mangled corpses ly,
 Condemn'd by female hands to die;
 A comely dame once clad in white,
 Lies there consign'd to endless night;
 By cruel hands her blood was spilt, 65
 And yet her *wealth* was all her guilt.

And here six virgins in a tomb,
 All-beauteous offspring of one womb,
 Oft in the train of Venus seen,
 As fair and lovely as their queen : 70
 In royal garments each was dress'd,
 Each with a gold and purple vest;
 I saw them of their garments strip'd,
 Their throats were cut, their bellies rip'd;
Twice were they bury'd, *twice* were born, 75
Twice from their sepulchres were torn;
 But now dismember'd here are cast,
 And find a resting-place at last.

Here oft the curious trav'ler finds
 The combat of *opposing winds* : 80
 And seeks to learn the secret cause,
 Which alien seems from nature's laws;
 Why

Why at this *cave's* tremendous *mouth*,
 He feels at once both *north* and *south* :
 Whether the winds in caverns pent 85
 Through *clefts* oppugnant force a vent ;
 Or whether, *op'ning all his stores*,
 Fierce *Æolus* in tempest roars.

Yet from this *mingled mass* of things,
 In time, a new creation springs. 90
 These *crude* materials once shall rise
 To fill the earth, and air, and skies ;
 In various forms appear again
 Of vegetables, brutes, and men.
 So Jove pronounc'd among the gods, 95
 Olympus trembling as he nods.

VIII.

A N O T H E R.

LOUISA TO STREPHON.

Written in the year 1724.

A H, Strephon, how can you despise
 Her, who without thy pity dies ?
 To Strephon I have still been true,
 And of as noble blood as you ;
 Fair issue of the genial bed, 5
 A virgin in thy bosom bred ;
 Embrac'd thee closer than a wife ;
 When thee I leave, I leave my life.

Why

Why should my shepherd take amiss,
 That oft I wake thee with a kiss? 10
 Yet you of ev'ry kiss complain;
 Ah, is not love a pleasing pain?
 A pain which ev'ry happy night
 You cure with ease and with delight;
 With pleasure, as the poet sings, 15
 Too great for mortals less than kings.

Chloe, when on thy breast I ly,
 Observes me with revengeful eye:
 If Chloe o'er thy heart prevails,
 She'll tear me with her desp'rate nails; 20
 And with relentless hands destroy
 The tender pledges of our joy.
 Nor have I bred a spurious race;
 They all were born from thy embrace.

Consider, Strephon, what you do; 25
 For should I die for love of you,
 I'll haunt thy dreams, a bloodless ghost;
 And all my kin, a num'rous host,
 Who down direct our lineage bring
 From victors o'er the Memphian King; 30
 Renown'd in sieges and campaigns,
 Who never fled the bloody plains,
 Who in tempestuous seas can sport,
 And scorn the pleasures of a court;
 From whom great Sylla found his doom; 35
 Who scourg'd to death that scourge of Rome,
 Shall on thee take a vengeance dire;
 Thou, like Alcides, shalt expire,

When

When his envenom'd shirt he wore,
 And skin and flesh in pieces tore. 40
 Nor less that shirt, my rival's gift,
 Cut from the piece that made her shift,
 Shall in thy dearest blood be dy'd,
 And make thee tear thy tainted hide.

IX.

A N O T H E R.

Written in the year 1725.

DEpriv'd of root and branch, and rind,
 Yet flow'rs I bear of ev'ry kind;
 And such is my prolific pow'r,
 They bloom in less than half an hour:
 Yet standers-by may plainly see 5
 They get no nourishment from me.
 My head with giddiness goes round;
 And yet I firmly stand my ground:
 All over naked I am seen,
 And painted like an Indian queen. 10
 No couple-beggar in the land,
 E'er join'd such numbers hand in hand;
 I join them fairly with a *ring*;
 Nor can our parson blame the thing:
 And though no marriage words are spoke, 15
 They part not till the *ring* is broke;
 Yet hypocrite fanatics cry,
 I'm but an idol rais'd on high;

And

358 THE UPRIGHT JUDGE.

And once a weaver in our town,
A damn'd Cromwellian, knock'd me down. 20
I lay a pris'ner twenty years,
And then the jovial cavaliers
To their old post restor'd all three,
I mean the church, the king, and me.

VERSES on the UPRIGHT JUDGE, who
condemned the DRAPIER's Printer.

Written in the year 1724.

THE church I hate, and have good reason;
For there my grandfire cut his weazon:
He cut his weazon at the altar;
I keep my gullet for the halter.

ON THE SAME.

IN church your grandfire cut his throat:
To do the job too long he tarry'd;
He should have had my hearty vote,
To cut his throat before he marry'd.

ON THE SAME.

(The Judge speaks.)

I'M not the grandson of that ass Quin; *
Nor can you prove it, Mr. Pasquin.
My grandame had gallants by twenties,
And bore my mother by a 'prentice:

This,

* An Alderman.

This, when my grandfire knew, they tell us, he 5
In Christ-church cut his throat for jealousy.
And, since the alderman was mad, you say,
Then I must be so too, *ex traduce*.

A SIMILE on our want of SILVER, and
the only way to remedy it.

Written in the year 1725.

AS when of old some forc'refs threw
O'er the moon's face a fable hue,
To drive unseen her magic chair,
At midnight, through the darken'd air:
Wife people, who believ'd with reason, 5
That this eclipse was out of season,
Affirm'd the moon was sick, and fell
To cure her by a counter-spell.
Ten thousand cymbals now begin
To rend the skies with brazen din; 10
The cymbals rattling sounds dispel
The cloud, and drive the hag to hell:
The moon, deliver'd from her pain,
Displays her *silver* face again.
(Note here, that, in the chymic style, 15
The moon is *silver* all this while).

So (if my simile you minded,
Which I confess is too long-winded)
When late a feminine magician, *
Join'd with a *brazen* politician, 20
Expos'd,

* A great lady is reported to have been bribed by Wood.

360 WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

Expos'd, to blind the nation's eyes,
 A parchment of prodigious size; †
 Conceal'd behind that ample screen,
 There was no silver to be seen.
 But to this parchment let the Drapier 25
 Oppose his counter-charm of paper,
 And ring Wood's copper in our ears
 So loud, till all the nation hears;
 That sound will make the parchment shrivel,
 And drive the conjurers to the devil: 30
 And when the sky is grown serene,
 Our silver will appear again.

ON WOOD THE IRONMONGER.

Written in the year 1725.

S Almoneus, as the Grecian tale is,
 Was a mad copper-smith of Elis;
 Up at his forge by morning-peep,
 No creature in the lane could sleep.
 Among a crew of roist'ring fellows 5
 Would sit whole ev'nings at the alehouse:
 His wife and children wanted bread,
 While he went always drunk to bed.
 This vap'ring scab must needs devise
 To ape the thunder of the skies: 10
 With *brass* too fiery steeds he shod,
 To make a clatt'ring as they trod.
 Of polish'd *brass* his flaming car
 Like lightning, dazzled from afar;
 And

† A patent to William Wood, for coining halfpence.

WOOD THE IRONMONGER. 361

And up he mounts into the box, 15
And he must thunder, with a pox.
Then furious he begins his march,
Drives rattling o'er a brazen arch :
With squibs and crackers arm'd to throw
Among the trembling croud below. 20
All ran to pray'rs, both priests and laity,
To pacify this angry deity ;
When Jove, in pity to the town,
With real thunder knock'd him down.
Then what a huge delight were all in, 25
To see the wicked varlet sprawling ?
They search'd his pockets on the place,
And found his copper all was base ;
They laugh'd at such an Irish blunder,
To take the noise of brass for thunder. 30

The moral of this tale is proper,
Apply'd to Wood's adult'rate copper :
Which, as he scatter'd, we like dolts
Mistook at first for thunderbolts ;
Before the Drapier shot a letter, 35
(Nor Jove himself could do it better,)
Which lighting on th' impostor's crown,
Like real thunder knock'd him down.

WOOD, AN INSECT.

Written in the year 1725.

BY long observation, I have understood,
 That two little vermin are kin to Will Wood.
 The first is an insect they call a *wood-louse*,
 That folds up itself in itself for a house,
 As round as a ball, without head, without tail, 5
 Inclos'd *cap-a-pee* in a strong coat of mail.
 And thus William Wood to my fancy appears
 In fillets of brass roll'd up to his ears:
 And over these fillets he wisely has thrown,
 To keep out of danger, a doublet of stone *. 10

The louse of the *wood* for a med'cine is us'd,
 Or swallow'd alive, or skilfully bruis'd.
 And let but our mother Hibernia contrive
 To swallow Will Wood either bruis'd or alive,
 She need be no more with the jaundice posses'd, 15
 Or sick of *obstructions*, and *pains in her chest*.

The next is an insect we call a *wood-worm*,
 That lies in old wood like a hare in her form:
 With teeth or with claws it will bite or will scratch;
 And chamber-maids christen this worm a death-
 watch; 20
 Because, like a watch, it always cries *click*:
 Then woe be to those in the house who are sick;
 For,

* He was in jail for debt.

For, as sure as a gun, they will give up the ghost,
If the maggot cries *click*, when it scratches the post.
But a kettle of scalding hot water injected, 25
Infallibly cures the timber affected:

The omen is broken, the danger is over;
The maggot will die, and the sick will recover.

Such a worm was Will Wood, when he scratch'd
at the door

Of a governing statesman or favourite whore: 30
The death of our nation he seem'd to foretel,
And the sound of his brags we took for our knell.
But now since the Drapier hath heartily maul'd him,
I think the best thing we can do is to scald him.
For which operation there's nothing more proper 35
Than the liquor he deals in, his own melted
copper;

Unless, like the Dutch, you rather would boil
This coiner of *raps* * in a cauldron of oil.
Then choose which you please, and let each bring
a faggot,
For our fear's at an end with the death of the
maggot †. 40

H h 2

To

* A cant word in Ireland for a counterfeit halfpenny.

† See vol. 4. p. 95.

TO QUILCA,

A COUNTRY-HOUSE of Dr. SHERIDAN in no very good repair, where the supposed Author, and some of his Friends, spent a Summer, in the year 1725.

LET me thy properties explain :
 A rotten cabin, dropping rain ;
 Chimneys with scorn rejecting smoke ;
 Stools, tables, chairs, and bed-steeds broke.
 Here elements have lost their uses, 5
 Air ripens not, nor earth produces :
 In vain we make poor Sheelah ‡ toil ;
 Fire will not roast, nor water boil.
 Through all the valleys, hills, and plains,
 The goddesses *Want* in triumph reigns ; 10
 And her chief officers of state,
Sloth, Dirt, and Theft, around her wait.

HORACE,

‡ An Irish name.

HORACE, ODE XIV. BOOK I. paraphrased, and inscribed to IRELAND.

Written in the year 1725-6.

THE INSCRIPTION.

*Poor floating isle, toss'd on ill fortune's waves,
Ordain'd by fate to be the land of slaves :
Shall moving Delos now deep-rooted stand ;
Thou, fix'd of old, be now the moving land ?
Although the metaphor be worn and stale,
Betwixt a state, and vessel under sail ;
Let me suppose thee for a ship a while,
And thus address thee in the sailor's style.*

1. **U**Nhappy ship, thou art return'd in vain :
New waves shall drive thee to the deep
again.
Look to thyself, and be no more the sport
2. Of giddy winds, but make some friendly port.
3. Lost are thy oars, that us'd thy course to guide,
Like faithful counsellors on either side.
4. Thy mast, which like some aged patriot stood
The single pillar for his country's good,

H h 3

To

1. O navis, referent in mare te novi
Fluctus.

2. ——— Fortiter occupa
Portum.

3. Nudum remigio latus.

4. ——— Malus celeri saucius Africo.

- To lead thee, as a staff directs the blind,
Behold it cracks by yon rough eastern wind.
5. Your cables burst, and you must quickly feel
The waves impetuous enter at your keel.
Thus, commonwealths receive a foreign yoke,
When the strong cords of union once are broke;
6. Torn by a sudden tempest, is thy sail
Expanded to invite a milder gale.

As when some writer in a public cause
His pen to save a sinking nation draws,
While all is calm, his arguments prevail,
The people's voice expands his paper sail;
Till pow'r, discharging all her stormy bags,
Flutters the feeble pamphlet into rags:
The nation scar'd, the author deem'd to death,
Who fondly put his trust in pop'lar breath.

- A larger sacrifice in vain you vow;
7. There's not a pow'r above will help you now:
A nation thus, who oft heav'n's call neglects,
In vain from injur'd heav'n relief expects.
8. 'Twill not avail, when thy strong sides are
broke,
That thy descent is from the British oak;

Or,

5. ——— *Ac sine funibus*
Vix durare carine
Possint imperiosius
Æquor?

6. *Non tibi sunt integra linteæ,*
7. *Non dii, quos iterum pressa voces malo.*
8. *Quamvis Pontica pinus,*
Sylvæ filia nobilis.

Or, when your name and family you boast,
 From fleets triumphant o'er the Gallic coast.
 Such was Ierne's claim, as just as thine,
 Her sons descended from the British line;
 Her matchless sons, whose valour still remains
 On French records, for twenty long campaigns:
 Yet from an empress now a captive grown,
 She sav'd Britannia's rights, and lost her own.

9. In ships decay'd no mariner confides,
 Lur'd by the gilded stern and painted sides;
 Yet at a ball unthinking fools delight
 In the gay trappings of a birthday-night:
 They on the bold brocades and satins rav'd,
 And quite forgot their country was inflav'd.
10. Dear vessel, still be to thy steerage just;
 Nor change thy course with ev'ry sudden gust,
 Like supple patriots of the modern sort,
 Who turn with ev'ry gale that blows from court.
11. Weary and sea-sick when in thee confin'd,
 Now for thy safety cares distract my mind;
 As those, who long have stood the storms of state,
 Retire, yet still bemoan their country's fate.
 Beware, and when you hear the surges roar,
 Avoid the rocks on Britain's angry shore.
 They ly, alas! too easy to be found;
 For thee alone they ly the island round.

On

9. *Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus*

10. *Fidit; tu, nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave.*

11. *Nuper sollicitum quæ mihi tedium,
 Nunc desiderium, curaque non levis,
 Interfusa nitentes
 Vites æquora Cycladas.*

On reading Dr. YOUNG's Satire, called the
UNIVERSAL PASSION, by which he means
PRIDE.

Written in the year 1726.

IF there be truth in what you sing,
Such god-like virtues in the King;
A minister * so fill'd with zeal
And wisdom for the common-weal:
If he, † who in the chair presides, 5
So steadily the senate guides:
If others, whom you make your theme,
Are seconds in this glorious scheme:
If ev'ry peer, whom you commend, 10
To worth and learning be a friend:
If this be truth, as you attest,
What land was ever half so blest?
No falsehood now among the great,
And tradesmen now no longer cheat;
Now on the bench fair *Justice* shines; 15
Her scale to neither side inclines:
Now

* Sir Robert Walpole. He was prime minister of state to King George I. and II. for above twenty years. He was made a Knight of the Bath in May 1725, and a Knight of the Garter in May 1726; was created Earl of Orford in February 1742, and died March 18. 1745.

† Sir Spencer Compton, the speaker of the house of Commons at that time. He was created Baron of Wilmington of Sussex, January 11. 1727, and Earl of Wilmington, May 14. 1730. He died First Commissioner of the Treasury, July 2. 1743.

Now *Pride* and cruelty are flown,
And *Mercy* here exalts her throne.
For such is good example's power,
It does its office ev'ry hour, 20

Where governors are good and wise;
Or else the truest maxim lies:
For so we find all ancient sages
Decree, that, *ad exemplum regis*,
Through all the realm his virtues run, 25
Rip'ning and kindling like the sun.

If this be true, then how much more
When you have nam'd at least a score
Of courtiers, each in their degree,
If possible, as good as he? 30

Or, take it in a diff'rent view.
I ask, (if what you say be true,)
If you affirm the present age
Deserves your satire's keenest rage;

If that same *universal passion* 35
With ev'ry vice hath fill'd the nation;
If Virtue dares not venture down
A single step beneath the crown;

If clergymen, to shew their wit,
Praise *classics* more than holy writ; 40
If bankrupts, when they are undone,
Into the senate-house can run,

And sell their votes at such a rate
As will retrieve a lost estate;
If law be such a partial whore 45
To spare the rich and plague the poor:

If these be of all crimes the worst,
What land was ever half so curs'd?

THE DOG AND THIEF.

Written in the year 1726.

QUOTH the thief to the dog, Let me into
 your door,
 And I'll give you these delicate bits.
 Quoth the dog, I should then be more villain
 than you're,
 And besides must be out of my wits.

Your delicate bits will not serve me a meal, 5
 But my master each day gives me bread:
 You'll fly, when you get what you came here to
 steal,
 And I must be hang'd in your stead.

The stock-jobber thus from 'Change-alley goes
 down,

And tips you, the freeman, a wink; 10
 Let me have but your vote to serve for the town,
 And here is a guinea to drink.

Said the freeman, Your guinea to-night would be
 spent:

Your offers of bribery cease:
 I'll vote for my landlord to whom I pay rent, 15
 Or else I may forfeit my lease.

From London they come silly people to chouse,
 Their lands and their faces unknown:
 Who'd vote a rogue into the parliament-house,
 That would turn a man out of his own? 20

ADVICE

ADVICE to the GRUBSTREET
VERSE-WRITERS.

Written in the year 1726.

YE poets ragged and forlorn,
Down from your garrets haste;
Ye rhymers, dead as soon as born,
Not yet consign'd to paste,

I know a trick to make you thrive; 5
O, 'tis a quaint device:
Your still-born poems shall revive,
And scorn to wrap up spice.

Get all your verses printed fair,
Then let them well be dry'd; 10
And Curl must have a special care
To leave the margin wide.

Lend these to paper-sparing Pope;
And when he sits to write,
No letter with an *envelope* * 15
Could give him more delight.

When Pope has fill'd the margins round,
Why then recal your loan;
Sell them to Curl for fifty pound,
And swear they are your own. 20

On

* A blank cover.

On seeing VERSES written upon WINDOWS
in INNS.

Written in the year 1726.

I.

THE sage who said he should be proud
Of windows in his breast,
Because he ne'er one thought allow'd
That might not be confess'd;
His window scrawl'd by ev'ry rake, 5
His breast again would cover,
And fairly bid the devil take
The diamond and the lover.

II.

A N O T H E R.

BY Satan taught, all conj'ners know
Your mistress in a glass to show,
And you can do as much:
In this the devil and you agree;
None e'er made verses worse than he, 5
And thine I swear are such.

III.

A N O T H E R.

THAT love is the devil, I'll prove when requir'd;
Those rhymers abundantly show it:
They swear that they all by love are inspir'd,
And the devil's a damnable poet.

A PAS-

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE between
 RICHMOND-LODGE and MARBLE-
 HILL *.

Written June 1727, just after the news of the late King's death, to which time this note must also be referred.

RICHMOND-LODGE is a house with a small park belonging to the crown. It was usually granted by the crown for a lease of years. The Duke of Ormond † was the last who had it. After his exile, it was given to the Prince of Wales by the King. The Prince and Princess usually passed their summer there. It is within a mile of Richmond.

MARBLE-HILL is a house built by Mrs. Howard, then of the bed-chamber, now Countess of Suffolk,

* This piece contains some of the best and finest portraits of Dr. Swift, in three or four different attitudes, that ever were drawn. In it we are also told, in his own ludicrous way, that he generally spunged a breakfast once a-week from the Princess of Wales, [the late Queen Caroline;] and, I believe, we may take his own word for it, that he frequently used

*To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
 Complaints against the royal butter.*

SWIFT.

† James Butler, Duke of Ormond, succeeded John Duke of Marlborough, as Captain-General in Queen Anne's reign. He fled from England, soon after the Queen's death in 1714, and retired to Avignon in France, where he died without issue, in 1745. His corpse was brought to England, and interred in Westminster-Abbey, May 22. 1746.

folk, and Groom of the Stole to the Queen. It is on the Middlesex side, near Twickenham, where Mr. Pope lives, and about two miles from Richmond-Lodge. Mr. Pope was the contriver of the gardens; Lord Herbert the architect; and the Dean of St. Patrick's, chief butler, and keeper of the icehouse. Upon King George's death, these two houses met, and had the following dialogue.

* **I**N spite of Pope, in spite of Gay,
And all that he or they can say,
Sing on I must, and sing I will,
Of Richmond-Lodge, and Marble-Hill.

Last Friday night, as neighbours use, 5
This couple met to talk of news:
For by old proverbs it appears,
That walls have tongues, and hedges ears.

Marble-H. Quoth Marble-Hill, Right well I
ween,
Your mistress now is grown a queen: 10
You'll find it soon by woful proof;
She'll come no more beneath your roof.

Richmond-L. The kingly prophet well convinces,
That we should put no trust in princes:
My royal master promis'd me 15
To raise me to a high degree;
But, now he's grown a king, God wot,
I fear I shall be soon forgot.

You

* This poem was carried to court, and read to the King and Queen.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 375

You see when folks have got their ends,
How quickly they neglect their friends; 20
Yet I may say, 'twixt me and you,
Pray God they now may find as true.

Marble-H. My house was built but for a show;
My Lady's empty pockets know;
And now she will not have a shilling 25
'To raise the stairs, or build the cieling;
For all the courtly Madams round
Now pay four shillings in the pound.
'Tis come to what I always thought:
My dame is hardly worth a groat. 30
Had you and I been courtiers born,
We should not thus have lain forlorn:
For those, we dext'rous courtiers call,
Can rise upon their master's *fall*;
But we, unlucky and unwise, 35
Must *fall*, because our masters *rise*.

Richmond-L. My master, scarce a fortnight since,
Was grown as wealthy as a prince;
But now it will be no such thing,
For he'll be poor as any *king*: 40
And by his crown will nothing get;
But like a king to run in debt.

Marble-H. No more the Dean, that grave
divine,
Shall keep the key of my no — wine;
My icehouse rob, as heretofore, 45
And steal my artichokes no more;

376 A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Poor Patty Blount no more be seen
 Bedaggled in my walks so green.
 Plump Johnny Gay will now elope:
 And here no more will dangle Pope. 50

Richmond-L. Here wont the Dean, when he's
 to seek,
 To sponge a breakfast once a week;
 To cry the bread was stale, and mutter
 Complaints against the royal butter.
 But now I fear it will be said, 55
 No butter sticks upon his bread.
 We soon shall find him full of spleen,
 For want of tattling to the Queen;
 Stunning her royal ears with talking;
 His *Rev'rence* and her *Highbness* walking: 60
 Whilst Lady Charlotte, * like a stroller,
 Sits mounted on the garden-roller.
 A goodly sight to see her ride
 With ancient Mirmont † at her side.
 In velvet cap his head lies warm; 65
 His hat for show below his arm.

Marble-H. Some South-Sea broker from the
 city
 Will purchase me, the more's the pity;
 Lay all my fine plantations waste
 To fit them to his vulgar taste; 70
 Chang'd for the worse in ev'ry part,
 My master, Pope, will break his heart.

Richmond-L.

* Lady Charlotte de Rouffy, a French lady.

† Marquis de Mirmont, a Frenchman of quality.

A PASTORAL DIALOGUE. 377

Richmond-L. In my own Thames may I be
drowned,

If e'er I stoop beneath a crown'd head;
Except her Majesty prevails 75
To place me with the Prince of Wales:
And then I shall be free from fears,
For he'll be Prince these fifty years.
I then will turn a courtier too,
And serve the times, as others do. 80
Plain loyalty, not built on hope,
I leave to your contriver, Pope:
None loves his king and country better,
Yet none was ever less their debtor.

Marble-H. Then let him come and take a nap, 85
In summer, on my verdant lap:
Prefer our *villa's*, where the Thames is,
To Kensington, or hot St. James's:
Nor shall I dull in silence sit;
For 'tis to me he owes his wit: 90
My groves, my echoes, and my birds,
Have taught him his poetic words.
We gardens, and you wilderneffes,
Assist all poets in distresses.
Him twice a-week I here expect, 95
To rattle Moody * for neglect;
An idle rogue, who spends his quartridge
In tippling at the *dog* and *partridge*;
And I can hardly get him down
Three times a week to brush my gown. 100

III 3 *Richmond-L..*

* The gardener.

378 A PASTORAL DIALOGUE.

Richmond-L. I pity you, dear Marble-Hill;
But hope to see you flourish still.
All happiness—and so adieu.

Marble-H. Kind Richmond-Lodge, the same
to you.

T O A F R I E N D,

Who had been much abused in many inveterate
L I B E L S.

THE greatest monarch may be stabb'd by
night,
And fortune help the murd'rer in his flight;
The vilest ruffian may commit a rape,
Yet safe from injur'd innocence escape;
And calumny, by working under ground, 5
Can, unreveng'd, the greatest merit wound.

What's to be done? shall wit and learning
chuse
To live obscure, and have no fame to lose?
By censure frighted out of honour's road,
Nor dare to use the gifts by heav'n bestow'd; 10
Or fearless enter in through virtue's gate,
And buy distinction at the dearest rate?

END OF VOL. VIII.



